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CONSEQUENCES

The Sequel to the League's Collapse

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

TO those for whom the historical parallel has importance, the resemblances between the events of 1830 and 1933 must seem significant. A century ago, and just fifteen years after Waterloo, the July Revolution in Paris swept away the Bourbon Dynasty. Last March, and again precisely a decade and a half after the close of another general war, the National Socialist upheaval in Germany similarly abolished the Republic. And, different as the revolutions of 1830 and 1933 were in many details, their basic cause was identical.

For like the Bourbons, who, as Paris said scornfully at the time, were brought back by the Allied invaders in their baggage, the German Republic was established under conditions which condemned it to appear in the eyes of a proud people the symbol of defeat upon the battlefield and of continuing humiliation in the councils of Europe. And in each case present weakness was in immediate contrast to

a long and glorious period of Continental primacy.

Exhausted by the strain of nearly a quarter of a century of conflict extending from Valmy to Waterloo, the French people had suffered Napoleon to depart, as a century later the German people accepted the consequences of the flight of William II. But neither the French people after 1815 nor the Germans after 1918 were resigned to accept permanently the rôle of a subordinate and secondary state in a world in which, until yesterday, their voice had always commanded attention and usually obedience.

It has been charged, and will doubtless be asserted indefinitely, that the rise of the National Socialists to power in Germany was the direct consequence of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. It is argued that if, instead of the Carthaginian peace of the Paris Conference, Germany had been dealt with generously, the course of post-war history would have been different and

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the ultimate triumph of Adolf Hitler impossible. But, without attempting to defend or excuse the actual provisions of the peace treaties themselves, it is possible to challenge this assumption.

For if the Treaty of Versailles was in fact a Carthaginian settlement, those two treaties which the victorious Allies of a century ago imposed upon France before and after Waterloo were generous beyond earlier or later precedent. Thus, in the first Treaty of Paris, France was left with her frontiers of 1789 intact — in fact, extended in Savoy and at the Sarre; no money indemnity was demanded; her soil was promptly evacuated. And even after the Hundred Days the frontiers of the France to which Louis XVIII returned were substantially identical with those over which Louis XVI had reigned. Despite all the costs in blood and treasure incident to conquering Napoleon a second time, the indemnity demanded by the conquerors was less than \$150,000,000 and the military occupation of French soil ended within three years.

In a word, the Allies of 1815, eager to insure themselves and Europe alike against a Revolutionary and a Napoleonic France, undertook to reestablish the Bourbons in circumstances which would remove all chance that the French nation would wreak upon a dynasty restored by foreign conquerors that vengeance which it was for the time being helpless to satisfy otherwise. And yet, fifteen years after the Second Treaty of Paris had been made, France sent the last of the Bourbons on his travels.

For, once the French people had recovered from the immediate weariness and prostration incident to the final phase of the Napoleonic drama, they instinctively contrasted the France of the Empire with that of the Restoration, and increasingly resented a posi-

tion of relative helplessness as they remembered the glories of the Imperial Age. As a result, they overthrew the Bourbons, not because the France of 1830 was economically depressed, militarily disarmed, territorially mutilated, but because it was not the France of the First Empire.

One may, then, at least with a show of warrant, argue that the downfall of the German Republic was assured by the circumstances which called it into being. It was at least as alien to any German ambition in 1918 as a Bourbon restoration had been to the mass of the French people in 1814. It was associated instantly and permanently with an unfortunate peace made with a conqueror. It was condemned from the start to live between the fears of the foreign enemies who had recently known the weight of German armies and the pride of German people who as recently had been masters of half the Continent.

II

But apart from all speculation as to the things which might have happened had the Treaty of Versailles been conceived in the spirit of both of those of Paris a century earlier, what is interesting is to seek in the events following the July Revolution of 1830 some light as to the meaning of the similar events of 1933. What, then, was the effect of that upheaval by which the French threw off the Bourbons as the symbol of national defeat and humiliation and thus announced their final refusal to accept the European Settlement of the Congress of Vienna, which had been founded upon French disaster?

The result was neither immediate war nor instantaneous collapse of the system of Vienna. On the contrary, the victors of Waterloo were still able to exert a pressure upon France adequate to prevent the Orleans Monarchy

from exploiting the Belgian revolt to recover Antwerp and Brussels. For nearly twenty years after the 'three glorious days' of July in Paris, Metternich as the coachman of Europe was still able to guide his lumbering diligence over the diplomatic roadways of the Old World. Nevertheless the July Revolution did constitute the first and a fatal breach in the edifice of the Congress of Vienna.

It did something more: it disclosed the basic inexactitude of the calculations of those who made the Settlement of 1815. For they had reckoned that, with the Bourbons restored, France would presently enter pathways of peace; that these same Bourbons would eventually become the partners of the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs, and the Hohenzollerns in the maintenance of a state of order which had been shaken to its foundations by the Revolution and by the later Napoleonic epoch.

The Holy Alliance, which was the expression of that hope, however fantastic in detail, was nevertheless the symbol of another League of Nations to maintain a status quo, and in that League it was assumed that the France of the Restoration would presently take its place. For the time being, the victors of 1815 were prepared to stand to arms about the periphery of France, but in the end they well knew that European order could only be assured if France joined their circle voluntarily. To that end they dealt generously with France in the peace treaties and considerably in the immediate post-war years.

When, however, France cast out the Bourbons and turned to the House of Orleans, she chose a dynasty which had ostentatiously identified itself with the Revolution, and thus deliberately and defiantly rejected the programme of her conquerors. She became, not a partner in the preservation of the Sys-

tem of Vienna, but a frank if for the moment only a passive foe. Thus the July Revolution doomed the status quo of 1815, although the actual destruction was delayed for another generation and achieved only by the unification of Italy and Germany.

III

Now, looking at the situation today, it is impossible to escape the conviction that the German Revolution has the same meaning. All the calculations at Paris turned upon the eventual agreement of the citizens of the German Republic to coöperate with their conquerors in the establishment of a state of order based upon the Settlement of 1919. In the councils of the League of Nations, Germany was to play the rôle which had been reserved for France in the conferences of the monarchies a century before. And when the Germany of Stresemann came to Geneva in 1926 to be welcomed by the France of Briand, European peace seemed to be assured by the 'sun of Locarno.'

It is plain now, however, that while the German people desired peace and were willing to associate themselves with their conquerors at Geneva, they desired peace only on terms which amounted to the complete revision of the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Actually they joined the League only as they saw the possibility to obtain at Geneva what was for them those concessions which could alone reconcile them to the existing order. In the long run the permanence of the Republic at home and the presence of Germany at Geneva turned similarly on the revision of those portions of the Treaty of Versailles which were in all German eyes intolerable.

But France and the Succession States which in the end had welcomed

Germany in the League had welcomed her only because they were satisfied that, once subjected to the influences and restrictions of Geneva, the Germans would be forced to abandon their programme of treaty revision. Their calculations were those of the members of the Holy Alliance a century earlier. The system of Versailles was to be guaranteed by the acceptance by the German people of the terms of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

From 1926 onward there was, therefore, this fatal divergence between the purpose of Germany on the one hand and of France and her allies on the other. Germany was in the League to recover the Polish Corridor, Upper Silesia, and to achieve the *Anschluss* with Austria. In a word, to escape from the consequences of the defeat of 1918. But France and her allies were at Geneva to employ the machinery of the League to block the German purpose, to preserve what Germany would abolish.

Moreover, once the German people became fully aware that membership in the League would not and could not bring them relief from the territorial provisions of Versailles, and that escape from the unilateral military restrictions was possible only at the sacrifice of hopes of territorial changes, then inevitably the German people turned upon the Republic which had brought them to Geneva under false pretenses, and upon the League which had become in their eyes an extension of the coalition that had defeated them in war.

But the very essence of the German revolt, the fundamental explanation of the rise of Hitler and of his subsequent withdrawal from the League of Nations, was the fact that for the German people the situation in which they found themselves in Europe and in the world as a consequence of the defeat

of 1918 was intolerable. It was intolerable precisely as the situation of France had seemed in French eyes intolerable a century before, because it constituted a fall from a position of power and primacy in Europe. Like the French people after Waterloo, the Germans after the Armistice of Re-thondes were unwilling permanently to sink to the status of one great power among many.

In seceding from the League, therefore, Germany finally and dramatically served notice upon the world that the Settlement of Paris in 1919 and the System of the League of Nations which had developed about that Settlement were similarly unacceptable to the German people. She recovered her freedom of action and disclosed her programme of action as well. Whatever influence remains to the League now, it cannot flow from any unity in the world. Geneva cannot speak for all peoples, because the Germans, like the Japanese before them, have rejected its authority, while the Soviet Russians and the Americans have never accepted it.

IV

And what, exactly, does that mean in terms of practical politics? It means that Europe must now pass from the stage marked by the attempt to preserve peace through the League to a new period in which the same attempt will be made through the old familiar method of the balance of power. Germany's purposes, publicly proclaimed by her present masters, look to the annexation of French, Polish, Czech, Belgian, Danish, and Russian territory, and to union with Austria, which constitutes an obvious threat to Italy.

Since Germany has left the League, the machinery of Geneva cannot be invoked effectively against her. If she

resorts to aggression, the decision of the League may give moral weight to the cause of her victims, but it will not bring any force into the field to resist that aggression. It is for those nations whose security and unity are directly menaced by German purposes to look to their armaments and to their alliances to create a combination of power adequate to restrain Germany from violence, or at the least to overpower her if she resorts to it.

But obviously such a machinery for maintaining a status quo is something far removed from the League of Nations, at least as it has been conceived of by its adherents in Anglo-Saxon countries. It is something totally different from the ideal of peace assured by international understanding and co-operation. It is at best no more than a combination of the beneficiaries of the last war to prevent their gains from being wrested from them in a new conflict. And it is clear beyond debate that the assurance of security which such an alliance, founded on community of interest, can provide will only be transitory.

Thus, in the case of France a century ago, while the partnership which had conquered Napoleon in 1815 was still in 1830 strong enough to prevent the timid Louis Philippe from annexing Belgium, a quarter of a century later it had broken down completely and France and Britain were at war with Russia, while a few years later still Russia, Prussia, and Britain stood aside while France defeated Austria at Magenta and Solferino. It is, then, unmistakable in the light of all past history that, if the German people persevere in their present purposes, the chance to realize these purposes must presently arise through the disintegration of the forces which at present prevent it.

To say that war is bound to be an

immediate consequence of the German Revolution is of course to assert what no man can prove, and what plainly may not be the sequel. The truth is that war has become, not an immediate probability, but an eventual certainty, because the German Revolution has shattered the last hope that there can be any system of peace internationally accepted and assured by the equal yielding of all nations to the moral and legal authority of the League of Nations. Between the nations which desire changes in the territorial decisions of Paris and those which are prepared to resist to the death all programmes of change, the basis of understanding is undiscoverable.

For both, the League had become through the Disarmament Conference a battle ground, Germany seeking to employ the machinery of Geneva to advance her claims to equality of armaments, which would prepare the way for a violent attempt to attain treaty revision, France striving to invest the League with the power and the means to restrain all violence, and, until that end was achieved, to prevent German rearmament. In such a struggle there could be no peaceful and voluntary adjustment, and in the end the League was foredoomed to be the victim.

V

This tragic fate of the League was foreshadowed, not by the triumph of Hitler in 1933, but by the decision of the Bruening Cabinet in 1930, when the Republic still seemed secure, to open the question of the Eastern frontiers and thus confront Europe with a German demand for treaty revision. It was rendered inevitable when a few months later the same Bruening Government undertook through the Austro-German Tariff Union to lay what the rest of Europe believed was the

foundation for a future political union between the Reich and the Austrian Republic.

These two actions, taken by Republican Germany, put the world on notice that all calculations for the future based upon German agreement to co-operate with the world through Geneva, and under the system established by the peace treaties, were unfounded. And with them the whole illusion of Locarno expired. By 1930 the Republican leaders of Germany were aware that the Republic itself could not longer survive if it did not identify itself with national public opinion, which demanded treaty revision. But when they sought to express that national demand abroad, they were met by a force which was irresistible, and were compelled at Geneva, in September 1931, to make the most abject and humiliating surrender to France in German history since Tilsit.

When, at that moment in Geneva, Curtius, for Germany, publicly renounced the Austro-German Tariff Union project, forced to such renunciation by the financial pressure exerted by France, the Republic was stripped of the last vestige of appeal for the mass of the German people, and Geneva became no more than a name as humiliating to German ears as Olmutz had been to Prussian in the nineteenth century. Henceforth it was patent to all Germans that the Republic could not bring treaty revision, and that Geneva was an instrument for preserving the status quo always available for French use.

What happened at the subsequent Disarmament Conference was of minor importance. Bruening, aware of the fate which overhung him at home, strove to obtain concessions which were beyond his reach because the steady rise of the Nazis within Germany had alarmed all of the neighboring nations,

whose consent was necessary to give Germany even a juridical claim to equality in armaments. And while the Arms Conference was floundering into its second year Hitler seized power, and the final rejection by the German people of the Settlement of Paris was established.

The remark of Pitt after Austerlitz that the map of Europe must be rolled up for ten years is equally applicable to-day to the prospectus of the League of Nations. It has no relevance, and can have no relevance, in a world in which peoples like the Japanese and the Germans set the realization of national programmes of expansion above all considerations of international order. It can also have no relevance in a world in which people like the French and the Poles place the maintenance of their present frontiers above all similar considerations.

VI

The League of Nations was established upon the assumption that the World War had brought about a complete change in the nationalistic spirit of peoples, that they were all equally ready to submit their respective aspirations and ambitions to international adjustment as the sole means of escaping the horrors of another universal catastrophe. From the very outset it was obvious that if all peoples were not similarly ready to accept what existed, then the League could only become a combination of the satisfied powers to restrain the discontented. And as such it was doomed to lack all moral authority in the eyes of peoples thus forcibly restrained.

For fourteen years the struggle was carried on at Geneva and elsewhere to create an institution which would substitute international agreement for national rivalry. But during those fourteen years, although an enormous

mass of machinery was created and pacts without number were signed and ratified, not the smallest progress was made in establishing international authority in a world in which nationalistic sentiments and emotions were ever visibly on the gain. While Germany was weak and at first outside the League, the semblance of unity and progress there existed. When Germany entered the League, while her statesmen and people still believed the League was a way to the recovery of lost provinces and departed prestige, that illusion still prevailed.

But the success of the League of Nations always turned on the ultimate consent of the German people to surrender their hopes or of the neighbors of Germany to cede their territories. When the German people clearly and definitively declared for the restoration of their Polish Marches and for union with Austria, while their neighbors with equal clarity indicated their resolution to resist all such aspirations, by force if necessary, and to keep Germany disarmed while she nourished these ambitions, then the League was finished for precisely as long a period as these various peoples were in their present state of mind.

The fundamental inincerity upon which the League was established, too, was sensationally exposed in the Japanese adventure in Manchuria. On the one hand, that adventure demonstrated that the Japanese placed their national necessities, as they saw them, above all international considerations. On the other hand, it similarly indicated that in the face of such a resolution the moral authority of the League was without avail, and that apart from moral authority the League was without resource. Seeing this, the nations who were menaced by German purposes hardened their will against German rearmament.

In its last stages the Disarmament Conference became a tragic mockery because what was sought was some kind of paper agreement which would preserve the semblance of a world unity which had actually departed. Had such a pact been framed, it would only have added one more to the scraps of paper now drifting back and forth over the earth under the impulsion of the nationalistic gales. For peace, like all else in this world, turns upon what men do and not upon what they say; upon what their purposes reveal and not what their phrases conceal. And nothing that Germany or her neighbors might sign would change the basic fact that their purposes are irreconcilable and their spirits intransigent.

For myself, having for the past twenty years traveled Europe in war and peace, the question has always been there, a question of the spirit. For a moment I was cheered by the hope of Locarno — not by the language of the pacts, but by the words of the statesmen who made them. I was in Berlin and in Paris during the making; I was in touch with French and German people alike. In both it seemed to me I discovered at last a real longing for peace and understanding, which found eloquent expression when, in 1926, Briand welcomed the Germans to the League. And that impression lingered in 1928 when I returned to Berlin.

By 1930, however, all had changed. Not less than the French people, the Germans desired peace and longed for understanding, but despite all these longings it was for them intolerable that the frontiers of the East should endure. Becoming impatient, too, because four years of membership in the League had brought no relief, they were listening to the voice of Hitler. Bruening, who now ruled in Stresemann's stead, shared the feelings of his

fellow countrymen. But for revision there was no hope this side of war; of this fact a few days in Poland satisfied me. After that stay in Berlin, in Warsaw, and finally in Paris after the Germans had proposed the Austro-German Tariff Union, I had no further hope.

To-day it has become the fashion again to denounce the German people for their course, which has brought the Disarmament Conference to confusion and the League of Nations to disaster. Personally I do not share the state of mind which explains these denunciations. No one can have more contempt than I for the cruelties and brutality of the Nazi régime. It does violence to every conception of personal liberty and private dignity which I hold. But nothing in the present German domestic excesses seems to me to warrant the denunciation of German policy in the matter of the Settlement of Versailles.

In the light of the present-day performances within Germany, the public opinion of the United States and Great Britain, which yesterday condemned the French, Polish, and Czech resistance to German aspirations, is now declaring those aspirations criminal. Those who recently denounced French militarism are to-day chorus-ing their 'Thank God for the French Army!' Both states of mind seem to me equally irrational, both similarly irrelevant. Both betray unreasonable anger born of original miscalculation.

The great and noble dream which was the League of Nations has been demonstrated for all present time as only a dream, because all peoples with equal energy and conviction place their national interests above all international considerations. Neither the secession of the Germans nor that of the Japanese from Geneva constitutes an action more criminal or more worthy

of execration than the American refusal to join the Geneva body or the British rejection of the Protocol of 1924. Nor is the French desire to make the League a guarantee of French security illustrative of a different spirit.

Primarily, Geneva was a great gamble based upon faith and hope: faith in the masses of the people in every country; hope in the future that this faith seemed to assure. But the success of Geneva always turned on the similar and equally complete abandonment by all peoples of their nationalistic purposes where these conflicted with world peace and order. It was a system based upon an assumed miracle, which was a change in the mind of mankind produced by the World War. We were the first to demonstrate that the miracle had not taken place; the Germans are the latest, that is all.

VII

Europe is now going back to a system of balance of power with the purpose of restraining German ambitions, which menace various states not only individually but collectively, for the realization of the programme of the Nazis would restore the Mitteleuropa of the war period and give Hitler a power in Europe which Napoleon never enjoyed. That combination of force centring in France may or may not avail for any length of time to restrain German purpose. When it appears inadequate, Germany will resort to war to realize her aims. Willingly or unwillingly, Italy and Britain will eventually be forced to stand against Germany, because German possession of Trieste or Calais would be for them similarly menacing.

We shall hear little more of Kellogg Pacts or of the Covenant of the League. Geneva will in due course become as deserted as did The Hague in the

years just preceding the World War. It has many useful and necessary international tasks to perform, and it will go on performing them. But it will no longer be the headquarters of World Peace, because that World Peace has again become a fiction, and the measure of temporary tranquillity which endures will be determined by the G.H.Q. of various armies, not by any body meeting beside the shores of Lake Leman.

With the rise of the National Socialists to power, Europe has passed from a post-war to a pre-war period. That was precisely what happened after the July Revolution in France a century ago, and it happened because that revolution supplied definitive evidence that the French people would not permanently endure either the domestic government or the foreign situation imposed upon them by military defeat. The result of the French decision was not a general war because France was not strong enough to constitute a peril to the whole Continent.

But France did fight Russia in 1855, Austria in 1859, and Prussia in 1870, seeking to remove the humiliations of 1814 and 1815, but ending in the disasters of Metz and Sedan. To-day war in Europe cannot again be a series of duels as it was in the last century, because no great power can afford to ignore the consequences for it of a German success over any other state or combination of states. On the contrary, it must have the character of a world war, because the Germany of 1933, like the Germany of 1914, is strong enough to dominate Europe if she can dispose of France.

The machinery of peace of the post-war era having collapsed, Europe has returned to its traditional methods, and the United States has now to retire to its similarly traditional isolation or to

take sides in a new Continental war to preserve the balance of power. In a word, Europe is back in 1914, and America is facing the problems which confronted it two decades ago.

VIII

One final word. Implicit in the parallel drawn between the circumstances of 1815 and 1919, in the opening paragraph of this article, is the suggestion that even had the victors of the World War made as generous and moderate a settlement with Germany as the conquerors of Napoleon did with France a century before, the Germans, like the French, would still have refused to accept such a settlement as definitive. And behind that lies the further inference that Woodrow Wilson's famous phrase about a 'war to end war' was in fact meaningless. War is, after all, the only end of war.

That is my profound conviction. Twenty-five years of more or less continuous contact with Europe in peace and war, innumerable excursions across all the frontiers of friction in the Balkans, the Carpathians, along the Danube and the Vistula, have satisfied me that, at least in Europe, peace and nationalism are irreconcilable. In the very nature of things all wars are nationalistic; all settlements after war accord with the interests of the victors; for the vanquished all such adjustments are therefore intolerable.

Three years ago, at the moment of the Austro-German Tariff Union crisis, I was in Paris, and the most distinguished of Rumanian statesmen, in discussing that crisis and the European problem generally, said to me: 'Do you think that if I were tsar of my country, absolute monarch, mind you, and I believed that by returning some Magyar villages I could establish a permanent peace with Hungary, I

would not give them back? After all, I am not a fool. But no. The Hungarians would not get them; my countrymen would *get* me.' A few months later, in Budapest, I saw in the shop windows the maps of Hungaria Irredenta, but these were not the maps marking the Magyar villages taken from Hungary by that Treaty of the Trianon which was the least defensible of all the settlements of Paris, but of the millennial Kingdom of Saint Stephen, which in 1914 contained nearly 10,000,000 Slavs and Latins.

Europe is now going back to the balance of power precisely because, as all European history demonstrates, the life of a post-war settlement is directly conditioned, not by its inherent justice, but by the forces available to

sustain it. The Continent had a generation of peace between 1815 and 1848, not because the settlements with France were generous, but because the interest of the victors in preserving the decisions of the Congress of Vienna endured that length of time, and the combined strength of their military establishments was beyond the power of France to challenge. But when the Holy Alliance collapsed in the upheaval of 1848, France welcomed another Napoleon and the struggle for the 'natural frontiers' was resumed, the struggle which was designed to recover Cologne and Coblenz and resulted in the loss of Metz and Strasbourg. Yet half a century later, at the Paris Peace Conference, Poincaré and Foch resumed that offensive.

THE MEN AND THE MOMENT

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

I

THE midsummer pall, the all-enfolding Southern heat that is Washington's, lay over the city until the middle of September; and then suddenly the weather changed, it became fresh and cool, glorious days led smoothly into autumn, and the rich rolling lands of neighboring Virginia went yellow and red and russet in the October sun.

As the weather changed, something else changed also. The stifling, trembling closeness of the people seemed to clear; the crowds dispersed a bit, the sweating short-breathed excitement of the summer was quieted to some degree,

and a calmer, a steadier pace of work came over the Capital.

The change, then, was an atmospheric one; and to catch the alteration of moods, temperatures, winds, and pressures — both meteorological and official — one had to be there to witness it. One could not report it factually to one's newspaper: 'A rising barometer, together with prevailing westerly winds, resulted in major changes in the projected steel code.' No, one could not assume that the heavens had anything to do with it. But, as one changed the wilted shantung shirt for the energetic clothes of

fall, one could not avoid getting private impressions.

A newcomer to Washington, I felt something strange, something almost unearthly, in the scene during those sweltering July and August weeks when the N.R.A. programme was so passionately launched. In the summer months of all other years, I was told, the city had been placid and deserted. But now, not just that it was full and active — it was rather seething with hurrying, arguing, coatless humanity. The spacious halls of the Commerce Building, which had been drafted into service as the N.R.A. headquarters, were a hive of electricians installing telephones; movers rushing in desks and chairs by the hundred; carpenters building and tearing down partitions; porters carting bundles of freshly printed forms, broadsides, pledge cards, catalogues; delegations milling in General Johnson's outer offices to plead for a five minutes' audience; committees meeting in unfinished rooms and sitting on packing boxes; second-string labor leaders stalking majestically down the corridors, and first-string captains of industry sitting along the wall to await their turn.

In the Agriculture Building, where the gigantic movement for subsidizing farmers and raising prices was just grinding into action, the scene was practically the same. Mailing clerks, handling the mountains of blanks and farm literature that had to go out at top speed, were working in three shifts; from a strategic corner I could watch experts rush by with charts fluttering under their arms, legal advisers with their inevitable portfolios, messengers with bulging rush packets, and groups of newly employed young intellectuals (whom I had last seen disputing in Greenwich Village, probably on Humanism), now disputing, so that I could overhear them, on 'mar-

ginal productivity . . . consumer latitude . . . probability graphs.' No one noticed me; all hurried on.

Late at night I drove by the building again, hoping to catch some refreshing breezes from across the Mall; but the sweltering air never thinned, and long rows of office windows were garishly lit along the broad façade.

I said it seemed a bit unearthly. It seemed as though these people were slaving together in some singular pit, some cauldron, separated from the outer world by the thick blanket of heat that had rolled down around them. With the passing of my first flush of enthusiasm and admiration, the scene took on the character of a phantasmagoria, an unreal thing. I was not thinking of it as economics, but as drama; and it aroused in me the dim sentiment that something about it was alien, doubtful, even in some curious manner suspicious.

II

And then, suddenly and quietly, the tropic pallor drew away. One could dare to breathe deeply again. One had a sensation of a clearing atmosphere: objects, persons, became again sharply defined. There was new perspective.

It was the time when the important industrial codes, after long series of hearings, were being forced into shape and signed. Secretary Perkins had made her great speech in which she called out, 'It's about time we treated ourselves to a little civilization.' The president of the United Mine Workers, a bull of a man, had stood up before the hushed hearing room to introduce himself: 'My name is Lewis, John L.' Labor had regarded the millennium as at hand — until the business interests suddenly revived, after their surrender in the spring. Now, in September, the actual forces were beginning to reveal

themselves: the mirage was dispelled; the basic, open battles began — battles that were to lead, slowly but directly, right up to the massed attack on the entire recovery programme.

Perhaps it was the background, the setting of these events, that was most stirring. There was a memorable afternoon when all the coal operators were called into the N.R.A. hearing hall, to be handed out, like schoolboys, a list of directions from cool, clear-voiced Donald Richberg, the administration counsel. They sat there in long rows, these men from all over the country — some of them prosperous, comfortable, heavy faces chatting with showy amiability, but more of them the hard, powerfully wrought, cold faces of men who you knew had risen from the ranks, and who were now bitterly determined to hold their peak. Farther back in the room, still and massed, sat a delegation from the miners' union. They gazed up with distant curiosity at the luxurious murals and the wrought-iron decorations; the muscles of their arms, as they crossed them, stood out under the cheap clothing, and their hands still seemed to have the grime of the mine shafts on them. All sat there without a word, the fierce contending fronts of bosses and workers; and, as Richberg finished and folded up his paper, quietly together they walked out.

The pace was slower; the issues clearer; and the statements sharper. What had been the scuffling, milling, hurrying host of the summer now resolved itself into personalities, into individual attitudes and divided views. The personal clashes began. Perhaps it was all the result of frayed nerves and overwork. Perhaps it was the clearer sight of separate objectives, as the panorama came into full relief.

It became the fashion to have luncheon at the Occidental Restaurant, opposite the Commerce Building, to

which General Johnson came every day, occupying the same corner table in the way a German burgomaster establishes his *Stammtisch*. The influential and the wealthy, who had perhaps been turned away from his office an hour before, sought after tables that would be nearest to him. Great industrialists, noted for their haughty unapproachability, tried to edge closer to the exalted empty corner table identified by the flowers upon it. Finally, lumbering, heavy-featured, tired-eyed, enormous, the General would stalk in. Following in his footsteps would come his little secretary — the brilliant and almost dictatorial 'Robbie' of the Recovery Administration. She might stop off at some table to greet a friend and lament that nobody in Johnson's inner office had gotten to bed before six-thirty that morning. It was not a cause for amazement.

At the table, Edward F. McGrady, the obscurely energetic labor chief, or Kenneth Simpson, the appropriately burly administrator for heavy industries, or grave Mr. Richberg himself, would join them. The industrialists across the way would look jealously at the empty chairs left over. But 'Robbie' kept a sharp, protecting eye open, and the lofty gentlemen stayed where they were.

Once an explosion occurred. A messenger brought in a letter. Johnson seemed ill-disposed to read it; it was a message from the recalcitrant coal operators. Finally he opened it, suddenly went purple in the face, and with a roar of oaths threw the script to the floor. All of us, who had been watching the General out of the corner of our eyes all along, stopped short; in the hush that followed we could not make up our minds whether the thunder had resembled Jove's or that of a drill sergeant.

It became an era of explosions. They

were good to see. To go to the code hearings in the big decorated hall was to sit awaiting some outburst of choleric resentment followed by a stream of eloquent radical demand. There was an entire morning during the momentous hearings on the newspaper code when the publishers' counsel, Elisha Hanson, poured forth endlessly legalistic arguments upholding the 'imperiled freedom of the press,' only to be confronted, for an entire afternoon, by Charles P. Howard, head of the typographical union, who hammered out a furious record of minimum-wage evasions and cases of publishers' bad faith.

There was an exciting afternoon during the hearings on the revised silk and rayon code when the meek and placid eyes of elderly Mr. Whiteside, administrator in charge of the meeting, popped wide open to find a delegation of 150 Communist strikers marching boldly into the hall, led by fiery-headed Ann Burlak, their spokesman. One could see the look of dismay spread over the faces of the mill owners. Mr. Whiteside had to allow a whole series of these strikers to present their case; some were finished and eloquent, some were almost illiterate, but all threatened something worse than a strike. Repeatedly the administrator warned them against intimidations of this sort right under the ægis of the government; but when finally he had to allow the flaming Burlak girl to talk, that was too much for him, and he gave up trying to keep the meeting in hand. While she insinuated revolution, he simply smoked cigarettes in quick succession and looked far away. That, many observers felt, was the best way out of it.

III

In the early days of autumn I noticed a peculiar enrichment of my vocabulary. Where once my political language

had been very limited, I was now using descriptive phrases like 'chiseler' and 'tom-tom beater' with perfect ease. I shall always regard it as a pity that H. L. Mencken did not attend, with all the rest of us, General Johnson's press conferences, and hold in his hand a scholar's rather than a reporter's notebook; for he would have picked up a whole appendix for *The American Language*. That visionary Johnsonian phrase to the effect that 'the air's going to be full of dead cats pretty soon' was of early vintage — July, I think. But the glorious verb 'to crack down' (that is, on Henry Ford) was born in the September period, closely followed by that sparkling reference to the textile industry leaders, 'We started out with those babies in March.'

Now imagine emerging from one of these conferences, with their snap, their crowding, their recklessness, and then having to go right over to the neighboring Treasury Department on business. So it happened to me one day. At the start I did not think of any unusual sense of contrast that might come over me; but, as soon as I had passed through the portals of the old pseudo-Greek building of Hamilton's successors, I knew that I had entered another world. Over there, in the corridors of the brand-new Commerce Building, all was modern, stripped for action, rushing with business efficiency. Here, the first thing one noticed was the tall, feudal, gracefully Southern, and silent corridors. Sombre old portraits hung where, across the street, direction charts had stared; ancestral white swinging doors closed on padded inner doors, while across the street all doorways had been open and crowded with life. Here in the Treasury Building were no carpenters, runners, messengers; there were only a few kindly old Negro door openers, yawning at their little tables

in the hall. It was as if, by crossing the street, I had passed from our century into the century before.

During this time much grave discussion of dollar policy was going on; and I had some business with a gentleman of the Federal Reserve Board. Climbing the dark old stairs of the building, I half expected that at least around the Federal Reserve offices there would be bustle and disturbance. But, as I reached there, the opposite was true. Everything was spacious and calm. It seemed that no tumble of the dollar, however fantastic, could disturb the hush of the deep green inner-office carpets, or cause the luxurious plants in the windows to go without a day's watering, or ruffle one lock of a soft-voiced secretary's hair. And even if the dollar disappeared from view, it could surely not upset the Board members out of their cultured and obscure financial dialogue, and make them reach for an exclamation point!

I had a chance to peer into the sacred Board meeting room. It stretched out there, long and narrow, with the blot- ters and ash trays for the members modestly gathered toward one end of it. Along the walls were charts and more charts, the mural paintings of finance. Not a sound could be heard; everything was at peace. I suddenly felt a curious upwelling within me: all is for the best, I mused, with this best of all possible dollars.

IV

The worst conspirators against our good health or sanity were names — names, adding, multiplying, substituting, disappearing, and then more names. The only kind of man who could remember them was the man who could recite offhand a canto of *The Faerie Queene*.

It would have been nothing at all if

the new names were merely those normally substituting for the outgoing ones of the old administration. But the trouble began with the dozens of new organizations that were set up in the spring. The original trouble maker, of course, was the Brain Trust, because some authorities said it included only three people, while others said it included two dozen. But then the names came thick and fast. There were experts like Mordecai Ezekiel, James P. Warburg, Alexander Sachs, Frederic Howe. There were men suddenly thrown up from obscurity, as far as the nation was concerned, into exalted position, like George N. Peek or young Morgenthau. There were, as sources of more mystery, *Who's Who* chasing, and confusion, the Professors Berle, Tugwell, Wolman, Warren, Rogers, Sprague, Myers, and Morgan. There were a dozen deputy administrators whose names had to be remembered. There were labor leaders who had been promoted into the N.R.A.; there were lawyers like Richberg and Frank; there were consumers' committees, industrial committees, labor committees, planning committees, subcommittees, and supercommittees, with memberships that changed and interlocked.

Almost every week came the announcement of another government 'administration' or 'corporation,' each with a bigger capitalization than the one before, and each for a more elaborate purpose. Soon I had to keep neat lists in a notebook, but not even that did any good; the names, groups, organizations, multiplied so fast that I was utterly swamped. The names of half of the august bodies slipped my mind; and I still believe that in the turmoil Washington has completely forgotten about several of them, and that they will turn up perhaps a year from now, to the great surprise of even Mr. Roosevelt.

V

While the department buildings in the centre of town were staging a scene of construction, isolated Capitol Hill was staging a scene of destruction. Since it was the Congressional off season, most of the offices were deserted in that always rather deserted-looking corner of town. But the tall, marble caucus room of the Senate Office Building was the exception: with its rank of noisy telegraph instruments outside the door, and its constant flow of people, it gave life to the whole hill of cold white. It was the scene of the Senate Banking Committee hearings.

There is probably no meeting room anywhere that is so gorgeously luxurious in its construction, and so utterly hopeless in its acoustics. And so, as a consequence, most of the remarks delivered to a waiting world by Messrs. Morgan, Kahn, Dillon, and Wiggin were missed by even the closest listeners. The only man whom we could hear with consistent clarity was Counsel Ferdinand Pecora. Was that because he had an especially resounding voice? Or because his position in the hall was acoustically better? Or because the radio mechanic had given him a better microphone to talk into than the others?

That I cannot say. I only know that the effect of the Pecora voice was that of a crowbar closely thrust into the speculative structure of the country. It boomed as it rose in an embarrassing question, it barked as it rattled out a ten-million-dollar profit figure; and 'at every word a reputation died.'

Perhaps of all the spectacles enacted in Washington in this period — and there were so many spectacles that we shall not be able to digest them for many a year — this was the most impressive. If the N.R.A. hearings were explosions, this was nothing less

than the Inquisition. The only reason that the banking hearings were not followed with consistent attention by the public is that their subject matter grew too complex and technical. The average reporter could make no sense out of all the discussion of stock transfers, holding companies, trading pools; a John T. Flynn was needed to illuminate these sundry operations, and make them read like a detective yarn.

Perhaps it was another of those things that had to be seen rather than read about. One had to watch closely the faces around that crucial table: Chairman Fletcher, a placid and peaceful old gentleman, and beside him, in rude contrast, the dark, steely-haired, heavy-lipped, and brutal-chinned Pecora, with his worshiping assistants lined behind him. Among the Committee members, one would spot Senator Couzens, always on guard, and disrupting Pecora's studied train of questions with neat side queries for himself; or Senator Gore, with his blind and delicate ascetic face. Senator Glass was conspicuous by his absence.

And on the opposite side, week after week, sat Albert H. Wiggin — heavy, secretive, amiable. In the first days he was especially amiable. He seemed to have learned that the way to slip by the Pecora grueling was to answer questions promptly, lightly, easily, dismissing the matter with a smile and thus avoiding further complications. Perhaps he expected that it would all be over quickly, as it was with Morgan and Kahn, or that it might end with a handshake, as with Dillon. Put Pecora had other things in mind. And as I sat there day after day I could see the mood of the table change. Wiggin grew heavy under the ordeal; the amiability wilted into a wry smile; he balked, caught himself in errors of

figures; and Pecora dropped the cordial manner.

The chairs for the public, which had been practically vacant since the day when J. P. Morgan held the midget on his lap, filled up again. Newspaper men who had ignored the whole proceedings began to trickle in. And slowly, through hours of wrangling and impatience, the story was laid bare of the president of the world's greatest bank, who had speculated in his own bank stock, who had entered pools to pump up an artificial market for it (a market that he called 'God-given,' getting from Mr. Couzens the rejoinder, 'Are you so sure as to the source?'), and who finally had sold his own stock short.

I shall not forget the moment when he admitted the actual fact of having made short sales. Not even Pecora, I think, expected that. When the words were out, I could see the committee-men stare. For a moment there was a complete hush. The only noise was the endless clacking of the telegraph instruments outside in the hall.

VI

It was after dark that the general let-down came over the people in the city of crisis. That was brought home to me forcibly, for I had just come from New York, where the great streets in the fifties, so unexciting in daytime, break forth into their crowded and subterranean glamour only well after the sun has set. But here, with the passing of day, the human beings also passed from the scene. Only a few lingered on, downtown, under isolated lights blazing in the N.R.A. windows. Along the main streets there was no restaurant life, no assemblage at a gay speak-easy; there was only an occasional road theatre, and only one night club that had survived — patronized

chiefly by diplomatic attachés, those handsome gentlemen of gilded leisure. But beyond that there came, with the darkness, peace.

Or there came boredom. Washington's immemorial dinners continued, with their exactitude and their early hours. But the government men who came to them, as far as I could see, were either so engrossed in their work that they wished only to talk shop, or so weary of staging Recovery that they subsided into something resembling a coma. Night after night we talked about wheat futures, the Roosevelt programme in reference to market speculation, the commodity dollar, the compensated dollar, the rubber dollar, and — just to get away from it all — the cheese dollar. And when the ladies retired to the salon for coffee after dinner, what did they discuss? Once I overheard a particularly charming one holding forth on the price of hogs.

It was in these hours — usually so free and companionable, in the rest of the world — that one sensed the seepage of strength, the frayed nervousness, the inner exhaustion of the people. During the day, with its excitement and courage and activity, everything went on in full style. With the night came the time for reflection over the disputes, the attacks, the abandonments, the changes, the unfinished programmes, the improbable figures, the impossible hopes; and a great sombreness seemed to come over the faces of men, and a great weariness.

VII

Thinking such thoughts, one windy cheerless morning-after, I walked across the White House grounds for the President's midweek press conference. The leaves were already scattering fast under the old portico that spread over the glass doors behind which, in their

starched immaculateness, Negro footmen peered out.

The entrance to the Executive Offices, a little beyond, was less formal; the correspondents were gathering around, passing under the cold blue eyes of the chief of the guard as they entered the large bare vestibule. Inside they stood smoking and waiting as usual for the summons. The well-known and popular men moved from group to group: there was dignified Mark Sullivan, his hair as white as his tall collar, a man who had had free access to the White House from the days of Theodore Roosevelt to March 4, 1933; there was Charles Ross of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the quiet, brilliant writer with the face of an aristocratic Will Rogers — startling combination; Drew Pearson, the gossiping and sparkling co-author of the *Merry-Go-Round* books; T. C. Alford, the agrarian expert of the *Kansas City Star*. There were other men whose particular drawl betrayed the home town of the far-off papers for which they worked. There were press association writers, hard-boiled and severe; several lounging columnists; a group of business-journal correspondents in violent technical argument; and, as the one really resplendent figure in the noisy crowd, Sir Willmott Lewis, of the *London Times*, in spats.

At the clap of an usher's hand, the leisurely mass was suddenly transformed into something resembling a football rush. The white-haired veterans vied with young 'leg-men' to be the first to reach the office of the President.

They streamed into the large oval room, whose three windows, flanked by flags, opened on the private garden of the White House. Around the room hung prints and water colors, in two dense rows, most of them pictures of ships. On the mantel stood models,

models of more ships. It might be the office of the owner of some old-fashioned shipping company.

They streamed in until the room was full; they crowded in a crescent around a desk in the middle of the room, standing with their hands in their pockets, without ceremony. And where was the President? He was nowhere to be seen. Would he come in by the left door? Or by the right? But oh! — suddenly, as I rose to my toes, I could look right down upon him; he had been sitting at his desk all the time, almost buried by his press.

My thoughts had been troubled; the President was smiling. Ruddy, his head bobbing and never still, with careless hair of steely hue, he looked like a man who had just come in from the athletic out-of-doors. Only the habitual dark rings under his pale blue eyes suggested the man of sedentary work. But he was smiling — not with that full and officious grin he affects before the news reels, but with a lighter, easier good humor.

The system was that anyone out of the crowd could fire a question, which the President would either answer or wave aside. It was a complete revolution from the style of Coolidge and Hoover, who insisted that newspaper men's questions should be written out and submitted in advance; their refusal to answer a question was thus practically unnoticed, while with Roosevelt it would be frank and public. It was interesting to watch the variety of questions: some were highly technical ones about monetary policy or diplomatic procedure, asked perhaps to impress the crowd or to stump the President; some were broad and intelligent questions on policy; some merely banal.

The matter under discussion — the announcement of another corporation to handle some particular variety of financing — was not of great interest

to me, and my mind began to wander. I looked out of the windows into the cold morning beyond, with the leaves flying and the clouds chasing low across a leaden sky. A lone guard paced along a walk, the cold wind nipping under his coat. The sun was gone; it might rain any minute. I thought of many sombre moods.

But in here it was warm and pleasant, full of flags and pictures, and a handsome chandelier overhead; and the President's quick look and engaging smile — yes, that was the source of it, that was the peculiar radiant energy which spread through the room. I was not being sentimental about it; it was a fact; I could recognize in a few minutes the truth of the remarks about Roosevelt's genius to captivate, disarm, encourage, befriend, enthrall.

One might, if one wished, doubt it as a thing that could bring only hypnotic, and momentary, and therefore ephemeral results. One might regard it as a show of false or unwarranted optimism. But I came to no definite conclusions: I merely watched the bobbing of the head.

There were no more technical questions, and a young reporter for a prominent Chicago paper (whose publisher had been warning the country that the freedom of the press was about to be curtailed) spoke up; he asked the President's reaction to that matter. It was a question of embarrassing — almost of staggering — breadth. But without batting an eyelid Mr. Roosevelt looked at the young man, and instantaneously we gathered that Colonel McCormick was seeing things under the bed. There was no formality in the convulsion that followed.

Now the clouds rolled up and the drizzle began, and we all filed out into the long frigid vestibule. We had to return now through the wet to the rest of Washington. As I passed the last door and buttoned my coat against the cold, I wished for a moment that I might escape this harsh outer world, the heaviness, the rain, and slip back covertly into the pleasant oval room. I might catch him in an off moment, just before he went about creating another corporation. We could sit there and talk about the ship models.

CAPTIVES ON A JUNK

BY CLIFFORD JOHNSON

[On the twenty-fifth of last March the *Nanchang*, a small coasting cargo steamer of the Butterfield and Swire line, left Shanghai for Newchwang, the port of Yinkow in Manchuria. She was the first B. & S. vessel to make for that port since its reopening after the winter, but her cargo, which consisted chiefly of flour, seemed unlikely to attract the attention of pirates; she was to return with a cargo of beans and bean cake for Swatow.

She anchored off Newchwang Bar on March 28. Toward noon on the twenty-ninth, her officers were chatting in the ship's saloon when she was suddenly attacked by a boarding party of Manchukuo pirates from two junks alongside.

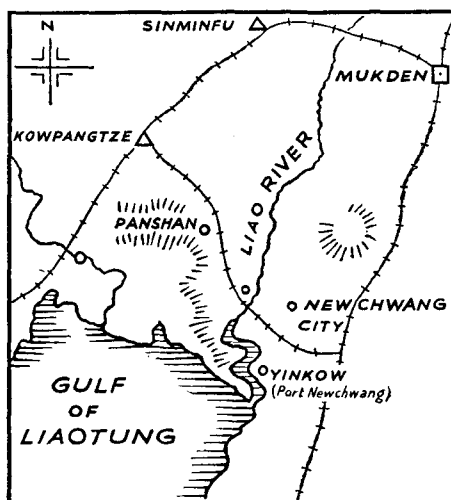
Before the officers could organize a defense they were surrounded, and four of them were forced on to the junks, where they were clamped down below while the pirates made their escape. When released from the hold, they found themselves in one of a maze of creeks somewhere in the district indicated by the map.

The four officers captured were Mr. Clifford Johnson (thirty), Chief Officer, who kept the record of their almost incredible experiences on cigarette packets and scraps of paper filched from the decks of the pirate junks; Mr. A. D. Blue (twenty-nine), Second Engineer; Mr. W. E. Hargrave (twenty-five), Second Officer; and Mr. F. L. Pears (thirty-one), Third Engineer.

What follow are extracts from this actual diary — the record of 163 days' captivity in the hands of ruthless Manchukuo marauders. — THE EDITORS]

I

March 29, 1933. — At approximately 11.45 A.M., the Captain, the Chief Engineer, and the Chief Officer were sitting in the saloon discussing some matters concerning the ship. The Third Engineer came in to consult the Chief Engineer, and then joined in our conversation. It was some minutes later that we heard what we took to be fire-crackers being set off on the foredeck. However, we were soon disillusioned, for at that moment the quartermaster rushed in, shouting, 'Pirates!' A hasty



glance through the forward port confirmed this, as the pirates were already on the deck. We rushed out of the saloon for our weapons and collided with the Second Engineer, who brought the same news. He had been in his cabin studying and had seen the two junks alongside. I noticed the Captain climb up to the top deck as I rushed to my cabin, but could not enter, as the pirates were coming up the ladder and firing.

Back I went to the Second Engineer's room to get one of his weapons. He was getting his gun and ammunition, when the Third Engineer joined us, but it was too late to attempt to resist, as the bandits clustered into the room, firing. Fortunately, no one was shot. A few seconds previous to this I had stepped out of the Second's room and noticed the Second Officer looking out of the port. He had been writing up his log abstract, and had been pinned in his room by the broadside firing from the junks. Shots were fired at us, one passing through the Second Officer's coat sleeve and shirt, but fortunately missing him. We had no alternative but to surrender, and the four of us were taken into the junks and shut down below.

March 30. — This morning finds the two junks up a creek. The surrounding country is mud. Our meals consist of rice and hot water. At 1 P.M. an aeroplane passes directly over us, flying low. We feel sure that it must have seen us. We are threatened and plagued by the bandits, but we feel sure that we shall be out in a few days. At 7 P.M. the Third Engineer is taken ashore to act as messenger, and the rest of us are pushed down below to sleep. About midnight the Third Engineer returns, owing to rumored Japanese activity. He has a bulky Chinese letter and three dollars which were given him for his railway fare.

April 1. — We spend the day much the same as yesterday, and discuss plans for an escape. The No. 1 bandit says that the Third Engineer will be sent to Yinkow in two days' time. Knowing no Chinese makes it very difficult to understand anything that is told us, and we don't know whether the demands are for \$5000 or \$50,000. We fully understand by the bandits' actions, though, what will happen to us if the money is not paid.

April 2. — Just before dawn we make an attempt to escape. We put our heads over the hatchway and notice no one is about. We climb over the stern of the junk and quietly drop into the mud, which is knee-deep; sometimes it is thigh-deep. After about two hours, seeming to walk in all directions, we realize that a rising tide may cover the whole district and despair of ever reaching firm land. Ice is in abundance, and one can imagine that we are practically numb from the thighs down. With difficulty we retrace our steps and are thankful to see the junk masts again. We expect the bandits to fire at us, but we creep quietly back on to the junk and find the bandits still asleep. A short time later, however, they fling back our hatchway and see the muddy condition we are in. Again we are threatened and cursed.

April 3. — We are kept down below all day on account of our attempted escape. To-day we get *pings* (flour and water made into patties) and hot water. At midnight we are rudely awakened, and the Third Engineer is rushed ashore with a message.

April 4. — A word on our accommodation. It is roughly four feet high, five feet wide, and nine feet broad, and leaks like a sieve. Our beds consist of three dogskins, two small sacks, and a Chinese blanket to cover us. It gets intensely cold at night. We hope the Third Engineer has reached Yinkow.

April 7. — Nothing much to report. Our food is the same, and we are kept down below most of the day. It is to-day that we have managed to get a pencil from our Chinese bed-mate, and with empty cigarette packets start our diary.

April 8. — An aeroplane passes over this afternoon. In the evening the junks go back to a village, and at 8 P.M. a messenger returns from Yinkow with two parcels for us, a letter from the Consul, and one from Taikoo. The junks then leave and sail for the most part of the night.

April 10. — The day passes quietly in the same place. We are told now that if the money does not come we shall be poisoned, not shot.

April 11. — The junks are still in the same place. We had a bit of fish this morning which was very appetizing. We notice several fires in the district. About noon we are hastily pushed down below as two strangers appear. They are evidently farmers. We hear them talking over our heads, then they get a good beating. We learn that these men started the fires. Our cabin on the *Nanchang* must have been ransacked, for we have seen one of our rifles and two revolvers. Also the bandits are wearing five of Johnson's suits, in addition to other coats and hats.

About 7 P.M. two junks are observed lower down the creek. We are shut down below as three or four men off them approach our junk. We hear them talking over our heads, and several minutes later there is a sharp fight, several bursts of firing, and men running hurriedly about. Our hatchway is flung back, and a menacing strange face appears, pointing a gun at us, and at the same time threatening one of our bandits, who is crouched on the deck. We realize that we have been captured by another gang.

All this time we have pulled around us what blankets we can, to protect us, but now it is over, and two strange bandits jump down our hatchway and squash us up to make room for themselves. We are almost lying on top of each other, and it is terrible. They see the remains of the parcel we have received, and take our biscuits, sausage, and cigarettes. We spend the night in fitful sleep, frequently waking to hear the wash of the oars, and realize that we are being taken elsewhere.

April 12. — The two bandits in our hatch are evidently the No. 1 bandits. They spend the morning fiddling about with the Mausers and guns they have captured. One of them accidentally goes off, just missing Hargrave's ear by a fraction of an inch and burying itself in the blanket at his feet. It is nerve-racking. Later, more bandits appear, and we are made to write a short note demanding \$2,000,000 and gold rings. However, this message is not sent and is evidently torn up. We are not allowed on deck, except when necessary, and then we observe five junks and many new faces. We reckon there must be at least seventy bandits now.

April 13. — We are kept down below all day, but are continually pestered by bandits who come to see us and plague the foreigners.

April 14. — Nothing to report, except that we have been threatened with mutilation, and also we have had two or three Mausers stuck at our heads (to please us, we presume).

April 15. — The bandits say a message has been taken to Yinkow.

April 20. — At about 9 A.M. we are made to write a letter demanding \$2,000,000 and 80 gold rings. One of the junks takes the message. We spend a couple of hours delousing ourselves, and have quite a good catch. We are pestered all day by the bandits, who love to maul us about and threaten us.

April 21. — We receive a letter from the British Consul this morning dated April 15. We are made to answer it and demand \$2,000,000, 200 pairs of socks, 200 pairs of shoes, and 200 gold rings. We have no sooner written this than they raise the ransom to \$4,000,000; evidently a million dollars is neither here nor there, although Father (the fifty-six-year-old bandit who is one of our bed-mates) says it ought to be kept at \$2,000,000, and, in fact, he gets quite nasty about it.

April 26. — Four weeks to-day since we were captured, and by all appearances we are no nearer our release. The bandits have taken a fancy to our lice powder and are using it extravagantly. We are feeding well off the contents of our last parcel. A violent dust storm blows for most of the day and, our hatchway being kept shut, we are practically in darkness. No further message arrives, and we are fed up.

April 28. — A terrible day. Our quarters are leaking very badly and our things are wet through. There is an exceedingly heavy hailstorm, the stones being about the size of shilling pieces. Still no message. We think the bandits are stupid and do not know how to begin negotiations.

II

May 10. — Six weeks to-day since we were captured. How many more are to pass, we wonder. Things seem to be moving slowly. As far as we can ascertain from the bandits, no offer has been made yet. Some weeks ago we became convinced that when we succeeded in getting three games of patience out in succession something important would happen within the three following days. To-day Johnson has got three consecutive games out, so we are wondering what will happen. During the night four shots are fired and a junk returns

from the village. The bandits say an American has been captured by bandits at Yinkow and a ransom of \$9,000,000 is being demanded for his release. We don't believe it.

May 12. — About 7 P.M. we are handed a letter (the patience game is working out). It has come from Mukden and has evidently been written by a Chinese in the Consulate there, and is signed 'Yours friend.' The No. 1 bandit says they have received a Chinese letter and have been offered \$200,000. We hear it with reserve.

May 15. — To-day the gang brought half of a pig aboard and we had two good feeds of pork. (Good to us, but they are actually the scraps they have not eaten.) Also fishing nets are stretched across the river and we get a bit of fish.

May 16. — We are surprised this morning by a parcel being thrust down our hatchway. It is from Taikoo and very welcome, although we are disappointed, as there is no accompanying letter. At about 10 A.M. an aeroplane is observed to be approaching. We are rushed ashore and into the reeds. The plane has obviously seen us, as it comes directly over us, making a swoop to a height of less than a hundred feet. The gang opens up quite a heavy fire on it, but apparently without result, for it rises again and disappears.

May 17. — Seven weeks' captivity to-day. The junks shift a few miles down the river.

May 18. — We are given to understand that a letter is coming to-morrow, and that we shall be released in about a week's time.

May 21. — At about 2 P.M. a junk arrives, and it has a Chinese prisoner on board. All the bandits say they are holding him for ransom, except one, who has evidently not heard this yarn. He tells us that it is a Japanese spy and that they are going to shoot him, and

we think this is right. An hour or so later we are taken ashore to witness a bit of their brutality. They have the prisoner stripped to the waist and roped up. They then proceed to beat him unmercifully with a three-inch rope on which is a large knot. Blood streams from him and he falls unconscious. They revive him with water. We leave the scene and are told later that he has been shot and his body thrown into the river. We are also threatened.

May 24. — Eight weeks to-day since we were captured, and we are very depressed. We have had nothing to eat these last few days but pings and hot water.

June 2. — A Chinese message arrived this morning, brought by two men on horseback. It is evidently bad news, for Johnson is made to write an answer and we are told that we shall be beaten and shot if it is not satisfactory. We are all a little nervous.

June 14. — Eleven weeks' captivity to-day. An aeroplane flew near by this morning, and we were taken into the reeds. The lice and mosquitoes are terrible and we are covered with bites.

June 21. — Twelve weeks to-day in captivity. The fact of there being ten junks on one side of us and eight on the other and all being bandit junks has rather unsettled us, but the bandits say that there will be no fight, as they are railway bandits. All the same, our bandits are digging trenches along the bank. We are now up a creek which is dry at low water. At night the mosquitoes are terrible, and are raising large lumps on Blue.

June 25. — It rains all day. One of the most miserable days we have yet spent. Nothing to do and damn little to eat, and being boxed up in semi-darkness does not improve our tempers. We even nag at each other, but we are really hoping to be out of this mess in two or three weeks.

June 26. — Johnson's birthday to-day. How lovely!

June 28. — Thirteen weeks in captivity to-day. We have another feed of pork.

June 29. — Nothing to report. Thanks to the diary for knowing the day and date.

July 5. — In the middle of our meagre breakfast we are hurriedly taken ashore and into the reeds. Aeroplanes appear and commence bombing some distance inland from the left bank. There must be six or seven of them. About noon they disappear and we are taken back to the junks. Our junks move upstream a short distance and we are again taken ashore — this time on the left bank. Aeroplanes again appear and do some bombing. In the reeds we encounter another gang of bandits. They have small junks and are also hiding from the planes. About 2 P.M. the aeroplanes disappear and we again go back to the junks. We are told everything is all right now and we shall have no more trouble to-day. At about 3 P.M., just as we are having our afternoon meal, there is a sudden rushing about and disorder. Heavy firing breaks out on the right bank and is directed at the junks. We crouch down in our compartment, huddled up with every blanket and rag around us. The bullets are hitting the junk with great rapidity, and the bandits on deck respond to the fire. It is a real battle. Someone shouts down to us to come on deck. We hesitate, but are threatened, and so crawl up and lie down flat. Bullets are whizzing with great frequency around us and we are told to jump into the water. The three of us jump in and are followed by three bandits. We swim to the opposite bank and scramble in amongst the reeds.

It is now that Hargrave and Blue succeed in getting away. Johnson is

immediately dragged by the three bandits farther into the reeds. The bandits discover that the other two are missing. They tell Johnson that one man is no good, and he has a revolver thrust at him.

After about half an hour Blue is caught and brought along. More and more bandits leave the junk and join us. About 7 P.M. Hargrave is recaptured and brought along. By this time nearly the whole gang has collected. Hargrave's feet are badly cut, for we have been without shoes and socks, and the short stumps of last year's crop of reeds pierce our feet. The bandits continue to answer the fire from the bank and we are marched along the dike. By the time the moon is up, and after walking for three or four miles, we come to our junks, which are beached. These are refloated and we are hustled into them, and we move down the river. The sound of firing gets fainter. During the walk we have been attached to ropes to safeguard against another escape. We finally spend the night on the junks.

July 7. — This morning about 6 A.M. we are taken ashore into the reeds. All our belongings follow, including the junk's water butt, cooking utensils, and sacks of millet, and a bag of flour for our pings. It is very trying, for we have no shelter from the sun. The bandits dare not bend the reeds over to form a sort of hut, on account of its being seen from the aeroplanes. We stay the day and night here.

July 8. — We shift again this morning, a mile or so farther inland, and spend the day among the reeds. We feel pretty well done up. It is impossible to sleep at night, for the place is swarming with crabs, which leave their holes at dusk, and as we lie down they walk over us and give us nasty nips. During the day there are thousands of huge flies which they call *sharmuns*.

These also annoy us, as they have a sort of thorn which pierces the skin.

July 9. — To-day we are allowed to make a sort of tent out of the reeds. It is much cooler. The bandits certainly have the wind up, and they are turning quite nasty to us. We are roped up all the time now and they tell us that they are surrounded by soldiers. Also the food is running very low and there seems to be no means of obtaining any more, as the junks have been taken away. We are drinking cold water, and it is putrid, but they dare not light a fire during the day because the smoke would be seen. Hargrave's feet are festered badly, and the only disinfectant we have is a tube of Pepsodent tooth paste, which we use on them. We all feel that another week or two of this will finish us off, although we are very hopeful that an attack will soon be made on us; in fact, we are relying upon it. Crabs, lice, mosquitoes, and sharmuns, and we are not even allowed to delouse ourselves. We know there is a small gunboat at the bottom of the creek, and we try to persuade the No. 1 bandit to open up negotiations with it, but they will not listen to reason.

July 10. — We are still hidden in the same spot among the reeds. The bandits have their spies out in all directions. We hope the soldiers will come soon, as we have practically nothing to eat, and are sadly lacking in energy, for we have no sleep.

July 11. — We are still in the same place. Everyone seems in despair and we think the bandits are going to risk a dash to get through the soldiers. At 10 A.M. we have to prepare for a walk. They handle us roughly and Blue is beaten. We all proceed in single file back to the creek, where three sampans await us. They had been camouflaged with reeds, which the bandits now take off. We are pulled downstream for a

couple of miles, where we are landed on the opposite bank. We then walk among the reeds until daylight.

July 12. — Thoroughly exhausted and sore, we sleep soundly under the boiling sun, and wake up feeling worse than ever. It cannot go on like this much longer, and we keep our spirits up with the thought that we shall soon be attacked, for we are still surrounded. In the evening we have to walk again and at about 7 P.M. we arrive at a farm. A messenger awaits us. There is a letter for us saying that we are to be attacked in about a week's time, but as the letter lacks a date we are wondering when it was sent, especially as we have already been attacked and driven off the junks.

The bandits ask us what the letter contains, and on the spur of the moment Johnson says his father is dead. He has to act the part, but we are already so miserable that it is no great effort. We are made to reply to the letter, and then we proceed with our walk. We arrive at a creek, where a small junk awaits us. We sail up the creek, but the water is too shallow and we have to get out and walk knee-deep in water and mud for some distance. Lights are flashed as signals for us, and we carry on, walking knee-deep in mud.

We carry on thus for approximately an hour, when it is discovered that we are going in the wrong direction. We retrace our steps, stumbling in the darkness over shrubs and short stumps of reeds. Eventually we reach firm land. There are no reeds, for it is simply waste land and quite bare. After another half hour we arrive at a pond by the side of which there is a large tree. We bathe our feet and put on our socks and shoes. We walk on for another hour, and arrive at a ruined farm, where we are told to sleep. We drop down exhausted.

III

July 14. — We spend a quiet day on the farm. We get sufficient to eat and feel decidedly better. About 7 P.M. one of the spies rushes in with the news that soldiers are approaching. We hastily prepare to walk. It is a pitch-black night and we all gather together about a mile from the village. A horse from the farm is also commandeered. We walk in single file. Hargrave and Blue are both given rides on the horse on account of their weak state, but when not riding are placed in the middle of the gang, which numbers a hundred. We are roped up, the rope being around our neck and arms, and a bandit is ticked off to drive each one of us. At midnight we cross the railway track, having by the stars walked northeast. We carry on northeast until daylight, and estimate that we have covered about twenty-five miles. We put up at a village. Our legs ache, and we feel just about ready to collapse. It must be recorded that in the earlier part of the walk, before crossing the railway track, we passed a village, where several shots were fired at us. The bandits were alarmed and doubled in their tracks for half an hour before proceeding.

July 15. — We wake up to the usual meal of pings and hot water. It is certain that we cannot carry on like this with only these confounded things to eat. We complain bitterly of our treatment and explain that unless we get better food we shall die, and in that case they will not get any money. This had effect, for they brought us along an egg each. Imagine, an egg! The day is spent at a Chinese farm. At sunset we set out again and continue to walk northeast. We are keeping track of our directions and approximate distance from the railway, so that if a chance occurs we shall escape. About

midnight, while passing a village, several shots are fired, and we make a wide circuit of the place. We also see flashing lights at some places. Maybe they are Manchukuo soldiers on the lookout for us.

July 18. — At midnight we are walking along a dike bounding a creek. The frogs make a terrible noise. It must also be remarked that whenever we are near a village the dogs wake up and kick up a terrific din. This wakes the farmers, who in turn clang pieces of bamboo together and shout themselves hoarse. But it is remarkable how little noise we make. Long ago we had to replace our leather shoes with cloth ones on account of the noise. No one is allowed to speak, and on one or two occasions Blue and Hargrave have both stumbled, and their ropes have been pulled so tight that they could not retain their tempers. However, they regretted it later.

July 24. — The day is spent on a farm. The Chinese idea of leading the fires under the bed is no damned use. The beds get so hot during the day when they are cooking that it is almost unbearable. This is a terrible farm. There are millions of flies and bugs, and to add to our discomfort the bandits will seldom take off our ropes so that we can delouse ourselves, and we are raw with scratching. Thank goodness we leave at dusk. We walk north about thirty li, reaching the village at which we are to spend the night.

July 25. — The day is spent at the village, and at dark we walk southeast for two hours. It appears to us that we are keeping in the same district, for we are walking in circles. Every night we carefully note our direction by the stars. In fact, we are very often gazing at the stars when we should be looking at the ground, and this is why we stumble so much and then get reprimanded. We pass a village which Johnson says he

recognizes, and we sleep at the next one farther on.

July 26. — We spend a day at the village. Our ropes are taken off so that we may delouse ourselves. We are only allowed a few minutes for the job. We are sitting on the bed, and when the bandit comes to put Blue's rope on him again Blue gets on to his knees to facilitate the process. There is a great stir and Blue is told to get up. It appears that this is the pose when one is being executed. We shall be sure to keep off our knees in future. It might also be remarked here that we have never been allowed to whistle. We were checked in this by a gun being pointed at us.

July 27. — At about 10 A.M. we are rushed out of the farm and into the kaoliang fields. At first we think soldiers have come to attack, but they tell us that men have arrived with a message. We walk around for six li and go into a farm at which we have previously stopped. They tell us that the men are discussing the ransom. This bucks us up.

July 28. — We learn that the men are still here, and that there is a parcel for us. However, nothing happens until the afternoon, when we are walked to another farm to meet the men. There are three of them, only one of whom has a slight knowledge of English. He tells us that they have come from Panshan, and that we must write a letter to Yinkow. He interprets for us, and we have to write demanding \$600,000 and the early release of the bandit's relatives, whom the Panshan authorities have in jail. We get the parcel, but come to the conclusion that the men must not have been sent out by the authorities at all. We walk a short distance to another farm.

August 2. — Two intermediaries arrive to-day, although we do not see them. We receive a parcel with a let-

ter which says the men are from the Japanese Police Force. We walk in the evening north for about twelve li and stay at a farm we have been to before.

August 8. — At 1 P.M. we set out on a long walk. A message is due to arrive, so we are apparently going to meet it. After walking east-northeast for approximately twenty li in the boiling sun, we arrive at a creek. There are no sampans. Our ropes are taken off and we are made to swim across. It is very refreshing. In fact, Hargrave is cursed for dawdling so long. We carry on, walking northeast, and arrive at one of the previous stopping places. In the last few days we have been in the same district and to-day completed the triangle. In the evening we are told that there is no message for us and the gang are in a bad mood. They say they don't want the paltry sum that has been offered, and that the authorities are afraid to send a man, as they would shoot him. They are expecting an intermediary to arrive.

August 10. — There are some shots fired this morning. At 2 P.M., as we assemble out in the village to walk, we notice that they have a Manchukuo soldier roped up and blindfolded. We set out, the soldier with us. After walking for twenty li, we arrive at a village — a very clean and modern one. We get a couple of eggs each to-day. The gang is still talking about the money, and we hear figures which to us are the most reasonable that we have heard yet and we are very much bucked up about it.

August 13. — At sunset we walk about six li and put up for the night. The crops now stand some fifteen feet high and the *ma* crop is being harvested. One of the bandits tells us that we shall have to be out or shot very shortly, as they cannot carry on after the kaoliang crop has been cut.

August 14. — We learn that this

morning intermediaries arrived to discuss the money. There is no parcel for us, but the bandits appear pleased, and that is the main thing. They are now saying that we shall be out in a week.

August 15. — This morning a Chinese letter is brought for us to sign. The bandits say it will only take two days for a reply. They still say we shall be out in a week.

August 18. — Spend day at same village. About 4 P.M. we learn that a messenger has arrived, and shortly afterwards receive a parcel and a letter. More shots are fired during the day, and at 7 P.M. we hurriedly leave the village on account of the soldiers. After walking south for three li, we overtake several old women carrying packs. A few minutes later we arrive at another village and rest awhile. During this spell another gang of bandits arrive, driving six Chinese, who are securely roped together. We conclude that the women we passed are their relatives, and are following in their wake. We also note that this other gang have hand grenades ready to throw. We leave, and, after following the river bank for some miles, receive a broadside of shots from houses hidden among the trees. None of us are hit. After walking through lots of water we are housed in a filthy hut. The bandits tell us that we shall be out in three days. At least, some say that; others say three weeks.

August 19. — We spend the day at a village. It rains most of the day. It is a terrible place for heat, as the fires seem to burn all day and the bed is almost red hot. At night there are thousands of mosquitoes, and during the day swarms of flies. (Pig troughs just outside the window.) The smell from the pig swill is so bad that even the bandits cannot stick it, and have placed whole bunches of joss sticks to

counteract the smell. We hope we walk to-night.

August 21. — Spent day in the village. Rained all day. The bandits say we shall be released in three days, or five if it rains. Our spirits have risen so much that the three of us are discussing how we will spend the first night in Shanghai and where we will dine.

August 22. — About 2 P.M. we set out and walk west. The roads are exceptionally muddy, sometimes knee-deep in water. At about 5 P.M. we arrive at the village where we are told the ransom is to be paid. The bandits say the village is only ten miles from Panshan, and the men should arrive to-morrow.

August 23. — Still at the farm awaiting release. Nothing comes and the day seems endless. We sleep here.

August 24. — Still at the farm awaiting release. In the afternoon a messenger arrives and we learn that the ransom is coming to-morrow or the next day. The day seems like a week. Blue has a bad throat and is unable to eat.

August 25. — Still at the same village. The expected messenger does not arrive.

August 29. — We learn that negotiations have been completed. They tell us there is not enough money in Yinkow, and that it has to be obtained from Fengtien. At 3 P.M. we walk northwest for ten li to another village. We notice they have two Chinese tied up and blindfolded, and our procession would look queer to any foreigner.

August 30. — We spend a long and tedious day on the farm. In the evening it is rumored that the men are arriving, but they do not turn up.

August 31. — We hear this morning that the No. 1 bandit has arrived from Panshan, and also a messenger from Yinkow. We have to write a letter to the Consul saying that if the money

does not arrive in two or three days we shall be severely beaten, and they will take us a very long walk of two thousand li. We receive no message and cannot imagine what is causing the delay. The bandits are getting very impatient. About 2 P.M. we move twenty li south to another village. Later we learn that the messenger brought news that the No. 1 Manchukuo man had died and the money would not be here for another day. We are pleased to hear this, as the past few days of waiting have seemed endless.

September 1. — They kill another pig to-day. We are certainly getting a lot of pork, and we think they are signing chits for the pigs on the strength of the money they are to get.

IV

September 4. — We are feeling very much excited, as the bandits tell us the money is coming. We talk all day about the wonderful things we are going to buy to eat when we get out. The bandits tell us several times to stop talking and go to sleep, but we just carry on until one of them comes over with a stick, and — well, that is different, and we do try to sleep. It seems incredible, and Johnson is still rather pessimistic.

September 5. — The morning is dragging very slowly as we wait for the money to come. We talk again of what we are going to do when we get out, and are again told to go to sleep, so we have to quiet down. Johnson is so excited that he has donned a pair of the farmer's wife's trousers and has the bandits all laughing. The afternoon drags and by 5 P.M. we are losing our excitement, as nothing comes. The bandits have no need to tell us to be quiet. Shortly afterwards we are told that the money came, but it was in one-hundred-dollar notes, and the bandits wanted it in

ten-dollar notes. But we are told that it is certain for to-morrow. Lots of the bandits come over and ask us, should we see them in Yinkow, not to give them away. We readily promise. (What liars!)

September 6. — We are up at 4 A.M. We cannot sleep. The bandits pester us all morning. At about 3 P.M. they tell us that a hundred soldiers have arrived with the money, but we are doomed to disappointment. They come all right with the money, but evidently the bandits are not satisfied about the release of their relatives from Panshan, and so the soldiers go away. However, the missing relatives are going to be brought to-morrow, and we are told that we are sure to be out then.

September 7. — About 11 A.M. we are visited by two Manchukuo men. One of them speaks very good English. He tells us that we shall most probably be released either to-night or early in the morning. He has come to make sure that we are the right men before the money is handed over. He has to go back to Panshan and then bring the money out again. Just before leaving he hands us a tin of cigarettes. He is hardly out of the room before all the bandits rush at Blue, who is holding the tin. Blue has one in his mouth, and one of the bandits snatches it away. Blue grabs his wrist. Unfortunately, the man has a gun in his hand and it falls to the floor. The bandit misconstrues the action, and thinks Blue is trying to get the gun, and so he is given a beating. I must mention that one evening last month Hargrave was given a good beating and kicked. Only the other day he complained he was still sore when he pressed his stomach. About 1 P.M. we are told to prepare for a walk and set out walking in the direction of Panshan, and stop at a crossroads. We are told the money is coming to this place, but after an

hour, with nothing coming, we walk on again.

We think they are very frightened of an attack, as they all have their guns drawn. They observe a farm in the distance and men are on the roof. We approach the place and the No. 1 bandit goes in. We are taken to the gate and notice Manchukuo soldiers, but someone shouts to our leader, and we are hastily withdrawn in kaoliang some hundred yards away. Again we are taken to the farm and again we are hastily withdrawn. This happens four times, but eventually we go in through the gate and into a farmhouse. One of the bandits speaks very roughly to one of the soldiers, and we are afraid that any small incident may lead to a fight. We are in the room only a few minutes before a Manchukuo officer comes in and unties us. We are led into a neighboring house, where there are five Japanese and Manchukuo officials. We immediately thank them, and learn that they have only brought fifteen soldiers apart from themselves. The money is handed over at 3 P.M. After waiting for about an hour and a half, during which time the bandits are in another room dividing the money, we are told we can go, but the bandits stop us and say that they must pay their outlying scouts first. This takes another hour. Then the bandits demand the soldiers' ponies. This is refused, and after some talk we are told that we can go.

We proceed out into the courtyard, where the soldiers mount their horses and we get into the farmer's cart. We are just about to leave when the bandits say there is another gang waiting for us on our road back. They tell us to wait while they go and tell this gang to let us pass. We all troop back into the farmhouse, and it is half an hour later that we are allowed to leave. By this time it is dark, which no doubt

is what the bandits really wanted. Our captain asks for an escort, and two bandits ride back with us within a mile of Panshan. It is a rough journey, but one of the pleasantest we have ever had. We arrive at Panshan at 9.30 p.m. and are told that we shall be stopping the night there, and go on to Yinkow by the five o'clock train in the morning.

The Japanese and Manchukuo officials make us very welcome, and several toasts are made to the achievement of their plans. We are exceedingly happy in both senses (sake is fairly strong on an empty stomach). We then sit down to a Japanese chow, and afterwards retire. Johnson is very sick.

September 8. — We are up this morning at 4.30 A.M., have a wash, and proceed to the station. All the Japanese and Manchukuo officials accompany us. At about 5.30 A.M. the armored train pulls out of the station. What a delightful journey this is! We seem to have a permanent smile on our faces.

At 7.30 A.M. we arrive at Yinkow, where a battery of photographers await

us. Still with a permanent smile, we wait impatiently until they have finished, and then we walk to the police launch and plough over to the other side of the river. More cameras to shoot us and still the same old smile, and then we set out to the police station. We are met halfway by a car which conveys us to our destination.

At the police station Johnson has a word with the Taikoo agent, Mr. Grant, over the telephone, and ten minutes later both Mr. Clarke and he arrive. We are then officially handed over, several speeches are made, congratulations are expressed, and then more photographs. At half-past ten Mr. Grant finally manages to get us away to his house, where a most wonderful breakfast awaits us. After a great repast we have a final delouse and a real good bath.

In conclusion, we all feel that we shall never be able to repay the debt we owe to all who have worked so hard and untiringly for our release. More especially to Mr. Clarke, the British Consul, and Mr. Grant, Butterfield and Swire's agent at Yinkow.

TOWARD A PLANNED ECONOMY

BY SIR ARTHUR SALTER

I

THE simplicities of nineteenth-century government have passed, and passed forever. The change can be stated in a sentence. Government used to keep the ring within which the economic struggle took place between individual competitors; now it has entered the ring as a participant. This change has been accelerated and exaggerated by the particular needs and circumstances of the present depression. But it was taking place before the depression and will remain after it. This is a difference destined to transform the character of economic activity, and to change fundamentally the problems of government. It is perhaps worth while to make an effort to stand back for a moment from the confusing welter of passing events and see the more permanent trends of development and the principal issues which will confront us as this transformation proceeds.

The best approach will be to recall briefly how the old *laissez faire* system worked in its prime, and what are the main causes which are destroying it. It is essential to appreciate its merits and achievements if we are to realize what problems an alternative system of deliberate planning and direction must study and solve. Throughout the ages, but particularly during the last century and a half of the application of scientific invention to production, man's activities have been becoming increasingly specialized, and the eco-

nomic life of every individual increasingly dependent upon others over an ever-widening range. The price of specialization is, of course, the loss of self-sufficiency, and dependence upon a system which will secure a constant adjustment between innumerable, intricate, and interacting activities.

Consider, for example, a single commodity, a chair or a suit of clothes, and the long series of separate processes from raw material to factory, from factory to purchaser, which need to be linked together if the work of everyone in the chain is to be regular and continuous, without shortage or excess; and then consider the interactions on this simple chain of supply and consumption of all the others which represent the innumerable needs of the consumer and compete for his purchasing power. If the economic machine is to function without waste, each process requires to be exactly adjusted to every other that concerns it. And since the world is not stationary, and is linked together by modern facilities of transport and communication, each one of the multitudinous activities of man is constantly falling out of adjustment with the other, and needs a corrective mechanism to bring it back again.

Under the *laissez faire* system this adjustment is effected by changing prices and competition; for when any activity falls below what is needed, rising prices stimulate increased effort,

and conversely any excessive development of a particular activity is discouraged by falling prices. Within a mere framework of law to repress fraud or theft, each individual pursues his individual advantage. Since none need buy a commodity or a service he does not want, or at a higher price than he thinks it worth, no one can earn for himself without benefiting others. The distinctive feature of this system is of course its self-regulating and automatic character. Need, demand, and supply, over the whole range of effort, find their adjustments without requiring anyone to estimate or plan as a whole. The seller gropes his way to a market, under the guidance and stimulus of moving prices, less concerned with the total demand of the purchaser than with the share in it he can hope to seize.

Such in outline was the theory, and such for a time, with relatively unimportant exceptions, was the actual functioning of this miraculous mechanism of automatic adjustment. The period of its most efficient working, and of its greatest triumphs, was the latter half of the last century. And its achievements in that period were amazing. It harvested and distributed the fruits of the application of science to industry. It brought the riches of every clime to the breakfast table of the artisan. It sheltered hundreds of millions in a comfort never before attained except by as many thousands. It provided a framework within which the soaring fabric of modern civilization was built up. And, to take its most notable national achievement, it absorbed the immense growth of the American population, fed not only by natural increase but by an annual immigration of a million, without intolerable waste or unemployment and at constantly rising levels of comfort.

Only as we now look back can we

discern the latent weaknesses and defects of this system, invisible amid its early triumphs, and realize upon how many precarious and passing conditions it depends — on a continuance of effective competition, on a developing law adequate to cope with more and more complex methods of fraud and exploitation, on a proper functioning of the general mechanism of currency and commercial policy, and so on. Above all, it depends on the absence of important exceptions to the first principle of the *laissez faire* theory, that, under a free competitive system, a man cannot secure wealth for himself without conferring at least equivalent benefits on the community from which he draws it; for it is upon such exceptions that an alternative grows up.

II

What, then, are these exceptions? And why has the old automatic system been losing its efficiency and its hold on our confidence? Some of the causes are related to the accidental and temporary circumstances of the post-war period; but others have a more distant origin and will have more enduring influence. Let me briefly mention a few.

With the progress of industrial technique, large-scale organization gives great economies. An increasing proportion of production has therefore come to be organized in large units. This involves great inequality in status between those who thus buy labor collectively and those who sell it individually. With such inequality of bargaining position, the individual cannot be relied upon to make a bargain which is good for him when all its consequences are reckoned; the man who has no reserves, and is acting under the pressure of immediate necessity, is a short-visioned creature who cannot be expected to

look at the transaction of the moment in the perspective of his whole life, with perhaps half a century to run.

Several consequences follow. Abuses of employment arise, unhygienic conditions, child labor, and so forth. An individual firm may obtain the labor of a man during his working years at little more than the cost of his maintenance during those years, or it may use or support him during periods of exceptional activity and leave him to demoralizing destitution in the intervals. Such abuses may be postponed, and for a time rendered negligible, during a period of rapid expansion, as in America till recently; but this is a respite only. Or the issue may be met by the growth of a powerful trade-union organization; but the latter involves profound consequences to the whole working of the *laissez faire* system. More frequently the public collectively — that is, the state — has to intervene. It enacts factory legislation, provides free education, institutes public schemes of unemployment insurance, health insurance, and provision for old age. In all these cases the *laissez faire* system has worked imperfectly in the sense that an individual competing concern has been able to obtain its services at less than their real cost, and the residuary loss or responsibility falls on the public.

The consequent intervention of the state has led the way to a development which is transforming the whole system. This is, however, not the only main cause of the transformation. The economies of large-scale production have led to industrial organization on a scale which in some instances has almost eliminated competition, in others profoundly changed its character and development. Monopolies, or semi-monopolies, have grown up which are sufficiently powerful to prevent or retard the competitive reduction of

prices which made the older conditions rapidly adjust production to any inadequacy of demand; and the competition which remains is often in a form, such as advertising, which does not bring the same public advantage. Meantime the participation of the state, encouraged by the needs already mentioned and becoming technically more competent, has had another line of development of the utmost importance. Sometimes as a result of a deliberate policy of national self-sufficiency, associated with the fear of war, more often under the pressure of separate organized interests, states have created higher and higher tariff barriers around themselves, which have profoundly mortified the working of competition.

All these developments, retarding the automatic self-adjustments of the old system, are independent of the special features introduced by the World War. But the war aggravated and accelerated their effects. The submarine and the blockade were economically the most extreme examples of national 'protection'; and, when they ended, industries which had developed behind them were exposed to the dislocation of new competition, exactly as they would be if high tariffs were suddenly removed. It was natural that new and increased tariffs should be imposed to mitigate this dislocation.

In the meantime other new factors had developed. A mass of indebtedness dislocated the working of the credit system. Rapid movements of short-term capital, responsive to every political fear or financial rumor, rendered the gold-standard currency system unworkable, and so on.

From this confused complex of new and old conditions, some conclusions emerge clearly. The rapid changes resulting from new inventions, and other causes, necessitate immediate adjust-

ments throughout the economic system; but, just when this is more needed than ever, the system has largely lost its elasticity, its self-regulating quality. The causes of this loss of adaptability are partly temporary, arising from the war, but to a large extent they are permanent in character. We must assume the continuance of large-scale industrial organization, of a large measure of economic nationalism and tariffs, and so on. It follows that we cannot hope to restore fully the conditions required to make the old self-regulating system function satisfactorily. We need, therefore, to supplement it by deliberate direction and control. It is, however, equally clear that it is much better, if possible, to supplement than to replace it. The infinitely complex activities and desires of man cannot be planned and directed in detail without intolerable waste, and without the loss of our most essential liberties.

This, then, is the central problem of our age. How can we supplement the competitive, price-adjusting system by direction and control, so that we can make it sufficiently adaptable to changing conditions, so that it can translate each increase in productive capacity into an equivalent increase in purchasing capacity, so that it can absorb into new employment those released from their former occupations by technological improvements? How can this new control and direction be so arranged as to leave competition and changing prices to effect detailed adjustments? And what changes are necessary in the machinery and methods of government?

III

This introduction has been necessary to explain the real significance of the recent transformation of government in Western European countries, and

the real nature of the issues that confront the new experiment.

The outstanding fact of the last few years has been the movement toward centralized control and central authority, and a diminution of parliamentary powers. In many cases this has meant an actual dictatorship, with the suppression of representative institutions. The Italian Fascist régime has now lasted a decade. There is a more recent dictatorship in Yugoslavia; this year has seen new dictatorships in Germany and Austria. Poland has been under a practical dictatorship for a long time, as has Turkey. The extent to which representative government is unreal in Hungary and Rumania is well known. Where, then, does what we were accustomed to regard as normal representative government remain? In Europe, in some of the Northern countries; in Switzerland and Czechoslovakia, in France, and (precariously restored) in Spain. In England free institutions remain, but under the abnormal conditions of a national government which has profoundly modified the working of the parliamentary system. In the United States there is a kind of temporary and voluntary dictatorship, based upon blanket legislation and subject to prospective criticism and limitation, but unprecedented in its immediate powers. For the time, at least, parliamentary institutions have almost ceased to function in the way to which we are accustomed.

The compelling force behind this amazing transformation of the political scene is obvious. The old forms and methods of government have been found inadequate for the economic duties now imposed upon government, for the rapid and drastic tasks which state participation in economic activities involves. Parliamentary government, and its methods and traditions, have been evolved to express political aspira-

tions and solve political problems, not to deal with the infinitely more complex, exacting, and continuous tasks involved in a partnership of state and private enterprise in economic activity. The need for change was realized, keenly and generally, even before the special needs of the economic depression.

The feeling that nonspecialized and inexpert members of parliament are capable, in regard to economic policy, only of exerting injurious pressure on behalf of sectional interests expressed itself partly in a demand for 'functional' instead of 'geographical' parliaments — that is, for a membership formed by election from chambers of commerce, trade-unions, and other economic institutions. It also expressed itself more practically in the widespread movement for economic advisory councils during the first post-war decade. It is possible that this most interesting and significant movement, which, in varying forms, extended over most countries of Europe and to India and China, might have led the way to a real solution; and it may still, when the present crisis has passed, provide an important contribution to the new form of government that will ultimately emerge. But the councils were formed on the wrong lines; they were cumbersome and ineffective; they were not strengthened by any real abdication of power either by parliament, ministers, or departments. And, above all, events marched too quickly. Drastic reform seemed imperative. Dictatorship, or a centralization of authority including many of the powers of dictatorship, seemed necessary, and, as we have seen, has in varying forms been established.

The content and character of the governmental action taken to help, control, or direct economic activity vary in different countries, but have certain aspects in common. Everywhere except

in Russia it is intended to supplement, and not to replace, the competitive system with its price-changing index and its profit-making stimulus. Nearly everywhere it has been improvised under sectional pressure, not planned comprehensively. Men have talked a great deal about planning, and a few individuals and a few societies have thought about it and studied it, but of action and policy based upon comprehensive planning there has been very little.

The great bulk of governmental action has been in the form of tariffs, supplemented by quotas and prohibitions and subsidies, decided upon piecemeal and under successive pressures from the interests concerned. Other methods of state action — such as Great Britain, for example, adopted in regard to rubber, wheat, or sugar — have the same defect of improvisation without due relation to economic policy as a whole. Here and there, however, there have been attempts at something like planning. In Great Britain the continuance of the tariff on iron and steel has been stated to be conditional upon the adoption of an approved scheme of reorganization in the industry, though it remains to be seen whether and how this condition will be insisted upon. The new agricultural policy in Great Britain goes further, and comprises a very extensive control of marketing and production; but it is still in its experimental stage.

The chief example of a more comprehensive policy is, of course, to be found in the American experiment. A foreign observer must comment with reserve upon a plan which is evolving so quickly and is just reaching so crucial a stage. At the moment it looks as if difficulties had arisen through attempting simultaneously what should be successive stages of a programme. The restarting of the industrial machine

by raising prices through controlled inflation; the spreading out of employment through reduction of hours; the wider diffusion of purchasing power through increased wages; the permanent change in the relations of capital and labor through the development of the unions, have all been attempted together. The last three of these measures, however ultimately desirable, must necessarily impede the first, since they increase costs. The consequence may be to compel a more extensive, and a more dangerous, form of inflation in order to secure the increase of prices above costs upon which the functioning of the economic machine depends. In any case, however, it is clear that even in this, the most ambitious example of comprehensive policy, the element of improvisation, of 'trial and error,' is important. The way to planning is apparently through experiment.

IV

From this summary of present experiments the main problem which confronts this generation emerges clearly. Can we supplement the working of the old competitive system by deliberate planning and control in such a way as to remove its principal abuses, and to ensure that it will keep the whole mechanism of economic activity working with reasonable regularity and without intolerable waste and interruption? And can we do so in such a way as to retain the essentials of personal, economic, and political freedom? And if so, upon what principles must the new system be built?

Our best approach to the answers to these questions is to consider in the barest outline the main reforms required in regard to currency, investment, industrial organization.

We need a stable world currency — that is, a system, whether based upon

gold or not, which gives a reasonable stability in the exchange values of different currencies and a reasonable stability of purchasing power in relation to commodities. We have now learned that no automatic gold-standard system will give this. If we have a gold-standard system it must be a 'managed' system. This means, in effect, that on the basis of agreed policy by the governments central banks must, in concert and collaboration, deliberately direct their action to maintaining currency stability in the general level of prices.

The credit and investment system needs reform in several vital respects. Capital must be prevented from flowing into schemes which are against the national or the general world interest; the investor must be protected against unnecessary risks; in particular, the irresponsible foreign issues which marked the period preceding the depression must be prevented. Last, but not least, the wild excesses of stock-exchange speculation and the panic movements of liquid capital, which have wrecked the currency system, must be checked. None of these reforms, however, need take the form of a state system replacing the present institutions, if only those responsible for directing the latter will — with governmental encouragement and stimulus — devote themselves to removing the abuses that have now become patent. Nor need the prohibition of certain practices and forms of action imply responsibility for any central detailed direction of the flow of capital within the permitted field of investment. It may be enough to stop certain forms of investment, for example, while allowing the ordinary methods to determine positively and in detail to what particular enterprises capital finds its way.

Lastly, the large-scale, semi-monopo-

lized industries must so organize themselves as to anticipate and correct, by collective decisions of policy, a tendency to serious overproduction at a time of industrial boom. One possible method would be the simultaneous suspension, at such a period, of installment purchase.

The main features of the system which is suggested by these considerations may be briefly outlined.

Since we wish to retain the stimulus of individual enterprise, and the intricate, detailed adjustment of need to supply through competitive price changes, the first principle of control or regulation will be that it will proceed no further than is required to correct patent abuses. And the method will usually be negative, not positive; that is, it will prohibit the obviously bad, not prescribe in detail the precise activity. Or it will prescribe the conditions which a particular activity must satisfy, but, subject to those conditions, will not prescribe the activity itself. I have just illustrated this principle in the case of investment.

Nevertheless the patent abuses that have developed under a free system show clearly that, throughout every sphere of economic activity, there must be an intricate and effective system of control and direction restricting the field of free adjustment. Essential freedom must therefore be secured, not by the retention of the present anarchy, but through self-government. This is not merely political self-government based on the choice by the electorate of those who wield the power of the state. It must be economic self-government, institutional self-government, extending through the actual organization of economic activity.

The real alternative to state dictatorship is that those who direct different spheres of economic enterprise should, each in his own sphere, collec-

tively control their own actions, with encouragement and stimulus from the government but without detailed direction by it. Bankers and the stock-exchange authorities must create their own institutions, through which, with the assistance of governmental powers where necessary, they can correct and control the abuses that have developed in regard to investment and speculation. Industrialists in each main industry must, through their own institutions, agree upon an industrial policy designed to mitigate the sharp alternations of overproduction and underproduction. And such sectional institutions must be linked to each other, to a central organ capable of following general economic trends and advising upon general economic policy, and to the state. And, both throughout each section of such an organization and at the centre, there must be an appropriate coördination with other countries. Possibly the whole organization in each country will culminate in an Economic Council associated with government, and a World Economic Council be formed from the National Economic Councils.

The more this new system can grow up from below, and the less it needs to be imposed from above, the greater will be the reality of economic self-government. But in any case immense responsibilities must rest upon the central government. It must stimulate; it must supplement when institutional control is inadequate; it must supply compulsory powers to coerce minorities; it must coördinate the whole. If it does not plan in detail, it must 'plan planning.' And it must equip itself for this responsibility. Parliaments must remain the ultimate guardians of the public interest. They must lay down the lines within which governments can act, and within which private institutions can act. But they must be

content with this, their essential power and duty. They must be prepared to delegate such powers as will enable the executive government to control the general process of national planning. And government in turn must be prepared to delegate to economic institutions the task of detailed regulation, within defined limits and on defined principles. Moreover, even as regards the responsibility which remains its own, government must take the advice, not only of its permanent officials, but of those who represent the actual directing experience of the economic life of the country. And the rôle which is played by the national government in its domestic sphere must, internationally, be entrusted to the government in association through such an instrument as the League of Nations.

Such, in my view, are the lines upon which economic self-government must develop if it is to present a real alternative both to the confusion and waste of economic anarchy and to the institution of a system incompatible with political and economic freedom.

V

Let me briefly summarize the conclusions which I wish to suggest.

It is certain that, out of the stresses and strains of the present period, a system will ultimately emerge which will be substantially different from that to which we have been accustomed in the past. Economic activity will be planned and regulated, perhaps internationally,

certainly nationally. The rôle of the state will be increasingly greater. It will have to transform its methods and equip itself for its new task. Its policy must be planned and not improvised. Instead of a bastard socialism, built up piecemeal under sectional and successive pressures, the public must enforce through government a system devised in its own interest. But this need not mean the abandonment of private enterprise and the stimulus of prospective profits, or the loss of the essentials of economic, personal, and political freedom.

For the moment we have many of the disadvantages of two alternative systems. We need instead a selective and creative compromise between the two, which will give us the main benefits and avoid the principal defects of each. This is not impossible, but it is extremely difficult. It will necessitate, in my view, a reform in the methods and personnel of representative government, a regular and organized association of government with the directing experience and ability of those engaged directly in economic activity, a skillful technique of negative restraint and regulation, and throughout the whole system of private enterprise the development of a system of institutional self-government. Along these lines, and I believe along these lines only, can the world find an alternative to the chaos and anarchy of unregulated competition on the one hand and the repressive system of state communism on the other.

CHANGE COMES TO THE EAST SIDE

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

LITERATURE has dwelt almost exclusively on the ugly side of our section of New York and scarcely alluded even to the superb bridges. From a point near the Henry Street Settlement can be seen three of these spans and their towers, as magnificent if not as storied as the bridges of London and Paris. And there are other spots of beauty which vie with any that can be found in the city. Crossing the street from the Settlement and looking to the west, one gazes upon the lofty Woolworth tower, the roofs and masses of the Municipal Buildings, and when the sun is setting the glory of the Lord seems to rest over them. At least that is what a little girl of the neighborhood felt when she said in an awed voice, clasping the hand of a beloved resident, 'Miss Knight, does God live there?'

Veering around, one sees to the east a picturesque old church that has stood for more than a hundred years at the corner of Scammel, and that still attracts visitors, to look not only at the last slave gallery left in New York City, but also at the scratches on 'Boss' Tweed's old pew, which the guide exhibits with almost equal pride. Between the church and the skyscrapers are the problems of society, recording few mutations. But, now as always, it is fatal to dwell upon the outer symbols of life and poverty, lest one forget the humanity that lives and dies

beneath the roofs. And there have been great changes.

There is much that has been obvious improvement in the last two decades. The tragic poems of the Yiddish writer Morris Rosenfeld were true in fact as well as in spirit when they were written. But the little girl he described in one of them, who never saw the sunlight because she went to work before dawn and toiled till after dark, has gone with as much finality as the East Side boys whom Loring Brace found living in barrels and hidden under stoops of the tenements.

But one must not forget the picture of the East Side at the turn of the century. Its story has been told many times, with the accounts of reforms of real social significance that have developed out of compassion for the condition of the people, particularly the little children. But in the old days, as now, the East Side gave prominent leaders to the dominant political party. Among them all, ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith is the most dramatic figure, outstanding for the clarity and integrity of his mind and character, his unbroken touch with everyday life and people, his genius as an administrator. When I listen to Irving Berlin's haunting music I remember that he lived in the block next us; George Gershwin says he cannot recall in which of the houses in our neighborhood he lived, he moved so often; and when generous Sophie

Braslau gives her beautiful voice and art for our entertainments, I remember the doctor, her father, our good neighbor and ally. The Street knew Edward MacDowell in his young boyhood, when the Quakers and their kin possessed the pleasant homes. The little boy who sketched his grandmother's cat so well and whose teacher brought him to us is now recognized in the world of art; frequent on musical and dramatic programmes are the names of girls and boys whom we have known in our clubs and classes, and not a few are listed in the ranks of the literary. Some have been elected to public office, others drafted into the public service because of special knowledge or ability.

None of the boys we have known has been front-page news because of his gunmanship. And indeed there is no more pitiful reflection than the fact that it takes so little to help the young to grow up with right standards of conduct, so little to prevent the juvenile delinquency which is often the apprenticeship for adult crime.

II

The condition of the East Side streets has greatly improved, and the grown-ups and children along the sidewalks look spruced up, wholesome, and well cared for as compared with those we used to see. Evidence of changes in economic status, statistics of the conditions of wage earners, of education, of child health, of delinquency and crime, are accessible to students elsewhere; this is not a compilation of statistics, but a record of human experience. The Russian Revolution has its most startling consequence in the emergence of great numbers of people, of 'the masses,' who were spurred to claim rights for themselves. These higher demands have been felt by families as well as by individuals through-

out our entire neighborhood. The people whom we know have come to share with multitudes in every land the growing consciousness that they are not 'the disinherited,' and that they have a right to participate in new standards of comfort and of dignity.

When we went to live on the East Side, one observation that was not difficult to make was that the conventions of our neighbors of foreign birth and of children of the foreign-born differed considerably from American customs. The first mothers' club at the Settlement was made up of eight or nine women of the neighborhood with whom we had become acquainted through the nursing service. When they first met, there was no indication of any experience with social usages, for they came with untidy clothes, safety pins holding together their overflowing blouses; and the talk, interspersed with anecdotes to make instruction palatable, was what might have been given to little children — tales of trick dogs and of hairbreadth escapes from fire, flood, or jungle beast. Last year, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the club produced a gathering of about a hundred women, among them all but one of the original group. This dinner, however, was a meeting of sophisticates, though the fact of bobbed hair and occasional use of the 'beautician's' help did not in the least lessen the emotional warmth, the long reminiscences of what had been and of what they felt they had gained through their association with one another and with the Settlement.

Perhaps I should mention as a highly significant sign of the emancipation of our neighbors from binding tradition the disappearance of the *sheitel*. This was the wig that orthodox Jewish wives had to don, completely hiding their own hair. To go on the street without it was legal cause, long ago, for divorce.

To-day the young wives in our neighborhood no longer disfigure themselves with the *sheitel* when they appear in public, nor has it been worn by the Jewish immigrants of recent years.

It seems worth while to note here why we place real importance on the elimination of those superficial qualities which are often more divisive than deeper and more fundamental characteristics. Habits consistent with the conventions of other countries, though varying from our own, often mark as 'alien' and 'queer' people who might otherwise prove to be sympathetic, and sometimes limit the possibilities of real companionship. Granted that manners may be, and often are, insincere and a low standard of valuation, it remains that genuine good manners spring from a true sense of courtesy, based on consideration for the needs and feelings of others. To make the point clear, and to show that we were not criticizing the ways of another country or group but merely stressing the importance of courtesy, I reminded our first boys' club that 'good manners are minor morals,' and found as many illustrations as my ingenuity provided. The words have been repeated in the House again and again through the years. Someone has told me it is written that Saint Francis of Assisi used the phrase, but I think neither he nor I plagiarized.

In the beginning of our East Side life, when we went to Albany to press for housing reform or for child protection, we always called those most interested — the mothers — into our council, to ask their views on what evils in their surroundings they would most like to see corrected, and what they felt the remedy should be. Though they were shy, they expressed clearly their abhorrence of dirty tenements, cluttered air shafts and fire escapes, crowded schools, corner saloons, the streets as

playgrounds for their children. Now representatives of the women themselves go to Albany, where they most admirably formulate and state their convictions as to needed changes in law or administration. During all this time, while eager to help make a better future for their children, these women, like other groups of the kind, have had a part in social matters beyond their personal interests.

When the Lawrence textile strike stirred the compassionate few who sought the truth and went to Lawrence to get it, these women of their own accord invited the children of the strikers to stay with them, though the hospitality they had to offer was meagre. They sent money for the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti and of Mooney. A most unexpected gift was their contribution to a memorial to Canon Barnett in appreciation of his part in founding the first settlement house, Toynbee Hall, in Whitechapel, London. From their limited treasury they have supported local agencies, particularly the nursing service, of which they tremendously approve, and they have felt a growing responsibility to give voice to their opinions on the issues of the day.

III

From the dawn of time, children have touched the compassion, the imagination, the protective sense of people, but it is only recently that educators have recognized that adults too have a claim to further development. It is frequently argued that they should not be suffered to remain in a rut, that they should keep pace, at least to some extent, with their often arrogant youngsters. And also there is recognition among all people whose minds are not sealed that with the shortened days and weeks of work the

use of increased unemployed time is most important. It is surprisingly easy for men and women who work hard, and who think that with marriage and parenthood their part in life has been played, to be stirred to consciousness of their value as citizens and as individuals. Settlements have always tried to bring the generations together, as they have tried to bring races and nationalities together, and it has at times required no little manoeuvring to awaken the children to pride in their 'un-American' parents and to recognition of the gifts they have bestowed. This problem has been much discussed, and it now gains greater significance from the physical fact that there are more older people in the world than there were, that the expectation of life has increased ten years since 1900, and that with greater leisure there is possible a vital contribution on the part of the increased adult population.

On the Feast of Tabernacles in our Jewish neighborhood we set up on our roof a *sukkah* or booth, according to the ritual prescribed in Leviticus for this festival of the 'ingathering.' The proudest participant in the service is an old man from a neighborhood tenement who chants the religious songs inspired for the occasion hundreds — perhaps thousands — of years ago. The admiration felt for him filters down to the smart young people of the clubs who are invited to the roof; and, after our demonstration of respect for old customs, the neighborhood takes part, bringing fruits and cakes and home-made wine, according to tradition. There is no sense of intrusion, but rather of hospitality, when guests who happen to be at the Settlement and know little of Jewish customs join in the celebration and are moved by the beauty of this ceremony transferred from the Orient to New York's East Side.

Changes in this observance symbolize the changes in the economic condition of the neighborhood. When I first came to the East Side, I would see the pitiful, newly arrived immigrants bargaining with the pushcart dealers for *lulab* (sprays of willow or myrtle) and *esrog* (lemons), the greens and fruit traditionally associated with the festival. Having no place to build the ceremonial booth, as their forbears did, they would lay branches over the roof of the outdoor toilet, which bore a remote suggestion of the traditional *sukkah*. None of to-day's children know of this sorry makeshift, and their reintroduction to the old customs of the festival comes from people who see the spiritual message and who love to have the beautiful preserved as an inheritance.

When the settlements give exhibitions of ancient and modern art they draw upon their neighbors for beautiful old bits. Lace, embroidery, pottery, carvings, jewelry, are treasured as reminders of the old home. The young people are only now beginning to appreciate these heirlooms. 'Hundred per cent Americanism' had led to a contemptuous feeling even toward these. Some of the treasures given to me long ago by immigrants I have now passed over to their grandchildren. In truth, I cannot say that they always value them as I did.

Hospitality is a tradition in our neighborhood. One of the most prized invitations at Henry Street is that which bids us welcome to a Pass-over service. Despite the influences of liberalism within the faith, and scorn on the part of some of those who have broken with old traditions, it remains an impressive and a lovely ceremonial. So generous are the people, even those with the fewest dollars, that homemade wine, an essential part of the Passover observance, is pressed upon acquaint-

ances who are not of the faith, and sometimes unwisely. Our colored janitor once came to my door obviously under the influence of liquor. When I ventured to reprove him he said, speaking in the accents of one who has drunk too deeply, 'Don' you worry — ish all ri' — ish holy Jewish wine.'

Our neighbors share their old-country customs and skills not only with the Settlement but with one another. At a woman's club composed of different nationalities, an Italian housewife brought to the meeting a fragrant dish of spaghetti to show how the popular dish of her homeland should be cooked and eaten. This inspired a Russian Jewess to bring her *gefüllter Fisch*, most difficult to prepare and highly esteemed by true believers.

IV

Needless to say, we are always sympathetic to the cause of the workers. Their arguments are sound, and only a blind spot could make one fail to realize how wise and how statesman-like it is to help forward the organization of the workers as a direct road toward making relief unnecessary, and toward enabling them to learn to take the responsibility for their work conditions and their family needs.

The quick response of at least one person to whom this philosophy was presented is a good illustration of the validity of the point of view. In many ways Jacob H. Schiff was one of the clearest-minded as well as the most generous of American citizens, and the Settlement owes an unpayable debt to him and to his family. In one of our frequent conferences on social conditions and wise relief, I told him the story of some needleworkers in our neighborhood and their impending strike. I explained that because the busy season for the trade was begin-

ning they would have to make terms quickly or accept a poor bargain for their labor. This sympathetic man used the same method in dealing with social questions that he did in his business organization. He marked the statement that the men could not support themselves and their families on the wages paid them, and immediately expressed a desire to participate in some steps for resolving the situation. A conference at the Settlement was suggested, to which I promised to bring representatives of the workers and the middlemen if he would bring spokesmen for the employers.

During the meeting one of the latter group said: 'This meeting will take us nowhere. The whole problem comes down to a question of supply and demand. I may be forced to pay so little for the work out of one pocket that I shall have to help with relief from my charity pocket.'

Mr. Schiff, shocked by this statement before the poverty-stricken and earnest workers, left the conference. He asked for direction as to what practical help he could give. He did not turn money over to the union, but he authorized my greatly prized fellow worker, Lavinia Dock, and me to give such help as was needed. Every morning we went to strike headquarters to learn the urgent needs of the families involved. At the end of the day we sent a statement to our friend, itemizing the rent paid, the food provided, the coal supplied, and he promptly met the bills. When the issue was settled to the advantage of the workers, no one was more gratified than this good man, who said, with the workers, 'We won that strike.'

The unspeakable tenement sweatshops of which many, like myself, have written have disappeared, and we no longer encounter such horrors as the delivery of a baby just before the

coming of the workers and the setting of the machines for the day's toil. These conditions would not be tolerated to-day by the people themselves; enlightened leaders among the workers have taken the responsibility of arousing this consciousness of the elementary rights of men and women.

In my earlier days on the East Side, labor unions were feared as Socialists were later and as Communists are to-day. I remember telling at a dinner of comfortable people — bankers, industrialists, a lawyer or two — about one of these heroic labor leaders. Every knife and fork stopped when I mentioned casually that I knew and respected a 'walking delegate.' I went on to speak of a man who had organized the cloak makers in one of their early protests against the lot of the sweated workers. I still remember that faces sobered as I told about this leader and his struggle. Of course, it was important for him to make a good appearance when he met employers. He was a tall, fine-looking man, and quite impressive, but his own straits were pitiful. His wife washed and starched and ironed his shirt — his only shirt — each night so that he might look well the next day. It was a joy to me to have any part in helping him. But these friends of mine — 'capitalists,' as he and his comrades would have lumped them — were not at all sympathetic when I told the story. They said I had 'gone over to the other side.' Such lack of understanding and interest would not be encountered to-day in any group that could lay claim to intelligence.

At the time of the Lawrence strike, when feeling ran high on both sides, a meeting at the House heard first-hand reports of the situation. At once there was criticism. The Settlement was being used for propaganda! What had support of a struggle for wages and factory conditions to do with social

work? To-day concern with industrial conditions in a social programme is taken as a matter of course. Indeed, unconsciousness of the relationship between seasonal irregularity in industry, laxity in the labor law or its enforcement, wage levels, hours of work, and the family situation of industrial workers would be considered evidence of almost unbelievable shortsightedness. And in the programme of the National Conference of Social Work, the large place given to industrial conditions and their significance testifies to the awareness on the part of social workers of the influence of business and industry on the whole range of their responsibilities, including unemployment relief, child welfare, character building, public health, juvenile delinquency, and so on — almost without end.

V

A social geologist would find in the Henry Street neighborhood the strata of many civilizations, and of late there has been added a group of colored people. Over five years ago we were interested in an increase in the number of Negroes in our streets, and soon found a colony living in wretched homes — many unfit for anyone to live in — a few blocks from the Settlement. The story ran that the owner of these houses discovered that a laundress uptown was a leader among her people, and he made it advantageous to her to bring tenants to his lower East Side properties.

Though the differences among these three hundred people are not obvious, they represent many backgrounds. There are families from Jamaica, from the Virgin Islands, 'Gullahs' from the coast of South Carolina, field hands and house servants from Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama, Liberians — it is said there are fifteen different origins.

At Henry Street it is a long time

since we had any fear of embarrassment over the typically American 'race problem,' because distinguished colored people are so often our guests — poets, writers of fiction, musicians, some engaged in efforts for the betterment of their race. Guests of other races who come to us accept our social point of view. Residents have something to say about additions to the family, but only one registered a negative vote against accepting a young Negro woman, a graduate of Oberlin doing postgraduate work at Bryn Mawr, who wanted to study during vacation the new group of colored people in our neighborhood. Though she might easily have 'passed,' she had no desire to do so. When the subject was discussed she said, 'I do not blame my people who "pass"; they suffer so much because of their race. But I would not do it, for I should lose more than I should gain.'

That, I find, is not an uncommon conviction on the part of the highly educated, sensitive men and women of the race. And they enjoy, as we enjoy, the humors of the primitives. The coming of the Negro colony to our neighborhood has often given us very rare delights.

The colored man who took care of our furnace for many years, and who was truly religious, called on us at frequent intervals for coöperation in organizing a congregation. We were never unwilling helpers, contributing the loan of folding chairs and tables, giving at one time two dollars to buy an organ from the Salvation Army, and often turning over the gymnasium for 'affairs' to raise money for the impecunious parish. The arrival of the 'visiting clergy' who came to preach at Frederick's church from time to time was always an event. When one, a bricklayer by day, was asked if he had a church, he answered promptly, 'No, ma'am, I'se ecclesiastical an' loose.'

Frederick's congregation first met in a little old store, with dingy paper hanging in strips from the walls. After the place had been cleaned, in preparation for the first service, Frederick arranged for a loan of Henry Street sheets to drape the tattered walls. His opening remarks at that first service have never been forgotten: —

'Bretheren an' Sisters, dis am jus' a simple church meetinghouse, but we never would a had this if it had n't a been for the Settlement, which is our bes' frien'. But it's ours, an' I'se glad to see you-all here. I did n't ask the President of the United States to come, fer he would n't a come. I did n't ask the Governor of New York to come, fer he would n't a come. I did n't ask the Mayor [Jimmy Walker] to come, fer he's busy wid udder t'ings. But I did ask Jesus to come, an' He's here.'

Frederick once preached a sermon that had a practical as well as a spiritual application: —

'Bretheren an' Sisters, we is joined together to help each other. That's what we oughta do an' that's what we're goin' to do, but we must do it in de right way. When I lived in Harlem, me an' two other deacons felt de call to help an errin' sister. We wrote to her an' we said, "Come back to us an' we will help you lead a good life. Take care o' your husban' an' leave dat other woman's husban' alone." Two days later I got a paper. It was a subpœna, an' I was sued for seventy-five thousand dollars fer defilation o' character. I wen' to co't an' there sat the judge, an' he says to me, "How so come you call yo'self Reverend? What college you graduate frum?" An' I say, "Oh, yo' honor, I graduate frum de Knee College." An' he says, "Never hear o' dat college." So I git right down dere in co't an' I showed him what de Knee College was. An' I prayed to de

Lawd to help de President an' de judge an' all de white people an' all de black people, an' help me help dem. De judge he turn to Susan an' her friends an' he say, "Looky here, I don' think he means defile you." An' he says to me, "That's right, Frederick; do everything what you kin to help yo' people, but don' you nevermo' write it."

One Christmas night I stopped at the parish house of All Saints Church on Henry Street to leave a message of the season for the rector. I was directed to the church, next door, and found him conducting the Mass. As I sat in a pew I could not help pondering on the fact that behind me, under the roof, was the slave gallery left from the days when Henry Street was 'stylish' and its houses the homes of the rich, and that the slaves in that black hole could not have been comfortable physically while they received the word of the spirit from the pulpit far below. But, while I could not have seen the slave gallery without turning my head, I could see among the congregation many West Indians who by their genuflections and their familiarity with the service not only showed their acquaintance with High Church Episcopal ritual, but demonstrated that they were entirely at home in the pews. The choir was made up of both black and white members, nearly all trained in the Settlement music school.

VI

Years ago a topical singer on the roof of Clinton Hall (a building erected through the Settlement to afford a proper meeting place for the trade-unions and for weddings) recorded the saga of a workingman who had prospered and reached the high estate of a cigar and a piano in the house. There are many pianos now in the houses. The music schools of the

various settlements give evidence of the extraordinarily high standards that are set. The pupils pay for instruction when they are able, and overburdened mothers can and do join classes in music appreciation because they want to understand what their children are learning. The chamber music programmes in our Little Theatre by such organizations as the Musical Art, the Gordon, and the Stradivarius Quartettes, and other equally distinguished artists, draw understanding audiences, and always the performers have expressed their gratification because of the obvious appreciation with which their best was greeted.

The radio has been an ally in bringing good music to multitudes. A cobbler recently explained his tardiness in coming from his little back room to the front shop by saying that he had been listening to the Damrosch programme; he had not wanted to miss it, as he had heard them all, 'and they are beautiful.'

The gayety, the humor, and the happy home life frequently found under hard conditions have not changed with the many changes in our neighborhood. In a shabby, tumbling wooden house near us live a deserted wife and her three boys. The father has established another household, and his earnings are divided between the two families. Despite the danger of the roof falling in, the rooms are always scrupulously clean, and some treasures from Bohemia that the mother has preserved give color and atmosphere. The eldest son, now twelve years old, takes the responsibility of protector, tender with his mother, careful of his two brothers. The sweetness of that home and the fineness of the lives lived there can scarcely be exaggerated.

Years ago the appearance of a carriage in our block was exciting to the children, and we would be met long before we reached our door by eager

youngsters clamoring to know, 'Who's got a wedding by you?' Such luxury was unheard of except at a wedding or a funeral. To-day taxis are easily accessible. On reunion nights the privately owned cars are numerous, and not even the least experienced in a worldly sense is astonished at any visitor, for it is taken for granted that, with to-day's transportation facilities, strangers will find their way from other parts of the city to our quarter. Indeed, with the broad, well-paved, new streets that have followed the use of the automobile, bankers, lawyers, and other busy people pass daily from their uptown homes to their downtown offices and banks. This has the important effect of unifying the extremes of the city, and the lower East Side is no longer an unknown and foreign land to these citizens.

The newsboys' lodging house, once a serious problem, has long since disappeared from our immediate vicinity. The mothers themselves objected to this 'hang-out' as one which provided an easy excuse for staying away from home, and helped bring about its removal, as they have helped put an end to street selling by the tiny children who used to be sent out as news vendors because their still babyish charm and appeal often moved people to buy their papers and give them odd pennies.

Another great change is the value placed on country holidays. The children themselves, at departure for their two weeks of 'Fresh Air,' present an entirely different picture from the companies of earlier days. No longer do newspapers hold the vacation wardrobe. It is hardly necessary for us to furnish the tidy canvas clothes bags we long ago devised. I marveled one day when I went to the lobby where the children were assembled to see the neat suitcases and the efficient tagging of each piece of luggage. Who would

have dreamed of this in the days when we carried the clumsy newspaper bundles, praying fervently that the break would not come at any rate till we were seated in the train!

Some of our Settlement athletics have developed conspicuous stars, and there have been times when we could boast of a pugilist or two. It is clearly understood that we are not all highbrow or arty, not always politically conscious or striving for a Ph.D.

VII

Though our neighborhood has felt the heaviest burden of the depression, we also had our part in the 'boom.' In that period, which now seems so remote, we witnessed in our neighborhood an epidemic of gambling reminding one of the South Sea Bubble stories. Even the pushcart peddlers and the scrubwomen caught the get-rich-quick fever that burned so high in Wall Street, and speculated in small fractions of shares of stock. One would hear a boast of the 'rise' in Blue Cat oil, in which the speaker held two tenths of a share, and the details of the 'deal' in which another had secured a twelfth of a share of Universal Radio. But, if the operations were minute, the losses when the bubble burst were easier to bear philosophically than those of some New Yorkers who 'lost everything' because they had had the means to play for bigger stakes.

The tragedy of unemployment has hit us hard. Pitiful indeed is the fact that many of our neighbors are not inclined to tell us of their desperate plight and their need of work. But they are sympathetic to each other; they try to find jobs for one another and show the same old compassion of the needy for the needy that is so naturally comprehended and accepted because with it comes the leveling thought,

'I've been through it, too.' We have seldom used the word 'poor.' To us it is a 'weasel word,' conveying a sense of failure most humiliating to the people who suffer from poverty.

In spite of the hard times, there are many 'empties' in our neighborhood, because, as standards of living have been lifted, the uncrushable desire for a bathroom has increased, and the people have moved away in quest of modern conveniences, some driven out by rats! But they have come back to keep alive their friendships and for old sake's sake, and there are most happy reunions on Henry Street. I hardly think that alumni of any college, even a college where 'old grads' dress up most elaborately to proclaim their class affiliations, exhibit more pleasure or more enthusiasm than do the home-comers to the Settlement.

I am sorry to say that the least improvement I can chronicle is that in housing, though inside the homes things are ever so much better than they used to be. That the people themselves are refusing to submit to unwholesomeness and inconvenience was shown in a recent survey by the East Side Chamber of Commerce, which revealed that four out of five vacant apartments have no central heat, three out of five have no baths and have water closets in the hall to be shared by several families. Such facts prove how far behind modern standards is the housing condition of the small wage earner.

More than thirty years ago we felt the urgent need to instill in the people themselves a desire for better homes. I went to Europe one summer holding an option at a bargain price on a most desirable property that faced the river. In urging capitalists to help provide decent housing on a paying basis ('Christianity at 5 per cent' it was called), we tried to impress upon them

the value to the people themselves of adequate, dignified homes for growing children, and the great advantage to the workingman of being able to walk to work. Good housing in our neighborhood, we argued, would save the small wage earner the cost of transportation, relieve to some extent the congested cars, and allow for recreation and for family life the two and sometimes three hours required for wearisome travel. This water-front project never materialized, but we do have one shining example of what housing in our neighborhood might be, and some day must be, in the beautiful structure that now covers the site for a hundred years occupied by the Hoe Manufacturing Company.

The old factory was long an ugly landmark in the community. From its windows some years since the uncouth workers threw stones and insults on the solemn procession of marching men who followed afoot the coffin of a chief rabbi. The only reason for the atrocious behavior probably was that the funeral without carriages, and the dark men, many of them bearded, seemed to these American factory workers 'foreign' and 'queer.' Now, taking the place of the old factory are beautiful dwellings, none more convenient or better planned on Park Avenue, built because of the social conviction of Governor Herbert Lehman and Aaron Rabinowitz, a member of the State Housing Board, who generously attribute their impulse to their settlement contacts. The apartments are co-operative in ownership. They are under the wise management of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, of which Sidney Hillman is the head and the guiding force. And, though the generosity of those responsible for the undertaking is great, it is a pleasure to know that, whereas landlords generally have suffered

throughout the city in recent years, the backers of this model housing project were satisfied with the returns on their investment even in the terrible winter of 1932-1933.

In the planning of these dwellings, beauty and health were both recognized, and no small part of the capital was invested in developing the plantation within the courts, in the purchase of soil and the skilled gardening, that grass and shrubbery and flowers might grow worthily. Every room fronts either on this green oasis or on the street. There are no rooms shut off from sunlight and air. Consciousness of what would serve to simplify the lives of the tenants, particularly the mothers, is shown in a thousand details, none, perhaps, more ingenious than the 'baby-carriage garage,' which is reached by a short ramp from the courtyard, where these necessary vehicles may be safely and conveniently kept without encroaching on apartments, halls, or elevators. The artisans showed their interest in the purpose of the building by contributing lovely bits, a fountain on the roof, special ornamental tiling, and so on.

VIII

To-day the thoughts of many people have been turned toward the advantages of good housing on a large scale, stirred not only by consciousness of the social values involved, but also by the possibility of starting the wheels of industry. Here is a great opportunity, but one that calls for wisdom and insight. In New York City, Chrystie and Forsyth Streets are monuments to the futility of omitting business sense and social experience not only from a housing scheme but from any plan for public betterment. Here the city spent \$5,000,000 for a site for a model housing development which presents almost

insuperable obstacles to such use. A narrow strip, lying between two main traffic arteries, it is suitable for a parkway, but not for desirable dwellings. It was taken over, needless to say, without adequate consultation with social workers or housing experts.

To-day the notorious 'lung block,' the area that acquired its name from the high incidence of tuberculosis developed there, has been abolished to give place to a very desirable housing unit made possible through a Reconstruction Finance Corporation loan to a commercial builder, who has already transformed the extreme eastern parts of hitherto undesirable property in the Forties.

But only large investment can clear the section, for not even a new house can be attractive unless its environment is good. Such projects as the Amalgamated Coöperatives and the new scheme for the 'lung block,' valuable as they are, do not meet the needs of the people of the lowest economic resources. The tenements they now live in are unfit for human habitation, despite the good housekeeping of many a mother. It is not likely that provision for them would ever pay interest on the investment, and, unless something more self-respecting is developed, 'charity' would have to issue the invitation to live in the new house.

Whether with changing concepts of social responsibility we shall come to subsidized houses or to government-owned and noncommercial houses is a conjecture. Numerous groups are giving their best thought to the problem, the most urgent change needed on the East Side as in so many similar areas of our American cities, and there is reason to hope that we may live to see the day when we shall not be shamed by the 'homes' where so many of the men and women of to-morrow are spending their childhood and youth.

HAS GERTRUDE STEIN A SECRET?

BY B. F. SKINNER

I

In the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* Gertrude Stein tells in the following way of some psychological experiments made by her at Harvard: —

She was one of a group of Harvard men and Radcliffe women and they all lived very closely and very interestingly together. One of them, a young philosopher and mathematician who was doing research work in psychology, left a definite mark on her life. She and he together worked out a series of experiments in automatic writing under the direction of Münsterberg. The result of her own experiments, which Gertrude Stein wrote down and which was printed in the *Harvard Psychological Review*, was the first writing of hers ever to be printed. It is very interesting to read because the method of writing to be afterwards developed in *Three Lives* and *The Making of Americans* already shows itself.

There is a great deal more in this early paper than Miss Stein points out. It is, as she says, an anticipation of the prose style of *Three Lives* and is unmistakably the work of Gertrude Stein in spite of the conventional subject matter with which it deals. Many turns of speech, often commonplace, which she has since then in some subtle way made her own are already to be found. But there is much more than this. The paper is concerned with an early interest of Miss Stein's that must have been very important in her later development, and the work that it describes cannot reasonably be over-

looked by anyone trying to understand this remarkable person.

Since the paper is hard to obtain, I shall summarize it briefly. It was published in the *Psychological Review* for September 1896 under the title, 'Normal Motor Automatism,' by Leon M. Solomons and Gertrude Stein, and it attempted to show to what extent the elements of a 'second personality' (of the sort to be observed in certain cases of hysteria) were to be found in a normal being. In their experiments the authors investigated the limits of their own normal motor automatism; that is to say, they undertook to see how far they could 'split' their own personalities in a deliberate and purely artificial way. They were successful to the extent of being able to perform many acts (such as writing or reading aloud) in an automatic manner, while carrying on at the same time some other activity such as reading an interesting story.

II

In the experiments with automatic writing, a planchette of the ouija board type was originally used, but as soon as the authors had satisfied themselves that spontaneous writing movements do occur while the attention is directed elsewhere, an ordinary pencil and paper were used instead. The subject usually began by making voluntary random writing movements or by writing the

letter *m* repeatedly. In one experiment this was done while the subject read an interesting story at the same time, and it was found that some of the words read in the story would be written down in an automatic way. At first there was a strong tendency to notice this as soon as it had begun to happen and to stop it, but eventually the words could be written down unconsciously as well as involuntarily. (I shall use Miss Stein's psychological terminology throughout.) 'Sometimes the writing of the word was completely unconscious, but more often the subject knew what was going on. His knowledge, however, was obtained by sensations from the arm. He was conscious that he just had written a word, not that he was about to do so.'

In other experiments the subject read an interesting story as before, and single words were dictated to him to be written down at the same time. These were difficult experiments, but after considerable practice they were successful. The subject was eventually able to write down 'five or six' words spoken by another person, without being conscious of either the heard sounds or the movement of the arm. If his attention were not sufficiently well distracted he might become aware that his hand was writing something. The information came from the arm, not from the sound of the dictated word. 'It is never the sound that recalls us. This, of course, may be an individual peculiarity to a certain extent. . . . Yet, Miss Stein has a strong auditory consciousness, and sounds usually determine the direction of her attention.'

In a third group of experiments the subject read aloud, preferably from an uninteresting story, while being read to from an interesting one. 'If he does not go insane during the first few trials, he will quickly learn to concentrate his

attention fully on what is being read to him, yet go on reading just the same. The reading becomes completely unconscious for periods of as much as a page.' Automatic reading of this sort is probably part of the experience of everyone.

The fourth and last group brings out the relevance of the experiments to the later work of Gertrude Stein. I shall let Miss Stein describe the result.

Spontaneous automatic writing.—This became quite easy after a little practice. We had now gained so much control over our habits of attention that distraction by reading was almost unnecessary. Miss Stein found it sufficient distraction often to simply read what her arm wrote, but following three or four words behind her pencil. . . .

A phrase would seem to get into the head and keep repeating itself at every opportunity, and hang over from day to day even. The stuff written was grammatical, and the words and phrases fitted together all right, but there was not much connected thought. The unconsciousness was broken into every six or seven words by flashes of consciousness, so that one cannot be sure but what the slight element of connected thought which occasionally appeared was due to these flashes of consciousness. But the ability to write stuff that sounds all right, without consciousness, was fairly well demonstrated by the experiments. Here are a few specimens:

'Hence there is no possible way of avoiding what I have spoken of, and if this is not believed by the people of whom you have spoken, then it is not possible to prevent the people of whom you have spoken so glibly. . . .'

Here is a bit more poetical than intelligible:

'When he could not be the longest and thus to be, and thus to be, the strongest.'

And here is one that is neither:

'This long time when he did this best time, and he could thus have been bound, and in this long time, when he could be this to first use of this long time. . . .'

III

Here is obviously an important document. No one who has read *Tender Buttons* or the later work in the same vein can fail to recognize a familiar note in these examples of automatic writing. They are quite genuinely in the manner that has so commonly been taken as characteristic of Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein's description of her experimental result is exactly that of the average reader confronted with *Tender Buttons* for the first time: 'The stuff is grammatical, and the words and phrases fit together all right, but there is not much connected thought.' In short, the case is so good, simply on the grounds of style, that we are brought to the swift conclusion that the two products have a common origin, and that the work of Gertrude Stein in the *Tender Buttons* manner is written automatically and unconsciously in some such way as that described in this early paper.

This conclusion grows more plausible as we consider the case. It is necessary, of course, to distinguish between the Gertrude Stein of *Three Lives* and the *Autobiography* and the Gertrude Stein of *Tender Buttons*, a distinction that is fairly easily made, even though, as we shall see in a moment, there is some of the first Gertrude Stein in the latter work. If we confine ourselves for the present to the second of these two persons, it is clear that the hypothetical author who might be inferred from the writing itself possesses just those characteristics that we should expect to find if a theory of automatic writing were the right answer. Thus there is very little intellectual content discoverable. The reader — the ordinary reader, at least — cannot infer from the writing that its author possesses any consistent point of view. There is seldom any intelligible expression of opinion, and there are enough capricious reversals to

destroy the effect of whatever there may be. There are even fewer emotional prejudices. The writing is cold. Strong phrases are almost wholly lacking, and it is so difficult to find a well-rounded emotional complex that if one is found it may as easily be attributed to the ingenuity of the seeker. Similarly, our hypothetical author shows no sign of a personal history or of a cultural background; *Tender Buttons* is the stream of consciousness of a woman without a past. The writing springs from no literary sources. In contrast with the work of Joyce, to whom a superficial resemblance may be found, the borrowed phrase is practically lacking.

When memorized passages occur, they are humdrum — old saws or simple doggerel recovered from childhood and often very loosely paraphrased: 'If at first you don't succeed try try again,' or 'Please pale hot, please cover rose, please acre in the red. . . .' If there is any character in the writing whatsoever, it is due to this savor of the schoolroom, and the one inference about the author that does seem plausible is that she has been to grammar school. Her sentences are often cast as definitions ('What is a spectacle a spectacle is the resemblance . . .') or 'A sign is the specimen spoken') or as copy-book aphorisms ('An excuse is not dreariness, a single plate is not butter,' or 'There is coagulation in cold and there is none in prudence') or as grammatical paradigms ('I begin you begin we begin they began we began you began I began'). This heavy dose of grammar school is especially strongly felt in *An Elucidation*, Miss Stein's first attempt to explain herself, and a piece of writing in which there are many evidences of a struggle on the part of the conscious Gertrude Stein to accept the origin of the *Tender Buttons* manner. Miss Stein

wanted the volume *Lucy Church Amiably* to be bound like a schoolbook, but I shall leave it to a more imaginative mind to elaborate this metaphor further.

This is apparently as much of the writing as will help to illuminate the character of the writer. For the rest, it is what Miss Stein describes as sounding all right without making sense. There is no paradox about this, there is no secret about how it is done; but it gives us very little information about the author. Grammar is ever present — that is the main thing. We are presented with sentences ('sentences and always sentences'), but we often recognize them as such only because they show an accepted order of article, substantive, verb, split infinitive, article, substantive, connective, and so on. The framework of a sentence is there, but the words tacked upon it are an odd company. In the simplest type of case we have a nearly intelligible sentence modified by the substitution for a single word of one sounding much the same. This sort of substitution was reported by Miss Stein in connection with her experiments in automatic reading: 'Absurd mistakes are occasionally made in the reading of words — substitutions similar in sound but utterly different in sense.' The reader will recognize it as the sort of slip that is made when one is very tired. In more complex cases it cannot, of course, be shown that the unintelligibility is due to substitution; if most of the words are replaced, we have nothing to show that a word is a slip. We must be content to characterize it, as Miss Stein herself has done: 'We have made excess return to rambling.'

IV

From this brief analysis it is apparent that, although it is quite plausible that the work is due to a second personality

successfully split off from Miss Stein's conscious self, it is a very flimsy sort of personality indeed. It is intellectually unopinionated, is emotionally cold, and has no past. It is unread and unlearned beyond grammar school. It is as easily influenced as a child; a heard word may force itself into whatever sentence may be under construction at the moment, or it may break the sentence up altogether and irremediably. Its literary materials are the sensory things nearest at hand — objects, sounds, tastes, smells, and so on. The reader may compare, for the sake of the strong contrast, the materials of 'Melanctha' in *Three Lives*, a piece of writing of quite another sort. In her experimental work it was Miss Stein's intention to avoid the production of a true second personality, and she considered herself to be successful. The automatism she was able to demonstrate possessed the 'elements' of a second personality, it was able to do anything that a second personality could do, but it never became the organized *alter ego* of the hysteric. The superficial character of the inferential author of *Tender Buttons* consequently adds credibility to the theory of automatic authorship.

The Gertrude Stein enthusiast may feel that I am being cruelly unjust in this estimate. I admit that there are passages in *Tender Buttons* that elude the foregoing analysis. But it must be made clear that the two Gertrude Steins we are considering are not kept apart by the covers of books. There is a good deal of the Gertrude Stein of the *Autobiography* in *Tender Buttons*, in the form of relatively intelligible comment, often parenthetical in spirit. Thus at the end of the section on Mutton (which begins 'A letter which can wither, a learning which can suffer and an outrage which is simultaneous is principal') comes this sentence: 'A meal in mutton mutton why is lamb

cheaper, it is cheaper because so little is more,' which is easily recognized as a favorite prejudice of the Gertrude Stein of the *Autobiography*. Similarly such a phrase as 'the sad procession of the unkilld bull,' in *An Elucidation*, is plainly a reference to another of Miss Stein's interests. But, far from damaging our theory, this occasional appearance of Miss Stein herself is precisely what the theory demands. In her paper in the *Psychological Review* she deals at length with the inevitable alternation of conscious and automatic selves, and in the quotation we have given it will be remembered that she comments upon these 'flashes of consciousness.' Even though the greater part of *Tender Buttons* is automatic, we should expect an 'element of connected thought,' and our only problem is that which Miss Stein herself has considered — namely, are we to attribute to conscious flashes all the connected thought that is present?

There is a certain logical difficulty here. It may be argued that, since we dispense with all the intelligible sentences by calling them conscious flashes, we should not be surprised to find that what is left is thin and meaningless. We must therefore restate our theory, in a way that will avoid this criticism. We first divide the writings of Gertrude Stein into two parts on the basis of their ordinary intelligibility. I do not contend that this is a hard and fast line, but it is a sufficiently real one for most persons. It does not, it is to be understood, follow the outlines of her works. We then show that the unintelligible part has the characteristics of the automatic writing produced by Miss Stein in her early psychological experiments, and from this and many other considerations we conclude that our division of the work into two parts is real and valid and that one part is automatic in nature.

I cannot find anything in the *Autobiography* or the other works I have read that will stand against this interpretation. On the contrary, there are many bits of evidence, none of which would be very convincing in itself, that support it. Thus (1) *Tender Buttons* was written on scraps of paper, and no scrap was ever thrown away; (2) Miss Stein likes to write in the presence of distracting noises; (3) her handwriting is often more legible to Miss Toklas than to herself (that is, her writing is 'cold' as soon as it is produced); and (4) she is 'fond of writing the letter m,' with which, the reader will recall, the automatic procedure often began. In *An Elucidation*, her 'first effort to realize clearly just what her writing meant and why it was as it was,' there are many fitful allusions to the experimental days: 'Do you all understand extraneous memory,' 'In this way my researches are easily read,' a suddenly interpolated 'I stopped I stopped myself,' which recalls the major difficulty in her experiments, and so on.

V

It is necessary to assume that when Gertrude Stein returned to the practice of automatic writing (about 1912?) she had forgotten or was shortly to forget its origins. I accept as made in perfectly good faith the statement in the *Autobiography* that 'Gertrude Stein never had subconscious reactions, nor was she a successful subject for automatic writing,' even though the evidence to the contrary in her early paper is incontrovertible. She has forgotten it, just as she forgot her first novel almost immediately after it was completed and did not remember it again for twenty-five years. It is quite possible, moreover, that the manner in which she writes the *Tender Buttons* sort of thing is not unusual enough to

remind her of its origins or to be remarked by others. One of the most interesting statements in the excerpt quoted from her early paper is that Gertrude Stein found it sufficient distraction simply to follow what she was writing some few words behind her pencil. If in the course of time she was able to bring her attention nearer and nearer to the pencil, she must eventually have reached a point at which there remained only the finest distinction between 'knowing what one is going to write and knowing that one has written it.' This is a transitional state to which Miss Stein devotes considerable space in her paper. It is therefore reasonable for us to assume that the artificial character of the experimental procedure has completely worn off, and that there remains only a not-far-from-normal state into which Miss Stein may pass unsuspectingly enough and in which the *Tender Buttons* style is forthcoming.

Having begun to produce stuff of this sort again, however, Miss Stein could not have failed to notice its peculiarities. We have her own opinion that the sentences quoted from her automatic writing do not show much connected thought, and I believe we are fully justified in our characterization of the greater part of *Tender Buttons* as 'ordinarily unintelligible.' I know that it would be quite possible for an industrious and ingenious person to find any number of meanings in it, just as it is possible to find meanings in any chance arrangement of words. But the conclusion to which we are now led is that the work with which we are dealing is very probably unintelligible in any ordinary sense, not only to other readers, but to Miss Stein herself. Why, then, did she publish?

It is important for our theory that between 1896 and 1912 Miss Stein had

come to know Picasso and Matisse and was already long in the practice of defending their work against the question, 'What does it mean?' With such an experience behind one, it is not difficult to accept as art what one has hitherto dismissed as the interesting and rather surprising result of an experiment. It was, I believe, only because Gertrude Stein had already prepared the defense as it applied to Picasso that she could put forth her own unintelligible product as a serious artistic experiment. For a person of the sound intelligence of Miss Stein there is a great natural resistance against the production of nonsense. It was the major problem in her experimental technique: 'I stopped I stopped myself.' But the writing succeeded in this case, because the resistance had been broken down, first by the procedure of the experiments, which permitted the sustained production of meaningless sentences, and later by the championing of Picasso, which permitted their publication. This was a fortunate combination of circumstances. 'I could explain,' she says in *An Elucidation*, 'how it happened accidentally that fortunately no explanation was necessary.'

Miss Stein has not, however, freed herself from the problem of the meaning of the things she writes. She is not above being bothered by criticism on the score of unintelligibility. She often characterizes her work in this vein as experimental, but that is in no sense an explanation. Beyond this her answer seems to be that the writing is its own justification.

It was not a question, she told her Oxford audience, of whether she was right in doing the kind of writing she did. 'She had been doing as she did for about twenty years and now they wanted to hear her lecture.' And she had previously dealt with the matter in *An Elucidation*:—

If it is an event just by itself is there a question
 Tulips is there a question
 Pets is there a question
 Furs is there a question
 Folds is there a question
 Is there anything in question.

I think we must accept this answer to the ethical question of whether she is doing right by Oxford and the King's English. The final test of whether it is right is whether anyone likes it. But a literary composition is not 'an event just by itself,' and the answer to Miss Stein's query is that there certainly *are* questions, of a critical sort, that may legitimately be raised. Meaning is one of them.

One kind of meaning that might be found if our theory is valid is psychological. In noting the presence of verbal slips ('substitutions similar in sound but utterly different in sense') we lay ourselves open to the criticism of the Freudian, who would argue that there are no true slips. According to this view, there is always some reason why the substitution is made, and the substituted word will have a deeper significance if we can find it. But we are here not primarily concerned with such psychological significances.

Of literary significances it may be urged that for the initiated or sympathetic reader there is an intellectual content in this part of Miss Stein's work that we have overlooked. Now, either this will be of such a sort that it could also be expressed normally, or it will be a special kind of content that requires the form given to it by Miss Stein. A partisan could so easily prove the first case by translating a representative passage that we may assume it not to be true. The second case requires a very difficult theory of knowledge in its defense, and we shall not need to inquire into it any more closely. It is quite true that something happens

to the conscientious reader of *Tender Buttons*. Part of the effect is certainly due either to repetition or to surprise. These are recognized literary devices, and it may be argued that still a third kind of meaning, which we may designate as emotional, is therefore to be found. But in ordinary practice these devices are supplementary to expressions of another sort. The mere generation of the effects of repetition and surprise is not in itself a literary achievement.

VI

We have allowed for the presence of any or all of these kinds of meaning by speaking only of ordinary intelligibility. I do not think that a case can be made out for any one of them that is not obviously the invention of the analyzer. In any event the present argument is simply that the evidence here offered in support of a theory of automatic writing makes it *more probable* that meanings are not present, and that we need not bother to look for them. A theory of automatic writing does not, of course, necessarily exclude meanings. It is possible to set up a second personality that will possess all the attributes of a conscious self and whose writings will be equally meaningful. But in the present case it is clear that, as Miss Stein originally intended, a true second personality does not exist. This part of her work is, as she has characterized her experimental result, little more than 'what her arm wrote.' And it is an arm that has very little to say. This is, I believe, the main importance of the present theory for literary criticism. It enables one to assign an origin to the unintelligible part of Gertrude Stein that puts one at ease about its meanings.

There are certain aspects of prose writing, such as rhythm, that are not particularly dependent upon intelli-

bility. It is possible to experiment with them with meaningless words, and it may be argued that this is what is happening in the present case. Considering the freedom that Miss Stein has given herself, I do not think the result is very striking, although this is clearly a debatable point. It is a fairer interpretation, however, to suppose, in accordance with our theory, that there is no experimentation at the time the writing is produced. There may be good reason for publishing the material afterward as an experiment. For example, I recognize the possibility of a salutary, though accidental, effect upon Gertrude Stein's conscious prose or upon English prose in general. In *Composition As Explanation*, for example, there is an intimate fusion of the two styles, and the conscious passages are imitative of the automatic style. This is also probably true of parts of the *Autobiography*. It is perhaps impossible to tell at present whether the effect upon her conscious prose is anything more than a loss of discipline. The compensating gain is often very great.

We have no reason, of course, to estimate the literary value of this part of Miss Stein's work. It might be considerable, even if our theory is correct. It is apparent that Miss Stein believes it to be important and has accordingly published it. If she is right, if this part of her work is to become historically as significant as she has contended, then the importance of the document with which we began is enormous. For the first time we should then have an account by the author herself of how a literary second personality has been set up.

I do not believe this importance exists, however, because I do not believe in the importance of the part of Miss Stein's writing that does not make sense. On the contrary, I regret the unfortunate effect it has had in obscuring the finer work of a very fine mind. I welcome the present theory because it gives one the freedom to dismiss one part of Gertrude Stein's writing as a probably ill-advised experiment and to enjoy the other and very great part without puzzlement.

THE GIRL FROM FOLLOW

BY DOROTHY AND CENETHE THOMAS

I

WHEN Father first told us of the girl from Follow, I was sitting between my brothers on the long window seat near the stove. Behind the oval eyes of the grate the fire shone red. Its light glowed on the soft fur of our great yellow cat stretched across my knees. Outside in the early Canada evening the snow was blue, and the spruces made a blue-green wall about the clearing. Against the blue the frost on the windowpane raised silver fernlike patterns with firelight gleaming here and there in them.

The click of my mother's knitting needles, the whisper and crackle of the fire, the rise and fall of my father's voice, along with the heaviness and sadness of the tale he was reading, had set me nodding more than once. But I was awake when he stopped reading to us and laid his book, open roof-like, on his knee. My mother noticed how dark it had grown and thrust her free needles into the ball of yarn and started to get up to fetch the lamp, but Father raised his hand and motioned for her to stay where she was and began to tell us of the girl at Follow.

My baby brother slid from my sister's lap and went to my father and put up his arms to be taken. He sat bolt upright on Father's knee, and looked up gravely, pretending to understand because the rest of us were listening so quietly.

That winter evening is so long ago

that the beginning of the story of the blacksmith at Follow and his young daughter, and of the stranger Father met on the lonely road between Peace Hills and the smithy at Follow, seems as dim as Father's face in the dusk, but as unforgettable as the timber wall beyond the window.

Father was on skis, his pack on his back, coming toward home. Ahead of him he saw other ski tracks making toward Follow. He topped a hill. The snowy willow brush and the frosty poplars stretched away on either hand. Before him on the next hillcrest rose a black line of timber. A wedge of sky cut through the timber to the hillcrest where the wagon trail led. Black against the wedge of sky was the little figure of a man. Father took off his mittens, put his hands to his mouth, and hallooed. The echoes came back from the timber wall. The distant one waved his arm in answer and stood waiting, slapping his mittened hands against his thighs. Father crossed the valley and went up to him, his skis making a thin dry sound in the quiet ravine.

The sun was low. As the stranger waited on the hilltop the breath rose from his nostrils like powdered gold to fade away in the still cold air.

They went on together, talking, Father taking a slower pace, for the stranger, though taller and much younger, found the air hard to breathe

and complained that his legs were weary with the long miles in the soft snow. His speech showed him to be English. He told Father that he had taken a homestead near Follow and had built himself a log house. He had been to Peace Hills for his letters and was bringing home a package of books sent out to him from Toronto.

Father had letters in his pack, too, along with gifts for his children — some dainty for the baby, ribbons for his girls, knives for carving in birch for the boys, and yarns, red, black, and gray, for Mother's knitting. There were books, too. They talked of books, of schools in England, and of other countries as they went along, and the way to Follow seemed short to them.

II

When the sun had gone down and the stars began to show through the white poplar branches, they came to the smithy at Follow, and the smith, when he saw Father, asked them to let down their packs and stay the night. He led them into the long low living room behind the smithy, where a lamp with a green shade shone on the supper table, and told them to warm themselves at the fire. Then the blacksmith's daughter came from the kitchen carrying a large bowl in her hands, walking in an agony of carefulness, her eyelids down, her teeth on her underlip. She was wearing a red dress and a white apron. Father and the stranger stood and spoke to her. She set the bowl down on the table, looked wildly from one to the other of them, and turned and ran to the kitchen, her apron strings flying.

'Ann is deaf,' the smith said, 'and she cannot talk.'

When the girl came in again to fill the cups, her hands shook. Her father drew her to him and, holding her, told her that Father had girls of his own and

she was not to be afraid, and that the Englishman came from across the sea and had very queer speech and she should watch him when he talked and see if she could understand him. She watched her father's lips, wonderingly, her own lips parted.

The Englishman could not take his eyes from her when she went in and out carrying dishes. 'She is beautiful,' he said to Father and the smith.

'She's a child,' the smith said, 'and no one knows what notions she gets from the little she makes out of watching us talk. She's bright, though.'

No, the blacksmith told my father, he had never sent her to school. Why should he? She might cry with all the children staring at her. She was a very timid child. Besides, she was too helpless a young one to go the four miles alone to school. She was happy where she was. Everything was alive to her, the fire, and the trees in the smithy yard, and Father should see her playing at talk with the horses and her kitten.

While he was telling Father this, the girl came to him and hid her face against his shoulder as though she were ashamed to have him tell that she believed the fire and the trees were alive. She was delighted when she found that she could read Father's lips, too, and understand much of his talk with the smith. The packs were opened and the books brought out. Father gave her a book to look at and she turned the pages wonderingly, looking at the pictures, and smiling for the first time. When she came to a picture of a knight on a horse she pointed toward the smithy, and then went to the Englishman and touched first the pictured knight and then the stranger's wrist, laughing strangely in her throat.

The smith roared his pleasure. 'I'll get her books,' he said, 'all the books there are in Peace Hills. Why did I never think of them? Now if she

could only read them!' Father asked if we might have her for a while, so that she might learn with us (there was no school near our homestead), but the smith would not hear to her being out of his sight. Then the young Englishman offered to try his hand at teaching her to read.

She was a little girl then, not grown, not more than thirteen or fourteen.

III

For days after my father told us this story, my sister and I played it. She would be first the smith and then Father and then the young Englishman, and I insisted always on being Ann. I motioned with my hands, and she talked so carefully that the baby, following us about, began to make queer gestures, to roll his eyes and make faces, till we grew frightened and took him by the arms and made him repeat the half-dozen words he could say.

We would take our pencils and draw on large shavings from our father's plane little pictures of Ann in her red dress with her dark hair about her face. The Englishman we put in armor, copying carefully from the pictures in our new King Arthur book.

Summers, I suppose, we forgot her, except when Father made trips to Follow to bring home the mail. Then we asked eagerly about her and learned that she could read a little. Once, Father said, when he stopped at the smithy, the little girl was there watching the smith mend a wagon wheel. With a piece of blue chalk for marking logs to go down the river, she had written their names on the tools her father was using. When the smith rubbed the letters from the hammer with his sweaty hands she made scolding sounds and took the tool from him and wrote the word in again.

That story delighted us, and we

vexed our mother for days by pinning tags on dresses and curtains, by writing on the fresh-scrubbed floor, and by hanging a label under the cat's chin with both 'cat' and 'kitty' written on it.

The Englishman seemed more real to us, and we stopped drawing pictures of him as a plumed and spurred knight when he sent us by Father a number of books with his name plate in Latin with a shield and motto. In one of the books we found a fingerprint in blue chalk that we knew must be Ann's own. More than once the Englishman sent us books, and Father took back to him, for him to read to Ann, books we loved and knew by heart.

One Christmas she was to come to us, along with the blacksmith and the Englishman. Mother had written the invitation, with my sister on one side of her and me on the other, and the baby on the table, his two hands imprisoned in mine so he would not snatch for the feather pen; and Father had taken the letter himself and had brought back word that they would come. But it stormed terribly and they did not come Christmas Eve, nor all day Christmas. We put away the presents we had made for her — the carved birch doll with her silk dress and three petticoats, the birch-bark letter holder with her name burned on it, and the pair of white mittens — and Father took them to her when the bitter cold was over and he went again.

IV

Once, in early spring, when we had known of Ann for more than three years, I went away from home for a week to visit with a family who lived by the lake. They had lost a little daughter, and the homesteader came asking if one of the children might be lent for a time to cheer his wife and take her mind from her sorrow. I wanted to go, and my parents were willing.

Father put me up behind the homesteader on his horse and we rode away. I clutched the man round the middle and nodded good-bye to Mother where she stood at the corner of the house under the white moose horns, holding the baby high to see the last of me through the trees. All the other children came as far as the forks with us and then stopped on the knoll, calling and waving good-byes till the willow brush hid us from sight.

I told the homesteader I felt like a child crusader starting off to the Holy Land, and he pulled in his horse and gaped round at me over his shoulder, half a mind, I thought, to turn back and ask for my sister.

We had taken the west fork of the road. It wound in and out through the brush, climbed up and down grassy slopes, crossed willow-hidden springs, and skirted sloughs where new green was trying to show through last year's matted rushes and amber water lay over all. Even the ground on the hill-tops was wet and spongy beneath the horse's feet. Everywhere else water lay in sheets, for, though new green covered the ground, there was still frost a few inches down and the water could not yet soak into the soil. Between the sloughs little brooks ran bank-full. At last we found our path, following a ridge between two of these. As we rode, the brook beds fell away into canyons, which grew deeper and deeper. Snow still lay under the north banks, and the water ran swift and dark, but very clear. Then our trail ran out on to a point of land. At its base the two brooks joined and flowed through a still deeper canyon for a way, then poured out across a meadow that was now all under water.

The path down the point was more steep than any other way I had ever seen. The homesteader got down from the horse, lifted me forward into the

saddle, and, walking beside the horse, started down the hill. The horse went carefully, in sidling fashion. The grass was so slippery that once the man fell and had to catch at the willow stems with one hand. The horse's feet, sliding in the spongy sod, left little furrows behind.

It had been raining for many days, steadily and quietly. Though the clouds still lowered, the rain had stopped falling, but the drops shook from the poplar leaves till it seemed the rain had not stopped. The grass and the little new leaves were so green that the air seemed filled with a pale green light coming from the ground. Though the water pouring down the canyon was so dark, it was clear and green, too, so clear that as we came down toward it I could see the grass on the bottom weaving in the current.

When we came to the water's edge the man got back on the horse, behind the saddle. 'The water has risen,' he said, 'since I forded it this morning. Bally may have to swim. You just take hold of the saddle horn tight. Don't get scared if the water comes up around you. You just hold on to the saddle horn. And don't you get scared, either, if I slide off behind and swim, too. Don't let go the saddle horn.'

The horse hesitated at going into the water, then plunged with a great leap. At first the water splashed up around his legs in white sheets, like snow against the dark green water, then the water stopped splashing and ran along the horse's side in waves. Once he reared out of the water and tried to turn back, but the man struck him with his glove and the horse went forward again. The clear cold water poured up over my knees, over my thighs. My body felt suddenly light. I had to crook one knee about the cantle of the saddle to keep from floating clear of the horse's back. I found

myself wanting to, just to let my legs go floating out on the strong current, the water flowed so smoothly, so beautifully. It was almost like the desire to fly when one faces a strong wind.

Only the saddle horn and the horse's mane and head were out of water. I looked back. The homesteader had slipped off behind. Beneath the clear water I could see his hand knotted in the horse's tail. His legs, moving in the water, looked short and twisted. He had his gloves in his teeth. He looked like a great dark frog.

The horse swam hard, swinging his head from side to side, and breathing in great snores. I could feel his body swell with his breathing, and the pull of the big muscles down his back and sides. He had a hard time getting up the opposite bank, for the turf kept breaking off in great chunks. When at last he was clear of the water and on solid ground again, he sneezed loudly several times, and shook himself all over, like a great dog. His white feet looked whiter than I had ever seen horses' feet look before.

The homesteader put me back behind the cantle again and climbed into the saddle once more. Had he known how bad the ford was to be, he would have gone home the way he came, by the south road, he told me. As we rode away I could not keep from looking back at the rushing green water and remembering the otter and all the little newts and efts in *The Water-Babies*, and I wanted to go on with the sliding water and to cry, too, 'Down to the sea, down to the sea!' But the horse's hot loins felt good between my thighs. My teeth were chattering with cold by the time we reached the homesteader's house.

The homesteader's wife bathed me and fed me and warmed me. After the first night, when I woke once and could not remember where I was, it was a

happy week for me. Most of the time I played on the lake shore, wandering over the banks between the slender limbs of the willows and the alders, or hunting bright pebbles on the beach, or climbing in and out of the homesteader's boat. The wife, when I looked toward the house, would be standing in window or doorway, some piece of cloth in her hand, watching me. Once, hid by pines from the house, I took off first my shoes and stockings, then all of my clothing, and slid from a log into the cold lake water. There was no danger of my drowning in such a shallow, pebbled place, but the one cold dip was enough for me.

When the homesteader took me home, the stream we had crossed at such peril was shallow again. The horse stopped in the middle of it to drink, and I peeked around the homesteader's arm and looked up the bank where the willows were waving in the wind and the tiger lilies were dancing and wondered that the place could ever have been so frightening.

V

The joy of telling my adventures, when I got home, was much dimmed by something that had happened while I was away. Before I had kissed all around, or was asked a single question, my sister demanded with shining eyes that I guess what had happened the day before. I guessed new pigs and calves, but she tossed her hair and spread out her hands as much as to say, 'Newborn things are nothing compared with this! Guess!'

I guessed my best and cried, 'Ann has been here!' and was told I had over-guessed. 'The Englishman!' I cried, and then was told all about his visit, where he sat at the table, what he said to each child as he took from his pack the books he had brought to give us to

keep, how he and Father walked a long time in the clearing, back and forth between the split spruce and the Jackpine Stump, how he had raised his hat and waved it when he rode away through the trees.

I had to see the Englishman's books and hold them in my hands and turn the pages from picture to picture. Father came in while they were still telling me about him and the Englishman. He put his axe in the corner, took me on his knee, and told them all to be still while I told of my adventure.

VI

Midsummer brought the day Ann came to us.

Mother sent us to Second Swamp to fill a tick with hay. We took the baby with us, riding on my eldest brother's back. The boys raked the dried hay into windrows with the big wooden rakes Father had made, and we girls stuffed it into the tick. When the tick was full we ran about gathering wild flowers till the boys were through with the raking. At the lower end of the hay slough we found grass that was still tall and green, and deep in the grass were wild strawberries. We ate till the boys came to tell us that we must go home.

It was very hot and still there in the tall grass. Now and then a great black and yellow striped bee went bumbling past. Myriads of black gnats hovered above us, but we shook our curls loose over our faces and necks and pulled our sleeves down over the backs of our hands and kept on picking berries. In the deep shade of the spruces at the edge of the slough we could hear the mosquitoes singing angrily.

The boys carried the tick till we came to the little road, then they let it down on the ground, set the baby in the middle of it, the flowers we had picked in his fist, and the four of us lifted it to

our shoulders and carried it on toward the house, singing. When we came near we saw a little gray pony tied under the moose horns at the house corner. We stopped singing and lowered the tick. The baby rolled off it and ran into the house, holding his flowers high. We all went in, and there, in the red dress, sitting in my father's chair near the window, was Ann.

Several years later, when we were on the train going away from Canada, I looked from the window and saw some white swans gliding under hanging willows near the edge of a river. Few moments of more intense joy have come to me. Never before had it occurred to me that swans might be, outside of books. I could not have been more overcome had I seen a unicorn walking all slender and white beneath the trees. Stunned with the happiness of it, I went to tell my sister, where she was looking out of the other side of the train. 'Such things happen,' she said. 'Once, when I woke from a nap, I was lying in my waist and panties on a pallet near the doorway; I looked up and saw an angel of Heaven standing between me and the door with the sunlight shining through the thin part of his wings.'

My joy and wonder in seeing Ann sitting in our father's chair were almost as great as the swans were to bring me. Mother had fixed her some bread and milk in a bowl, and she was looking up between bites at the open doorway. After we had greeted her we little girls slid behind the curtain at the end of the room and put on clean dresses and our shoes and stockings and smoothed out each other's tangled hair.

VII

Father came to the door and called the boys, saying that a storm was gathering in the northwest and that

they must throw the cut hay in the slough into a stack before the storm broke, whether it was perfectly cured or not, or it might all be lost. The boys ran away, shouting excitedly to each other, but Mother called to Father, asking if he could not see who had come to call on us. He entered, trying to see in the shadowed room after being out in the brilliant sunlight.

Ann got out of the chair and ran to him. He took both her hands and talked to her, very slowly and carefully. My sister and I drew close. She did not take her eyes from Father's lips.

'He has gone back to England,' Father said. 'A house was left him and he had to go.'

Ann freed her hands, clasped them, and pressed them against her throat. Her eyes were very wide. Then she bowed her head, and some of her dark hair fell over her face. She went back to the big chair. The baby ran to her suddenly, crying, 'Here!' and thrust into her lap the flowers we had picked.

It was Mother, I think, who suggested we take Ann to see the colt. The colt was sleeping on the deep mat left where last year's haystack had stood near the barn. It looked at us sleepily out of its large clear eyes, nibbled at our finger tips with its white teeth, and wrinkled its velvet muzzle cunningly, before it shook its head and got to its feet. Ann stroked its round sides with the palms of her hands and ran her finger tip along the narrow black stripe in the little crease down its back. But she did not smile. The gnats and flies had grown unbearable. The colt ran away to the shelter of the barn and we went back to the house.

The clouds in the northwest became a great wall of steel blue and purple. Against it the spruces took on an angry yellow-green color. A loud wind moved in great circles over the tree tops. When at last the sun was clear gone,

the wind came with a rush and roar straight out of the black clouds. The trees all bent before it and the limbs lashed about, clashing, roaring. Then the wind failed and the first few great drops began to fall, making a loud pattering on the leaves.

The boys came running in, hot and panting.

Ann would have gotten on her pony to ride home, but Father would not let her go away with such a storm threatening. My brothers led her pony away to the barn.

Soon the sound of rain was a steady mutter; the wind came again, and until long after dark there was only the roaring of the timber, and the beating of the rain. Just before sunset the clouds, low in the west, broke apart to show a heaven of palest green, while the low sun flooded the yard with saffron-yellow light. All the chips had been washed from every little hummock and ridge and were floating on the pools that sheeted the yard. We ran to the edge of the yard to see the 'silver leaf,' at a poplar's roots, shining with rain-drops. After the sun was gone the clouds drew together again and the rain began to fall steadily and heavily.

At supper Ann sat between my sister and me and ate very little. Afterward Father asked Ann to choose a book for him to read aloud to us. She climbed up on the window seat and looked at the books on the shelf above the window. There she found one the Englishman had sent to us, the story of Undine, the water sprite who was wedded to a knight. We had heard the story many times, and liked it, both for the story itself and for the detailed drawings of mermaids, sprites, cottagers, and centaurs. Ann had read the book, too, with the Englishman to help her, and now nothing would do but that Father should read it to us. She sat by Father's side, looking from the book to his

face and back again, nodding her head understandingly.

While he read, the storm raged.

Once I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in the fisherman's cottage, and that the fisherman and his wife were the homesteaders I had stayed with for a week down by the lake. When Father came to the place in the story where the storm is raging, he stopped reading and held the book on his knee, his finger in the place, and we all listened to the rain and the wind.

The last time I woke he was reading: ' . . . He must have fallen asleep, for it seemed to him as if he were lifted up upon the fluttering wings of swans, and borne by them far over land and sea, while they sang to him their sweetest music. "The music of the swan! The music of the swan!" he kept saying to himself; "does it always portend death?" But it had yet another meaning. All at once he felt as if he were hovering over the Mediterranean Sea. A swan was singing musically in his ear that this was the Mediterranean Sea. And whilst he was looking down upon the waters below they became clear as crystal, so that he could see through them to the bottom. He was delighted at this, for he could see Undine sitting beneath the crystal arch.'

When the story was done it was time to go to bed. Mother brought one of her own gowns for Ann, and while the boys and Father were out to have a look at the stock we all undressed by the fire. Ann slept in one of the upper bunks between my sister and me. Once in the night I woke to hear her sobbing. I put my arm about her to comfort her and she stopped crying almost at once. The wind had died. There was only the steady pattering of raindrops on the poplar leaves, but the world was so still that I could hear the raindrops falling far away in the timber as clearly as those falling near.

VIII

I woke early and went to the swing to swing a little while by myself before the other children should wake. I had thought, at first, that it was still raining, the poplar leaves were rustling so. But when I went out of doors the sun was shining. Raindrops glittered everywhere. The white arms of the poplars gleamed as though they had been rubbed with wax, a pale, green, aromatic wax, and they shone against the blue sky, where snowy clouds floated slowly. There was a steady, chill breeze, so sweet and fresh that I did not care that it was chill. The swing was near the cowpen fence, close to the timber wall. At the foot of the trees, sheltered from the wind, the ground was steaming wherever the sun touched it. There were new fronds uncurling from every fern root, but the flowers lay beaten on the moss, scentless and pale. The cranberry clusters were stuck together like handfuls of rubies caught in crystal. Each spruce branch had put out new tips like pale green fingers.

The ropes of the swing had shrunk till the board was so high that I could scarcely climb into it. I sat there silently, feeling the wet, hard ropes. I leaned back and let my hair down as far as I could to see if it would reach to the ground. Looking so, I could see the world upside down. Just within the cowpen fence Father was milking. Mother was standing near him, holding a bright pail. Their backs were toward me. They were talking. I could hear the slow streams of milk in the pail, and their words.

It was to talk of Ann, as well as to bid my father good-bye, that the Englishman had come to see us that one time, I learned. He had seen Ann almost every day for three years and his heart was sore to leave her. He had

told her that he was betrothed to a girl in England, but she had not seemed to understand. She was little more than a child, and, except for books, knew nothing of the world beyond the smithy. Perhaps in England he could forget her. He had not the heart to tell her that he would not be coming back.

Father stood up, and my mother and he looked at each other so sadly that, from my strange position, they seemed to me like unreal people, like people in a story, in the story of Ann.

I slipped from the swing, ran to the house, and climbed up and looked into the upper bunk. Ann was lying as I had left her when I got up. She turned her dark head on the pillow and looked into my eyes. Bewildered by such sadness, I had nothing to say, and dropped down and went and found the cat and gave him his breakfast.

IX

After breakfast, because she wanted to hear it, I read parts of *Undine* aloud to Ann. She watched me. Suddenly I decided to tell her of my visit to the homesteader by the lake. She seemed to understand when I told her of the horse's swimming at the ford on the west road. 'I might have been washed away in the current,' I told her, 'and I am not a water sprite like Undine.' She found the place again of Undine's going back to the water when the knight was unkind to her, and read it to herself, her finger moving under the lines. I told her then about my dip into the lake. I jumped from the window seat and flung my arms about, laughing and shouting as though I were in the water again, making myself far braver than I really was, until Mother, at the other end of the house, called to me, telling me not to be silly.

Mother had made some cakes for Ann to take with her, and Father had written a letter to the smith, asking that Ann might come to stay with us for a while. When my brothers went to the barn for the little gray pony, I followed. They lifted me to the saddle and let me ride from the barn to the house. There I slid down, elated because in one of the pools which still lay on the path the pony had stumbled and slipped to his knees, but I had not fallen from the saddle. Father lifted Ann into the saddle and put the reins in her hands. Then he explained to her ever so carefully that she must take the south instead of the west road home, that the stream on the west road would be much too deep and swift for fording. Did she understand him? She nodded gravely, pointed west and shook her head, pointed south and nodded.

At the gate she turned in the saddle and raised her hand. We children were all waving and calling, 'Good-bye!' The baby, not understanding why she did not answer, ran after her in his pink bare feet, waving both his hands and crying, 'Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!'

In the house again, out of the sunlight, it seemed that the chill and the sadness of the storm lingered. We went out of doors again, but we did not feel like playing. Hand in hand, my sister and I started down the trail, wading through the pools in the low places and coming at last to the knoll where the roads forked. We stopped there. Behind us rose the timber, a blue and gold mottled mist lying under the trees. Before us stretched the brush land, the wind rippling the amber pools along either road, beneath the willow stems. We stood there, silent, knowing it was too late to do anything about it, when we saw the tracks of the pony on the west road.

AT THE SHORE

BEFORE that ship, there was no motion,
Before that bird, there was no light:
Just the gray furrows of an ocean,
Just a sky turning into night.

And I had been as not before
In broad deep distances alone:
Just a cold rippling over stone
And the wind whitening the shore.

Yet the dark heart would not be still,
The body would not peaceful lie,
With hopes a sky could not fulfill,
And fear seas could not purify.

That gust of darkening mist was sweet,
The drear uneasy ocean's breath,
Where, whispering quietly of death,
The wistful ghosts of the deathless meet.

And that bleak unsubstantial sky
Blew dark upon a cloud of white,
And, feeling its empty coldness, I
Knew it would yield no more than night.

The night made one of sea and bird
And sky in a sharply still embrace,
And I turned in the dark for a hand or face
Or some inconsequential word.

EDWIN MORGAN

BOOKS BY THE ROADSIDE

BY ALAN DEVOE

I

LAST summer, by way of taking a busman's holiday from bookselling, I conducted (if that is the word) a little bookstall. It stood by the roadside in a small Cape Cod village to which tourists come, and it was in the company of hot-dog stands, gasoline stations, and those crude shelters that offer the traveler candies, ice cream, and 'tonics.'¹

The bookstall, which I built myself one forenoon in the spring, was modeled after those that line the banks of the Seine. That is to say, it was about ten feet long and four wide, and it had a sloping top which during 'business hours' was propped up with a stick and at night was fastened shut with a padlock. The body of the stall was capable of holding about three hundred volumes, and on the under side of the lid were fastened a dozen or so of old prints and steel engravings.

It took about a month to accumulate my initial stock. The volumes which composed it I salvaged from attics in the neighborhood, sometimes paying a few dollars for a bundle, sometimes being thanked by the owner for carting away what had long been an encumbrance. It was an extraordinary collection of books. *Methodist Hymns*, odd volumes of Ouida, *The Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, *The Report of the Secretary*

¹ This is the New England equivalent of 'soda pop.' — AUTHOR

of *Agriculture for 1890*—there was a little of everything.

One day late in June, when I had succeeded in filling my stall to capacity, I tacked a small placard on the stick which propped the lid, and opened for business. The legend on the placard read: 'Old Books, 25¢ Each.' Then I sat down on a high bookkeeper's stool in a patch of near-by shade and awaited custom. When I closed my bookstall for the season, early in October, I had sold close to a thousand titles. And in the course of doing so I had discovered a number of things.

II

My first discovery—and a very heartening one—was that only a microscopic portion of the population can pass a bookstall without stopping at it. Now of course I have known for years that *I* can no more pass a bookstall than a dog can pass another dog without sniffing. But I had no notion that most other people are similarly constituted. On the first day my stall was open at least a hundred men and women stopped at it. Some, to be sure, glanced only fleetingly at the contents and then continued impassively on their way. But rare indeed was the man or woman who could stride by without so much as a peek. On that first day the stall was visited by little boys of nine and old

men of ninety. Tourists, bowling along at thirty miles an hour in their cars, jammed on their brakes and got out to browse. I sold thirty books.

My second discovery was a great astonishment to me. I found that people almost invariably bought the books which I had supposed would be least likely to sell. This happened quite consistently all summer. Each morning I made a point of sprinkling through the stock six or eight volumes which were really great bargains — books which normally sell for three or four dollars, or even more. Not uncommonly these bargain books would lie in the stall for a week or a month, while all kinds of the most impossible trash would be eagerly snapped up.

I was bewildered by this until I finally realized — after a month or two as a *bouquiniste* — that most of my customers were sentimentalists, not bibliophiles. They bought books which they had read in childhood, and had not since had an opportunity to read again. Or they bought books which had ‘quaint’ woodcuts, or books which they had always meant to read but had never got around to. A scarce *Massachusetts Gazetteer*, worth six or seven dollars, remained in my stand for weeks, but I could be certain of selling any Rollo book — no matter how badly printed or how damaged by age — within a few moments of putting it out. Ouida, George Eliot, and Miss Braddon — I had complete sets of these, and each set was grabbed up almost as soon as it appeared.

Any kind of ‘freak’ book was a capital seller. By freak books I mean such as *A Child Assisted in Giving the Heart to God*, *Two Years in a Lunatic Asylum*, *The Young Gentleman’s Compendium of Genteel Deportment*, and *The Murdered Maiden Student*. These were purchased to be taken home, as a

huge joke, to Cousin George or Uncle Alfred. Since the attics of New England houses contain tremendous stores of such works, I profited considerably from these wits among my customers.

I came to the conclusion, after the first few weeks, that if one can but wait long enough there is a buyer for any book under the sun. I remember that when I had been operating my stall only a few days I was continually astonished to see scholarly-looking men pounce with whoops of glee upon *The Story of the Panama Canal* or *Somebody-or-Other’s Analysis of the United States Census for the Year 1866*. After a while, however, I became accustomed to it. They *wanted* these books — had perhaps been searching for them for years; books which any ordinary, self-respecting bookseller would classify as hopeless junk and refuse to have on his shelves. I sold sixteen copies of *Lady Audley’s Secret*, and almost every one of the sixteen purchasers told me of spending years in fruitless search for it. The lady who bought from me a tattered little book on fish culture told me that her husband had written all the leading booksellers in the country in an effort to buy it, and had been unsuccessful. Now she was going to give him this ragged, wretched copy for his birthday.

When it could conveniently be done, I liked to ask my customers just why they had selected the particular books which they held out to me for wrapping. One man, who had bought a sadly defective little spelling book for which it was sheer robbery on my part to charge a quarter, assured me solemnly that he had bought it because it had a picture of an owl stamped in gilt on the cover. I thought he was joking, but he wasn’t. It turned out that he is a collector of owls — owl stickpins, owl cuff links, owl watch

charms, all manner of owls. I had, as a matter of fact, just been planning to throw the spelling book away, as being too utterly worthless for my stall, when he happened along and purchased it.

I discovered symptoms of the tremendous veneration which Americans have for things that are 'old.' Any book printed more than a hundred years ago would be snapped up instantly, and the purchaser would walk away with a smug look which showed quite clearly that he was confident of having found a priceless treasure. Once I put in the stall a very imperfect copy of a Scotch Bible published in 1698. Unfortunately two people saw it at the same time, and there was an argument of great bitterness as to who should have it. I was able to restore peace by allotting the Bible to one of the customers and offering the other a book of French poems, with the first eleven pages missing but printed in 1692, for the same price. Both these people, I am certain, thought I was an ignorant yokel, and expected to sell their books for enormous sums when they got home.

III

A nice old lady came to the stall one day and wanted to know if I had a Spanish grammar. I did not have one, but I suggested that she look through what I did have and she might perhaps find something else that would appeal to her. Well, it seemed that the Spanish grammar was for an old colored man who was in prison. 'So?' I said. Yes, he was serving a life sentence for killing a lady, and, finding time heavy on his hands, he had decided to learn Spanish. My customer fussed and puttered among the books as she told me about it. Finally she bought a *History of Mexico* and an odd volume of the *Conquest of Peru*. 'I guess

they would be Spanish enough,' she said.

I have heard of people buying books just to fill up their library shelves, but I had never actually encountered such a person until the lady from Mobile came to my stall. Her car, with the Alabama license, pulled up at the roadside one gray day in August. The lady nodded to me and asked whether all the books in the stall were only twenty-five cents each. I assured her that was the price. Whereupon she began selecting volumes at a great rate, laying them aside in a pile on the ground. She selected only books bound in old calf. Ultimately, indeed, she took every calf-bound book I owned. I counted them; there were sixty-two volumes. 'They will look charming in the library of my new house,' she said. 'Please send them by express, collect, to Mobile.' The amount which I received was \$15.50. The expressage cost \$11.00.

I discovered that even in so small and informal an enterprise as an old bookstall 'the customer is always right.' There was, for instance, the elderly lady who puttered so long among my volumes that I produced from the little box of my 'private' books behind the stall a vellum-bound Sophocles printed in 1592 which I thought it might interest her to see. I observed that she seemed to be struggling with the Roman-numeral publication date on the title-page, so I took the liberty of explaining that it was 1592. The lady handed back the volume with a snort. 'I happen to know, young man,' she said, 'that in 1592 there were no books, but only parchment scrolls.' I ventured gently to dissent, and my lady got into a great wrath. 'I should like to inform you,' she said (and the manner was worthy of a greater occasion), 'that only last week I delivered a radio broadcast on

"The History of Books"! That, of course, squelched me. I apologized. I all but crawled under my stall. Once I was vanquished, the lady smiled with regal condescension and charming pity, and went away.

There are, it seems, collectors of every known species of book. There was the man who collected any old volumes on etymology. There was a collector of books with gilded Victorian shelfbacks. A lady bought any book that was equipped with metal clasps, and it mattered not whether the volume was a Bible, a hymnal, or a diary. One man (the only one, perhaps, in existence, except in the pages of *Peter Whiffle*) accumulated first editions of J. T. Trowbridge, and innumerable people were willing to buy any book that had a picture of a locomotive in it.

If there had ever been any suspicion in my mind that the popularity of Charles Dickens was waning, my bookstall summer would have dispelled it. No volume of Dickens ever remained unbought for more than half an hour. Odd volumes from Dickens sets, cheap reprints published in the nineties, paper-covered editions 'for the millions' — anything at all that had the name of Charles Dickens on it. Only two other authors were as consistently sought: Oscar Wilde and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

IV

The sale of old textbooks was perpetually a riddle. Early in the summer, in order to acquire a collection of books from an attic, I was forced to take also a bundle of some two hundred old textbooks. I did not want them. I did not imagine that anyone would want to buy them. The merest chance restrained me from throwing them away. And then one day, when my stock in the stall was a good deal depleted, I filled in some of the empty

spaces with those old textbooks. Most of them were dated in the eighties and nineties; there were Latin Grammars, Algebras, Geometries, French Courses, Correct English, and Xenophon's *Anabasis* by the dozen. And they were just about the best sellers I ever had!

There does not seem to be any one reason to which this can be ascribed. Young couples would pore over the stall, and go away laden with Allen and Greenough, Chardenal, and Anthon, and I would stare after them in astonishment. Many of the buyers were obviously teachers, and in that case it was of course understandable. But the others? Often I asked point-blank what had induced a customer to buy one of these out-of-date volumes, and I generally got a vague and unsatisfying answer. 'Oh, I used it in school, and it would be fun to look at it again.' Or, 'I'd sort of like to have a few good, solid books like this on my shelves.' To this day I really cannot explain it, but the fact remains that I am sold out of textbooks; every volume is gone.

One day a burly Portuguese fisherman came to the stall. 'Have you,' he asked, 'an early edition of Quackenbos's *History of the United States*?' I was dumbfounded, for I felt quite sure my man was little above illiteracy, and it seemed unlikely that he planned to spend his evenings reading Quackenbos. As it happened, I did have an early Quackenbos — two or three copies. I fished one out. I got my quarter, and the fisherman was moving away in evident delight when I called him back and asked him what on earth he wanted with the volume. 'Well, you see,' he said, very seriously, 'Quackenbos is the only guy that ever said Vasco da Gama was a Portygee. All the other books say he was Spanish, and even Quackenbos says so in the later corrected editions. Now, you see, when

guys ask me, "What did any Portygee ever do that was worth mentioning?" I can just get out this book and *show* 'em!" Then he added, "Say, I wonder would you mind just showing me the page where it tells about Da Gama? I don't read so good." So I found the page and marked the passage, and the fisherman marched happily down the street, hoping with all his might, I am sure, that some Yankee would ask him what any Portygee had ever done that was worth mentioning.

The greatest riddle of the summer was afforded by a little old colored woman. She came to my stall quite early in the season, and was one of my most regular patrons until late in the autumn. I had acquired from the son of a deceased lawyer in the village about two dozen ponderous law books, all of ancient vintage and hopelessly outdated for present-day use, but handsomely bound in stout legal buckram and morocco. With no expectation that I could sell them, I put them in my stall, and it was these volumes which captivated the little old colored woman.

The first time she visited me she bought some massive opus on torts, published in the sixties. She told me it seemed too good to be true that such wonderful books could be had for only twenty-five cents. When she came again about a week later she bought three more volumes. They must have weighed at least twenty pounds, but she staggered away with them. Thereafter, every Thursday all through the summer she set aside fifty or seventy-five cents of her week's wages and purchased ancient law books. Eventually she cleaned out my stock. I do not know who she was, or where she lived; she told me she was in 'domestic service,' and that was all I ever got to know. Somewhere in the world there is a little old colored maid who possesses

a collection of ancient legal tomes weighing at least a quarter of a ton. I would give a great deal to know what on earth she does with them.

V

The present generation is increasingly interested in the Civil War, if the sale of books on that subject is a criterion. Not only books, but little steel engravings of Lincoln and of the surrender at Appomattox and of the engagement between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. Tattered copies of *Four Years in Secessia* and *The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape*—how quickly they were snapped up! Could I have supplied the demand for copies of the *Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, I should have made a small fortune. And yet some booksellers have told me that Civil War books are 'plugs.'

Perhaps it is because a bookstall has a certain mellow or Old World atmosphere that I could not interest my customers in modern books at all. Occasionally friends gave me copies of new books which were still in mint condition but which had been read and were no longer wanted. I would put these in the stall at twenty-five cents regardless of the published price. Some were still on sale in bookshops for four or five dollars, but could I dispose of them for twenty-five cents? No. They would stay in the stall several weeks, while *Airy Fairy Lilian*, by The Duchess, and *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, were finding immediate delighted purchasers.

At the end of my summer in a bookstall I compiled a list of best sellers. A fantastic list it is, and one which might well make a great modern bookshop proprietor gape. Here is the list, arranged in a descending order of popularity:—

1. The works of Charles Dickens
2. Books of any kind bound in old calf; old textbooks
3. Works of Oscar Wilde and Elizabeth Barrett Browning (neck and neck)
4. The novels of Ouida and Miss Bradon; Civil War books
5. 'Freak' books — that is, books with peculiar titles
6. The novels of Charlotte M. Yonge, The Duchess, Mrs. Opie, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (the younger), and the poems of Lydia Sigourney, Felicia Hemans, and Lucy Larcom
7. Old hymnals, Bibles, and religious treatises
8. (Way below any of the others) Scarce 'collector's items'

Four months I maintained my book-stall, and it was, I dare say, the point of dissemination for more early, middle, and late Victorian odds and ends than any other source in its part of the world. I discovered some things which I had never before suspected about the American book-buying public. I had a great deal of fun.

A FEMINIST MARRIES¹

BY WORTH TUTTLE

I

AT the end of the third year of our 'companionate marriage,' I prepared the way for an understanding of life as it is lived by the majority of women. I would have a baby. Having rid myself of the bugaboo lurking in old-fashioned minds that a woman could not have both a career and a husband, I would now exorcise the more ferocious one about the incompatibility of a profession and motherhood. Secretly, too, I wanted a small edition of my husband. He, already displaying those qualities that were to make him of importance in certain economic circles at twenty-eight, had been retained by the government for a research job. I had become part-time secretary for a famous woman novelist. Financing a baby, even in New York, would not be too great a burden for us.

¹In the December issue, the author discussed her earlier history. — EDITOR

I spread before me the next half yard of the future and liked its color and texture. I would continue to write in the mornings, do my secretarial work in the afternoons. After the baby came, I would take a few weeks to recuperate, then hire a good nursemaid, whom I would pay, and life would go on as before, as smoothly, but with greater width and beauty.

So I became pregnant — and stupid. This state of mind I had not expected. I did not know that stupidity was a frequent accompaniment of pregnancy in women of my temperament. There had been no mention of it in my books.

But it was a blissful stupidity. I was placid, at peace with the world and myself, devoid of ambition. At first I sat at my typewriter as usual from nine to twelve, trying to write, but I wrote nothing I could take to an editor. In the third month, morning sickness

began, and I lay flat until noon. At two, after a cup of tea and a cracker, I could go to my outside job feeling very well indeed. In my Notebook I tempered the statement I had set down earlier about the length of time required for a baby. With some women, I conceded, it *might* take a full year.

From the fifth month until the last uncomfortable three weeks, I enjoyed my condition. Though I had an increasing fear of the confinement, remembering all the bits of old wives' tales I had ever heard and feeling morbidly certain that, being a good feminist, I should die in childbirth, I was happier from day to day than I had ever been. I joined a cooking class and had the same sort of good time with the gas plate that I had had at the typewriter. My novelist-employer was right. All writers were cooks. Reconciled now to the fact that for a few months I must be a 'kept woman,' I relaxed, went out more, had more people in, lived a woman's life entirely, and, being stupid, enjoyed it.

The day came on a cool, wet Sunday, the first of July. From the moment I awoke, at three in the morning, with that indescribable feeling that birth was imminent, until ten in the evening when it was accomplished, I was calm and intensely interested. Though the pain in a quite normal labor was greater than I should have thought it possible to bear, I refused all but a few whiffs of ether. I wanted to be aware of every moment, and I was. And through it all I kept wondering why no woman had ever been able to release in music or poetry that ineffable rhythm, and how gypsy women had ever managed all alone by that convenient stream! The pride of creation when I heard my doctor's 'A big, strong boy' was akin, I am sure, to that of God on the Sixth Day. All women feel that pride, of course. It was ridiculously exaggerated

in me because I had given undue importance to the functions of the mind, to the belittlement of those of the body. It did not seem possible that a woman who had thought as little of her physical self as I had could produce a perfect child in a perfectly normal way.

Not only for three days, — the customary time, I have since read, for some women to feel this abnormal exhilaration, — but for three weeks, I floated on a cloud. No dilatoriness of a floor nurse, no discomfort of living in bed, bothered me. To all who came to see me I told the truth about child-bearing in a scientific age: either women had a bad time and were given enough anæsthetic to make them unconscious of it, or they had a normal time which they should find as interesting as I did. Women who could do nothing but have babies, who did not want to be anything but women, were playing on the sympathies of men when they made much of the discomforts and dangers of their lot. They did not need to! For the first time in my life I felt superior to men, even to my husband. Men, poor creatures, could not experience this ecstasy of creation.

II

And then we took the baby home.

If only mothers were reading this, — mothers who have taken home from a hospital their first-born without a nurse, — it would be unnecessary to say another word. To be sure, I had read three books on baby care, I had everything in the bathroom cabinet that could possibly be used on a baby, and I had been allowed to *watch* the nurse bathe mine on the last morning. She had bathed a dozen in an hour! I knew all the theory — but theory had no relation to this squirming, crying bundle of humanity we took across town that hot Saturday afternoon.

For two nights after the two most difficult days of my life I lay awake listening to my Young One breathe, and at every unusual sound I was up and at him. The third night my husband put me on the living-room couch, he stayed with the baby, and we all slept.

My days became a mad rush to get done, between the old-fashioned three-hour feedings, all the usual apartment tasks and the new ones that had come with the boy. Every day I was grievously astonished at the work. Why had n't somebody told me? Why had n't I had common sense enough to suspect? I remembered, with a grimace, my feeling of scorn the year before when I had heard a young sister-in-law say, 'The baby, you know, takes all my time.' Compared to my secretarizing and writing, it had seemed a little thing for a grown woman to be doing. Now I looked back on those days at the typewriter as beds of roses, fields of clover, oases of peace. The *care* of children, not the hours of birth, was what made motherhood difficult. Why had women so emphasized childbearing, said nothing about child-rearing?

By September I knew that we could not live in a small apartment during even the baby's first year. My husband and I were completely submerged, our books and papers and typewriter lost beneath piles of infant equipment. We could not stand the sort of place we could afford far uptown. We would go to the country. So one afternoon I persuaded the boldest of my friends to stay with the baby, and we went out to Connecticut and fell in love with a little, old, hand-heated, inconvenient house half a mile from a New York-New Haven station. Of course we could manage there! It was so cheap and so charming, with old flagstones in the path, an old-fashioned garden, a Dutch door that opened on to a grape

arbor. It would be a pleasure to hang out diapers here. We could be romantic here even with a baby!

We were not romantic.

At the end of six months I was suicidal, so great was my despair, my feeling of inferiority, my shame at making a mess of what I had undertaken. The baby was as perfect as any healthy eight-months-old baby should be, but my husband looked unhappy and underfed — and doubtless was; and I — well, I had rather not remember how I looked. All day long I was on my feet, without, it seemed, accomplishing much of anything. The two coal fires that had to be kept going were almost as much trouble as twin babies. I never had dinner ready when my husband got home, and the fun of seeing him was lost in the rush about the meal. All joy in cooking was gone. Even the pleasure of love was a memory. I went to bed after the ten o'clock feeding too tired to think of anything but sleep, and awoke with joints that creaked.

In February I heard of a capable colored woman with rheumatism who wanted work in a small household. I talked to her, and wrote to my former employer, the novelist. My job was still there if I could come in town four afternoons a week. I could not stretch my salary quite far enough to cover both my commutation and the maid's low wages, but it was close enough, and now, of course, I could free-lance. Surely I could make enough to keep a maid and to protect me from a repetition of such another eight months as I had just experienced.

Within a week, still blinking at the unexpected deliverance, I was a working feminist again — and happy. Our little old house became what we had intended — a place to entertain our city-bound friends. We had Long Island Sound and a canoe at our door, and

guests all spring and summer. Though I do not remember much about that time except sitting at the typewriter three hours each morning, eating three meals I had not tried to cook, and pushing the baby carriage enthusiastically on my free afternoons, I suspect that I posed a good deal as the Wife-and-Mother who was making a success of a double job. I must have talked a lot, because my Notebook shows no entries at all for that period.

III

In March I sold, for one hundred dollars, a story I had written two years before, and I finished writing two others. They were my best work and I sent them forth with much pride and hope. Surely they would settle my financial worries for a while and prove that I had been right in dropping domesticity for a literary career. Both stories were accepted, subject to drastic cutting for one and a revision to bring about a happy ending for the other. Meekly I set to work on them. But my maid had a recurrence of her rheumatism, and my schedule was knocked askew for six weeks. About three months later I got both manuscripts off again. The story from the literary magazine came back in a month, shocking me speechless by the reconsideration of the editor that on second reading he found he did not like it after all, and the one from the woman's magazine with regret that the delay in returning it had made its acceptance impossible.

Such experiences, I well know, are fairly common in the struggles of a literary novice. I include them here because of their influence on my life as a feminist. Had those two stories been accepted at that time, as they came so nearly being, the checks I should have received would have ensured my time for writing others, thus giving me a

very definite start toward being a Writer as well as a Wife-and-Mother. But they did not 'go,' and before I could cast about for other possible publishers my maid's rheumatism became so bad that she had to give up work entirely, my novelist-employer went to Europe, and I was back where I had been in the fall.

I got through the early autumn with little difficulty and a great deal of pleasure. I worked out a system of household chores in the morning, when I had to keep an eye on the boy, and literary work after lunch when he slept. From four to six we rambled about the countryside with the perambulator. I sold a few little essays, some book reviews, and finished the first draft of a novel. I felt very pleased with myself, very resourceful. I was doing the double job unaided! I felt *too* pleased about it. I decided that now was the time to have another baby. Psychologists predicted terrible things for an only child. I would have another; then, that chapter complete, I would devote myself whole-heartedly to writing.

I was a little disconcerted by the immediate consequences of that decision. I had expected a few months of careless romance, a few months of continuing with my pretty schedule. But just six weeks later I was again going without breakfast, was utterly placid and stupid.

That winter my husband's salary was raised, and we felt that we should begin to save as much as possible for the education of our children. We decided to buy a little house in Westchester County. It would mean that until the second mortgage was paid off I should have to manage without help. In the abnormal calmness of pregnancy I thought I could. I had enjoyed cooking dinners again, after the boy was tucked in at six, and in such a convenient little house as we had looked at,

surely I could be a good housewife and write a bit, too.

So the next spring I came home with my small daughter to an antiquated, ivy-clad, three-year-old Sussex cottage — and an eight-thousand-dollar mortgage. Unless I could write and sell what I wrote, my contribution to the fund would necessarily be limited to my time and labor. It seemed fair enough. I hoped for the best, but if it came to the worst — well, I could see it through.

Until cold weather set in, I was quite cheerful, though caring for a baby with a toddler about was four times as difficult as caring for a baby alone. All children, of course, are more trouble in winter than in summer, and, though I have heard of furnaces that respond to stoking twice a day by the man of the house, I have never tended one. In my Notebook I find this one entry: —

Girls should not be reared as boys are reared, as egotists, as beings who, after that initial choice to be or not to be mothers, can choose and direct their own fates — in the same degree as men can. Little girls should be brought up with handicaps. They should go about with a device on the right foot for a painless tripping-up at brief, irregular intervals, and they should wear this device until they can be interrupted without minding at all. Girl children, in other words, should be conditioned to little children. All mothers of two or more children know what I mean. I am astonished continually at the number of unfinished tasks I come back to after an hour, three hours, a day, when I had thought I was dropping them merely to tie a shoe or antisepticize a scratch. W. says he has the same trouble in his office. I hold that so long as he has an efficient secretary and deals with adults who can be told to sit and wait, and who can do it, he has not the same problem as a housewife-mother.

During the day, of course, there was no time for anything but the house, the meals, the children. My sole recrea-

tion that winter was in going to the dentist, and the struggle to find a woman to stay with the children and get myself to my appointment on time spoiled even that outing. So after Christmas I began to retire to the study under the eaves in the evenings to work on the second draft of my novel. I saw no other escape from the slough of despond into which I was again sinking because of working too hard at a job for which, by temperament and *by education*, I was totally unsuited. Immediately my spirit became calm, my disposition fairly equable. The disagreeable housework, the hurry to get through a day, were of little consequence so long as I was putting down on paper something which I regarded as of permanent value.

IV

In March I had an invitation to return to my college for initiation as an honorary Phi Beta Kappa. I tacked the letter, and the local newspaper account of my simple achievements, over the kitchen sink, where the sight of them did more for the dishes than soap flakes and hot water, and a few weeks later I packed up the children and went South for a month's rest.

I came home to learn that while, all winter, I had been absorbed in the housework I hated and the writing I loved, my young husband had not been the entirely contented creature that I, stupidly, had taken for granted he was. He had been seeking diversion elsewhere — innocent enough, I now realize, but at the time, cloistered as I was, alarming in its tendency. I had been totally blind. Because he had sufficed for me, a woman confined within the four walls of home, I had assumed that I had sufficed for him — while I cared for the house and children in the daytime and retired unto myself in the

evenings! I felt that the world had gone from beneath my feet. I was floundering about in space.

I shall not include here all the notes that went helter-skelter into my Notebook for the next few months. The gist of them was this: the whole business was my fault. I had not been a good wife. I had thought only of myself, my wants, my plans — as I had been brought up to do. I had planned the details of our marriage arrangement, and had not lived up to them. I had decided to have the children, but instead of being the independent, self-supporting, interesting wife I had pictured myself being, I had been as uninteresting, as domestic, as dependent, as any of the suburbanites around me — *without their skill or ability to make a man comfortable*. I had scorned the care my mother had taken of my father, but I saw now that such subservience was necessary if I wanted to keep my husband happy. I loved him. The egotist in me had to go. He was of more importance to me than writing, than a career.

But I could not be a little wren of a wife. It was too late to learn that rôle, even if I could play it. I should have to get a job, and a capable maid. I should have to make my husband comfortable, make myself more of a companion to him. What I wanted, it finally evolved under my pencil, was freedom from housework, from constant child care; a chance to use my mind, to meet people to whom I could talk about things that interested me, to be *Myself* — just what I had always wanted. But, being a mature woman, I also wanted to have a husband and children to return to after an interesting day. A man's attitude exactly! It was my husband's attitude — though he did not want to come home every evening. Perhaps he would when he found me more stimulating.

In September I got a job and a

paragon of a maid, a colored woman, comely, neat, efficient, a good cook. 'Housework ain't hard, honey, if you're naturally neat,' she said. She was. And she followed my schedule for the children to the letter, never forgetting the apple sauce or letting it burn. From October until March neither child had a sniffle. My husband took on a little becoming fat from picturesque stuffed potatoes and lemon meringue pies, and I looked better than I ever had. From nine to five I was lost in research and writing, or I was meeting people I had always wanted to meet. The joy of sitting down to a perfect breakfast, of kissing the children's shining faces, of hurrying down to catch the 8.28, of reading the paper before it was twelve hours old, of being out in the world, well groomed and poised, at 9 A.M., was new and surprising each day. No wonder men were more interesting, kept younger, than women!

The picture of the successful feminist, the wife and mother with a career, could not have been more graphically drawn, more beautifully colored. I was practising what I had preached in the days of my innocence. I was supporting myself and paying for the care of the children; my husband was providing food and shelter. But, for a reason I could not fathom, I did not go into enthusiasm about it except to my suburban housewife acquaintances. There was an indefinable feeling of insecurity beneath the surface solidity.

But that feeling, too, ceased to worry me, and by late spring it seemed that I, for myself, had settled all of woman's problems. I felt superior, not only to the working housewives, but to the women with cooks and butlers and nursemaids around me. When my maid told me that the maid next door had said 'how sorry her madam felt for poor Mrs. — having to go to work every day,' I could only gasp.

V

At this time I noticed that my boy, who had had perfect health since birth, was not right. He was pale and he was speaking indistinctly. So I stayed home one Saturday morning to take him to the doctor. He would have to have a tonsillectomy immediately. I arranged for a two-day leave to get him through that — and my daughter developed an abscess in her ear. I was at home nursing two weeks instead of two days, discovering that a strange nurse, however efficient, would not do for two ailing children already a bit resentful of a too-absent mother. And after I was back at my desk a few weeks I was shocked speechless by my doctor's cheerful statement that again I was pregnant.

After the first chagrin at having a child I had not planned for, I faced the facts of life: —

This nine-to-five concern with magazine material is *not* my job. Until the children are well past infancy, my place is at home. It's all well and good to write when I can, but I have no justification for accepting a salary which pays for three fourths of my time and thought when, at any moment, the physical needs of three persons whose well-being depends on me might take all of my attention. If I were a widow, or if I had left W. last year when, for a few weeks, I thought my emotional equilibrium depended on my leaving him, an outside job would be a lesser evil. But, so long as W. makes enough for us to live on, my job for at least ten years is here.

So, for nearly four years now, I have lived the life of a typical suburban matron — except that I have three children instead of two, and write in the mornings instead of playing bridge in the afternoons. Since the birth of the third child, by doing without this and that and by such hackwork as book reviews and biographies for two

encyclopædias, with the occasional sale of something I *wanted* to write, I have kept a competent maid. I am caterer, chauffeur, practical nurse, playground director, resident psychologist, interior decorator — and good-time girl.

I have recently completed the novel, a play about the Negro school, and two long short stories; and, although my literary agent assures me that I am 'bound to come through,' I care very little whether I do or not. The writing of them was important to me. The only advantage I can see from their publication is the possible renewal of acquaintance with people who write. I tire, sometimes, of hiding my Self, the literary me, behind this mask of 'Mrs. —, who has everything a *woman* needs for happiness.'

Only the force with which my individuality, my feeling of wholeness, flows back and envelops me when my husband is out of town — perhaps his present absence in England has made possible the writing of this confession! — makes me realize how completely, since that conviction of selfishness five years ago, I have subordinated myself to him. The fact that we are now as contented with each other as it is well for two adults to be — have as happy a marriage as, I am sure, exists — is proof enough that the course I chose was the right one for a woman in my situation, genius or moron. Only on those evenings when I am alone in the house after the children are asleep can I become sufficiently detached from him and from domesticity to write in my Notebook: —

A practising wife-and-mother, it seems to me, is absolutely necessary in the present scheme of things; even in a possible communistic world to come she would still be preferable to the institutional matron. For, no matter how hackneyed the statement, — life is just a matter of discovering the truth in platitudes! — there is no bigger job, no

better job, for woman as she is designed than the complex one of wife and mother. For women cannot utilize the mechanism they have for bearing children and live the lives of men. Only women who cannot or will not have children can have that freedom of mind and body that men have, can do their best mental work in those years during which a man does his. Women who can turn their children over to nursemaids or to state institutions can approach that freedom, but even they cannot achieve it. . . .

In a successful marriage, as in all other smoothly running combines, one person must be subordinate to the other, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is more expedient for the woman to be. . . .

Marriage-without-children is an entirely different institution from marriage-with-children. In this day, any woman without children can run a house and prepare meals with never a previous peep into a kitchen, and have a career — if her husband is n't a fool. But no matter how many electrical devices a mother has, no matter how much prepared biscuit and gingerbread dough she can buy in cans, there is no machine for changing diapers and wiping noses, no automatic nurse for the sick. For a woman from twenty to forty or twenty-five to forty-five, motherhood, in the plural, is still a full-time job. . . .

Nothing irritates me so much as to pick up a newspaper and find an article by a man — and there's usually one there — on the freedom modern woman has derived from machinery. Sometimes I think the spinning wheel could not have taken a great deal more time than the family car in a suburban community where everything is at a distance of at least a mile. I am quite sure I had as lief bake the family loaf or make a pair of homespun breeches as get three children ready for a winter's ride and drive a car, thus loaded, into the shopping traffic. . . .

In the past, with housework and child care unsweetened by talk of electric washers and toxin-antitoxin, a woman with a bent toward mental creativeness — at least those women from whom we have heard — knew enough not to marry. To-day a girl who likes to paint or write or run an office goes glibly into marriage and motherhood

and finds too late that there is no such thing as a permanent maid, and that, though diphtheria can be prevented, there is as yet no safeguard against the common and frequent cold which, for a child, usually means a temperature and bed. . . .

There is no job that *looks* so easy, and is so difficult for a conscientious woman, as bringing up a family. I used to think I was rather stupid not to have realized from such close observation as I had the winter I was tutoring in the country what motherhood entails. But I was no more stupid than F. is, and I think her rather bright. She comes out for week-ends. She sees the children come in and go out. To her they are children-running-in-and-out, a little annoying, but of no consequence. To me they are Dan and Page and Mark. Dan has on only a sweater. He has been sniffing; he must put on his windbreak. Page has on a heavy sweater under her coat. She must take it off. Mark would be running out without anything on if I did n't watch him. He must have his extra orange juice and violetol at eleven; all three must have calcium after lunch. There are frequent calls for me, frequent requests. But, because I can sit for sometimes as long as fifteen minutes on a Sunday morning and talk about books, F. says, 'Well, but why *can't* you write more with such a good maid in the kitchen?' She does n't see, any more than I once saw, that to a mother a general maid is no more than a secretary is to a busy man of affairs, even the best doing only the routine work of a house that does n't necessarily touch the business of motherhood. . . .

Educators are waking up in this matter of the education of women. Vassar and a few other colleges have courses in Euthenics, the Dalton School in New York has instituted a course in baby and child care, and the American Association of University Women has sent to alumnae a questionnaire, which, if other women answer as I did, should bring about a revolution in the education of girls. What joy there was answering such queries as these: 'Would you say that women's colleges are now primarily interested in giving a "gentleman's" education? Would you say that they try to give a woman a real understanding of her biological and emotional needs? Are women's col-

leges concerned with the contemporary needs of women? Do women's colleges educate for the *unknown and unpredictable future* of women?'

VI

I blush to think what that secretary of the Bureau of Vocations for Women would think of me and of the Creed I am writing below. I never think of her any more, but sometimes when a cough or a call for a drink of water awakens me at 3 A.M. I find her smiling enigmatically at my bedside. She wrote in this Notebook from theory. I write in it from experience — and for Page, whose seven-year-old mind is as keen as that of her nine-year-old brother, her interests as varied: —

I believe that a girl's education is neither less important than a man's nor equally important. It is twice as important.

I believe that modern woman has a double rôle to play, and if she be coached in only one part she is likely to make a failure of both.

I believe that motherhood is a profession, and housekeeping an occupation.

I believe in higher cultural education *exclusively* only for those young women who lack the desire, ambition, hope, or dream of becoming mothers.

I believe that all young women *who have the desire, ambition, hope, or dream of becoming mothers* should, in addition to any purely intellectual or specialized education they desire, have training also in domestic management, home nursing, child care. In

other words, I believe in the cultivation of the mind or of a special talent only in conjunction with the cultivation of the spirit and the hands to domestic life and service.

I believe that the best wives and mothers are those women who have had domestic training, either in youth under the tutelage of a mother clever in household crafts, or later as adult students; who have had the broadening cultural experience of four years in college, and who have had some experience in the outside economic or professional world.

I believe that for a girl a few years of self-dependence in the economic world are more valuable than any amount of travel. A girl who goes straight from home or college into marriage is curiously narrow-minded. Her view of life is too domestic or too ethereal. If she comes from a woman's college, it is likely to be oversexed, perceiving only men and women in the world, not human beings. As a preparation for marriage, a walk along that wide highway of human understanding on which men and women working together intellectually walk as a matter of course is invaluable.

I believe that a woman who wants both a career and children should delay the children until she has achieved such permanence in her art that she can lay it aside temporarily without injury, or until she has had such success that she can ensure her future by the employment of capable household assistants. To care for a young career and a young child at the same time is to run the risk of making a weakling of each.

THE RISE AND FALL OF PSYCHOLOGY

BY GRACE ADAMS

I

THE ten years immediately following the close of the World War may best be remembered as the Decade of the Dollar. But they might also be appropriately recalled as the Period of the Psyche. For between 1919 and 1929 literate America, and much of illiterate America, were more deeply interested in the whats and whys and wherefores of the human mind than they ever were before, and than, it seems likely, they will ever be again.

This consummate curiosity about man's mysterious inner life was becoming apparent even before the Armistice. It was especially evident in the morbid delight which Americans everywhere took in Sir Oliver Lodge's pitiable attempt to convince himself, by convincing others, that he had actually talked with the spirit of his dead son Raymond. Such concern over eery manifestations was, however, really not so new. It was a somewhat hysterical and extremely sentimental revival of an intellectual fad of the century before — a fad which had its inception when the furniture began to prance weirdly about in the humble home of the Fox sisters, and which reached its climax when the famous Mrs. Piper confounded the learned men of Boston with her intimate gossip about their decently buried friends.

But table-rapping and mediumistic messages were too naïve and leisurely an approach to the psychic mysteries

for the hard-boiled nineteen-twenties. They belonged with family albums and long evenings around the parlor grate at home. The generation which had faced and lived through the quick realities of the war years needed a tougher and meatier dish than spiritualism. And one was ready for them. They found it in psychology.

II

This post-war psychology was not that quiet form of speculative inquiry by which Aristotle and Plato had once hoped to 'discover and ascertain the nature and essence of the soul.' Indeed, its strongest recommendation was that it had little relation to contemplative philosophy at all. It was first and foremost, at least so its proponents declared, scientific. And they offered intricate graphs and complicated charts and an almost unintelligible new terminology to prove their assertion. And their charts and graphs and terminology, it should be said in all fairness, were every bit as awe-inspiring and as accurate as those by which the equally scientific economists of the same period foretold the perpetuity of prosperity.

Thus the new psychology was acutely in tune with its time. Furthermore, it was as outspoken, as brash, and as blatantly ambitious as the era which fostered it. And lastly, like the New Freedom with which it was so inti-

mately allied, it was also in its way a product of the war. At least it was the circumstance which the American Psychological Association has officially described as 'the military emergency' which gained it its greatest publicity. For April 1917 was the first time in history that a group of highly respected, much belettered professors of psychology banded together for the express purpose of offering their services to their recently martial government.

These learned men, however, had volunteered for a higher duty than carrying either hand grenades or stretchers. They proposed to show recruiting officers how to secure the ablest fighters by the use of 'intelligence tests.' For their ardor more than a hundred patriotic pedagogues received commissions on the Surgeon-General's Staff and the privilege of commanding almost two million bewildered young soldiers to 'write the letter which follows the letter which comes after C in the alphabet,' and 'cross out the *g* in tiger.'

So it happened that the new science of psychology became, for a while, an integral part of the government of that country where it was to have its richest flowering.

In the interest of strictest accuracy it should be interpolated here that in 1917 the science of psychology was really not quite so recent as these warlike testers and their enraptured press agents made it appear. William James had called it old in 1899. And twenty years earlier, when Wilhelm Wundt at Leipzig opened his first experimental laboratory, his colleagues in the more material branches of science had cordially received psychology as a rightful and respectable close cousin to their own disciplines. Indeed, psychology's scientific status had not often been questioned since 1834, when Ernst Weber had so neatly refuted Immanuel Kant's contention that mind could never be measured, by

ingeniously estimating the quantity of those mental processes which are known as sensations.

But Wundt and Weber were men of other and more innocent generations. They conceived of science as a detached and unhurried search for truth. They did not realize that by 1920 its meaning would be radically changed. They did not foresee that by then science would be symbolized in the popular mind by the washing machine, the telephone, and the motor car. They could not know that in our day the test of a 'scientific fact' would have changed from 'Is it true?' to 'Will it get me anywhere?' So the psychology which developed in those early laboratories, here as well as in Germany, was accurate, academic, and almost wholly lacking in any immediate practical value.

But the American professors who had been so eager to save democracy through their tests and tabulations knew only too well that in the modern world, and in popular esteem, pure science gives way before technology. And they were determined that the new psychology should be every bit as practical and as helpful as the new physics — indeed, a great deal more so. The physical inventor, with his power over electricity, could, to be sure, lighten housework, shorten distances, and transform our ways of life. But the psychological inventors, with their powers over the human mind, felt very nearly equal to the task of transforming life itself. There was no human activity, they felt certain, which did not have its own peculiar psychology, and no human being who would not benefit from its knowledge. During those expansive post-war years, therefore, the high priests of the youngest science set forth to save the world by making it psychological.

In long and learned tomes they expounded the relationships between

Psychology and Common Life, Psychology and Sex Life, Psychology and Business Efficiency, Psychology and the Christian Religion, Psychology and Dramatic Art, Psychology and the Day's Work, Psychology and the Christian Day School, Psychology and Parenthood, Psychology and Politics, Psychology and Nursing, Psychology and Preaching, Psychology and Teaching, Psychology and Writing.

They also wrote books explaining in detail the Psychology of Aesthetics, the Psychology of Athletics, the Psychology of Arithmetic, the Psychology of Alcoholism, the Psychology of Beauty, the Psychology of Buying, the Psychology of Bolshevism, the Psychology of Business Success, the Psychology of the Christian Life, the Psychology of Citizenship, the Psychology of Coaching, the Psychology of Death, the Psychology of Dress, the Psychology of Fasting, the Psychology of Golf, the Psychology of Group Insurance, the Psychology of Jesus, the Psychology of Leadership, the Psychology of Learning, the Psychology of Marriage, the Psychology of Murder, the Psychology of Package Labels, the Psychology of the Poet Shelley, the Psychology of Selling Life Insurance, the Psychology of Your Name.

These are only a few titles taken from the mighty list of books upon the subject published between 1919 and 1928. It could be continued for pages, but even the entire list could not give the full flavor of the psychological revival. There was during that industrious decade not only a special psychology to fill every human need, there were almost as many interpretations of the word 'psychology' itself as there were psychologists who sought to interpret it. And from every interpretation a wholly new system of the science was evolved. Thus within the great psychological boom there were many smaller

booms, each of which had its particular day of glory before it was crowded aside by still another. The greatest of these, in chronological order, were Intelligence Testing, Psychoanalysis, and Behaviorism.

III

It was mental testing, of course, which, because of its military importance, brought about the whole psychological renaissance. The army testers had been hard at work during their twenty months of service. They had not only examined, they had computed means and modes and media. They had not only recommended that 8646 of the recruits they tested be discharged for lack of intelligence, they had also worked out on paper the average 'mental age' of the 1,726,966 whom they had allowed to remain in uniform. The result was made public in the succinct statement that the average American soldier, and by implication the average American citizen, had the mentality of a normal child aged exactly thirteen years and one month.

Now this simple figure could have several significances. It might mean, as the psychologists sought to prove it did, that the limit of mental development is reached by the thirteenth year. It might also mean, and this is the simplest and most reasonable interpretation, that the particular tests used in the army were assembled so rapidly and so arbitrarily that there was no chance to scale them accurately and, consequently, their results could have no direct bearing upon actual life.

But comparatively few people cared for either of these interpretations. There was an easier and much more sensational one. This was that Americans, particularly military Americans, had been discovered by competent psychologists to be abnormally stupid. And it was this interpretation which

set the whole country reading, talking, and arguing about mental age, intelligence quotients, and subnormal mentality. The excitement reached its peak in 1922, when Bruce Barton was explaining to the readers of the *American Magazine* the meaning of I.Q.; when Professor Lewis Terman, who had invented these cryptic symbols, was debating their efficacy with Walter Lippmann throughout successive issues of the *New Republic*; and when almost the only persons not talking knowingly of 'morons' were the certified morons themselves.

Although mental tests were thus able to arouse America's curiosity about the human mind, they could not satisfy it. Intelligence testing proved, after the discussions about it had become somewhat calmer, to be almost too scientific to be really enlightening. The tests could tell that one mind was different from, brighter or duller than, another, but they did not even attempt to explain why. And surely a nation which was inflamed with curiosity over its psyche had a right to know more about it than the simple, cold numerals by which the testers fenced in its mental range. So the American public sought an authority from whom they might learn more. Almost immediately they found him. He was a Viennese physician by the name of Sigmund Freud. And he was able to tell the American people more about the dark unconscious mysteries of the human psyche than had been suppressed and forgotten by all their Victorian forbears.

IV

Now, to try to decide whether Sigmund Freud made the New Freedom one of the most characteristic marks of the nineteen-twenties, or whether the New Freedom made Sigmund Freud one of the most significant influences of

the period, is to get into another of those endless chicken-egg, horse-cart arguments. But certainly when young America, in revolt against its immediate and prissy past, was ready for Freud, Freud was ready for it.

Indeed, he had actually been in this country some ten years earlier, when, at Stanley Hall's invitation, he had come over to Clark University to address an assemblage of American psychologists. This especially selected audience, however, rather muffed the performance. Those American professors did not realize on that June day in 1909 that they were hearing words that would, before long, change not only the vocabulary but the very thought of their countrymen. Most of them were of the opinion that they were merely listening to a bearded foreigner make some altogether preposterous remarks.

But among the neurologists of the country there were those who were more canny. They recognized Freud immediately as their Master. Soon they were diagnosing all mental derangements, and many physical ailments, too, as 'functional neuroses.'

The advanced intellectuals, also, were not long in discovering the libido and all its tortuous and tortured ways. And just as quickly they translated Freud's esoteric case histories into literature. The brave heroes and chaste heroines of our traditional fiction became in the most modern novels thwarted and miserable beings, driven incessantly by goading inferiorities and hideous suppressions. It has been said that the reason the denizens of Greenwich Village never recognized the fact of prohibition was because at the time the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed they were too busy discovering the variants of psychoanalysis to read about its passage. A few years later the *New York Times Magazine* carried an erudite article which explained the

enormous popularity of the then current song, 'Yes, We Have No Bananas,' in terms of a national inferiority complex.

So in 1923, when the public, which had already become conversant with the normal, subnormal, and supernormal ranges of the I. Q., sought more information about the elusive psyche, there were the doctrines of Freud and of his illustrious, if slightly dissenting, disciples Jung and Adler, to enlighten it.

The next year an event of national interest brought the terminology of psychoanalysis to a still larger audience. In 1924 two wealthy Chicago youths brutally murdered the small cousin of one of them. This was news that belonged in large black headlines. In July of that year young Leopold and Loeb were brought to trial. State's Attorney Crowe, who was to die a few years later from the fire of a gangster's machine gun, prosecuted them, and Clarence Darrow was chief of counsel in their defense. The news interest did not lag. But the most remarkable ingredient of that whole trial was the presence in the courtroom of no less than ten eminent psychiatrists, five employed by the prosecution and five by the defense. And the outcome of the trial depended, not upon the proof that Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold had or had not murdered Bobby Franks, but upon what Doctors White and Glueck and Healy and their psychiatric colleagues had to say about the condition of the two defendants' minds. They said plenty. And when Darrow finally interpreted their arguments to the jury, Leopold and Loeb were sentenced, not to the gallows, but to life terms in prison — and the newspaper-reading public knew a great deal about phantasies, complexes, neuroses, psychoses, fixations, inhibitions, repressions, and perversions. And it was determined to know still more.

In the fall and winter following the trial, the more fashionable psychiatrists in New York City, so I was informed by a reputable member of the craft, were able to double, triple, and, in some cases, quadruple their fees for analyses. Even so, they could not take care of all their would-be customers. Their most numerous and profitable patients were, as has been remarked before, well-to-do, restless, and youngish women who wanted more from life than a comfortable home and a stolid husband, and were able to make 'transferences' their careers. But not all psychoanalytical patients belonged in this category, not by far. During the winter of 1924-1925, when I was working as assistant to a Freudian analyst, among our clients were a novelist, a public lecturer, a kindergarten teacher, a theological student, a musical-comedy actress, a social worker, a banker, a short-story writer, a famous diva, a governess (sent by her employer), a college professor, a maiden lady of some sixty-odd years, an instructor in a school for Quaker children, a stenographer, a candidate for an M. D. degree in a local university, and a business man from the cloak and suit district.

How much all these people benefited ultimately from having their unconscious probed, I have no way of knowing, for I have lost touch with most of them since that year. But that, at the time, they not only hoped but expected psychoanalysis to solve their most intricate problems, I have no doubt. For, in that great era of libido liberation, psychoanalysts were supposed to be possessed of a kind of super-knowledge which made them super-authorities upon every subject of our modern life. The psychiatrists' actual, empirical knowledge of housekeeping, or acting, or banking might be entirely superficial, or even nonexistent, yet from the mastery of their own special

subject they were accepted as being able to tell a housewife, an actress, or a banker just how to perform his tasks.

V

In the arts, for a while, it seemed as though the psychic physicians were to be established as the arch-critics. Their judgment was asked upon plays, upon novels, upon sculpture and painting. They wrote articles, lectures, and books, analyzing the unconscious motivation and the symbolism of Ibsen, Wagner, and Nietzsche. Dead literati were their favorite subjects, live literati their most flattering imitators. Between 1922 and 1928 a familiarity with the technique of psychoanalysis and a glibness with its jargon profited an aspiring young writer far more than a clear and graceful prose style or any true insight into character.

Psychology, to be sure, had had its influence upon contemporary literature long before the incestuous criminality of the infant libido was generally recognized. Indeed, the writers of our novels and short stories had been most respectfully impressed by psychological theories ever since William James bequeathed to them the 'stream of consciousness' method, a technique which is popularly supposed to have reached its final culmination in the last several hundred pages of *Ulysses*. But Joyce's Mrs. Bloom, for all the haphazardness of her thought processes, does not afford us the ultimate in introspection. This is to be found in the stories of Gertrude Stein, who got her training straight from James himself, while he was still unbored by the methods he had learned from Wundt. And, if Miss Stein's writing sounds a trifle meaningless, it does not sound a bit more so than quantities of 'laboratory data' which were printed with elaborate footnotes in the more conservative

psychological journals at the beginning of the century.

Recently Edmund Wilson has been wondering whether Ernest Hemingway's written dialogue is an imitation of Gertrude Stein's individual manner of talking, or if Miss Stein has patterned her own conversation after that of Hemingway's characters. But Mr. Wilson forgets an important temporal circumstance: Gertrude Stein still depicts the world as it is supposed to be projected through her consciousness into her tongue or pen, while Hemingway did not write a short story until after the latter-day psychologists had robbed man of his consciousness — and of all his impulses except those issuing from fear and hate and lust. If in their apparent simplicity their two styles become almost identical, nevertheless they represent the beginning and the end of more than a quarter century of radical psychological changes. Some of our writers, indeed, have become so adept at psychological analysis that they can combine the vagueness of introspection with behavioristic starkness, and motivate the whole by truly Freudian complexes into such an effective single novel as William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*.

But psychic probing during those days was not confined to books, nor transferences to consultation rooms. Psychoanalysis, which had begun its existence as a method of curing neuroses, was becoming in America a veritable psychosis itself. Social-service workers were no longer content with recording the financial, hygienic, and sanitary conditions of their charges; they must also discover their psychic states and tabulate the fixations, inhibitions, and daydreams of all those who sought their aid. The entire personnel work of one of New York's greatest department stores 'was put upon a strictly psychiatric basis,' with four physicians and

their specially trained assistants analyzing the thousands of employees, outside of working hours as well as in. The founder of the most famous of the new progressive schools boasted that she had established her institution for the express purpose of applying psychoanalytic doctrines to the education of the young, and pointed with the pride of achievement to the fact that her entire teaching staff and almost all the parents of her pupils had been psychoanalyzed. And everyone who knew anything at all about the theories of Freud or Jung or Adler felt completely free to set himself up as amateur analyst, and discuss and criticize and pass judgment upon the most delicate affairs of his friends' lives.

Prohibition has been accused, and not unjustly, of violating the sanctity of the home and destroying our respect for private property. But psychoanalysis violated a deeper sanctity and destroyed our respect for a thing more private than property could ever be. It killed the ingrained conviction that a decent man's inner emotional life remains, so long as he wishes it, his own private concern.

VI

Still, psychoanalysis, for all its majestic verbiage and its high-minded meddlesomeness, was fated, like mental testing before it, to give way in popular favor to another and yet more modern brand of psychology. It would be pleasant to agree with those optimistic commentators who believe that psychoanalysis lost ground in America because the public, by some miracle, discovered that its grandiose theories far outnumbered its proved facts. But there is slight evidence to support this view. The real trouble with psychoanalysis was that it was too slow, too difficult, too uncertain, and paid such small

dividends for the time spent in trying to understand it. A nation which believed that it could learn French and ballroom dancing and saxophone playing and how to make ten thousand dollars a year in ten easy lessons could not waste its time in following the subtle conflicts between the subconscious and the superconscious, or the animus and the anima. So, after the novelty of talking openly about incest and perversions had worn off, Americans lost, in a measure, their awe of Freud. They asked for a mental guide that would be more direct and objective. And they turned back, at last, to a native son. It was just about the time when buying on margin became our most exciting national pastime that Dr. John B. Watson began to give his startling interviews to the papers, and behaviorism burst into its public glory.

As a popular doctrine, behaviorism could be said to possess most of the appealing points of psychoanalysis, with few of its tedious difficulties. It was just as iconoclastic; but instead of explaining away religion and morals in terms of phantasies, wish fulfillments, and psychic censors, it simply called them 'responses.' It was equally frank in its discussion of sex; but instead of talking about it in unusual words, like 'libido' and 'fixation,' it merely named it 'stimulus.' There was no foolishness about behaviorism, no bookishness, no unconscious, no consciousness, no imagination, no thought processes, no mind. There was only Stimulus and Response. And that was all, too, according to its tenets, that there was to life, to art, to history, to happiness, to success. Know the right stimulus and learn the correct response, and the world, said Watson, will be yours.

A cheering doctrine, surely — direct, objective, and completely American. And, what is more, it was authoritative. Its perpetrator was no upstart exhorter.

He had been a professor in two of the most respected universities in the land, a President of the American Psychological Association, and a first-rate scientist. He had experimented upon rats in Chicago, upon noddly terns in the Galapagos, and upon babies in Baltimore. More than that, he was, at the time he brought his behavioristic theories to the public, a vice president in an international advertising agency — an industry which was as closely allied to Coolidge Prosperity as stock trading itself. If he could not tell us how to obtain success and happiness, who could?

From 1925, when Watson published his first really popular book, *Behaviorism*, until 1928, when his still more popular *Ways of Behaviorism* was brought out, he added no new facts or theories or even ideas to the gospel he propounded so insistently. He simply reiterated, in more startling and bolder forms, his few arresting provisos: that neither consciousness nor the unconscious can have any meaning for science; that we are born with no instincts and only three modes of emotional response; and that all of life is a process of conditioning our reflexes. Yet with this small quiver of behavioristic darts he took a pot shot at nearly every modern activity; and after each shot he claimed to have hit the bull's-eye.

His fame grew, not only because of the loudness with which he shouted these claims, but because his very cockiness drew almost equally loud rebuttals from his psychological enemies, for he considered and did not hesitate to call all psychologists who disagreed with him his enemies. As behaviorism gained in favor, therefore, all those other psychologies — those which were slipping in popular appeal, those which had already slipped, and even those which were almost unknown outside

the college classrooms — came in for a brief fling of public glory.

William McDougall, the last of the psychological moralists, met Watson in a debate to argue, and none too calmly, the existence of a free will. The structuralists and the functionalists, those implacable foes of the days when the 'stream of consciousness' was the last word in psychological realism, came forth from their sequestered laboratories hand in hand to uphold the dignity of introspection. A new and somewhat esoteric doctrine from Germany, known as *Gestalt Psychologie*, was expounded in the more intellectual magazines as behaviorism's most formidable rival. By 1928 behaviorism had become such a mighty word to conjure with that Harvey Wickham wrote a book criticizing a lot of people he did not like, not only Watson himself, but Freud and James and McDougall as well — and he lumped them all together under the inclusive title *The Misbehaviorists*.

But Watson had champions who were as staunch as his enemies were rabid. George Dorsey, the anthropologist, in his tremendously popular *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, sanctioned behaviorism enthusiastically. And he was not the only authority upon another subject who at that time turned trustingly to psychology. Indeed, one of the most significant indications of the true importance of psychology during the nineteen-twenties is to be found in the number of men who, trained and eminent in other fields, became for a while ardent devotees of this newest and most voluble of the sciences. The public during that period really learned less about the human mind from the bona fide psychologists themselves than from such sympathetic interpreters as Harry Elmer Barnes the sociologist, James Harvey Robinson the historian, Louis Berman the endo-

crinologist, Walter Pitkin the professional journalist, Albert Edward Wigam the geneticist, and Harry Overstreet the philosopher. By 1928 it seemed that the fervent wish, first expressed by Hugo Münsterberg some twenty years before, that psychology might become the scientific basis of modern culture, was rapidly being fulfilled.

VII

At that time, Münsterberg had also voiced another and more specific hope. This was that Congress would soon see fit to establish a 'government bureau of applied psychology,' composed of men especially trained in the science and qualified to give expert advice upon the 'psychology of commerce and industry.' In 1929 the need for such a bureau, if it could ever have been needed, had become heartbreakingly evident.

For in October of that year America developed a novel phobia — a fear of numbers, specifically of those figures which in brokers' offices appear so mysteriously upon ticker tape. Experts — statesmen, economists, bankers, and business men — gathered to diagnose the trouble. The patient grew steadily worse. Numero-phobia was complicated by fixed ideas of want and hunger. The experts were all the more baffled. There was food to be had, quantities of it on farms and in warehouses, means of transporting it, and money, somewhere, with which it might be bought. The experts refused to believe that their country could be suffering from an actual physical disease.

But the psychoanalysts had not, during the preceding years, preached their doctrine of functional neuroses to deaf ears. Even Presidents and Congressmen had learned that a malady could be entirely mental. So the titular rulers of America capitulated eagerly to that word which for a decade had so en-

thrallled their subjects. They diagnosed their country's ills as 'psychological.'

Now this might have been the highest opportunity for the psychologists to prove what really practical men they were. It was a crisis far more drastic than the 'military emergency' which had produced the golden age of mental tests. And one might imagine that the psychologists would have taken full advantage of it: that the clinicians would have started to compile the longest and most tedious case history of their careers; that the professors would have rushed their latest theories into print; that the technicians of the laboratories would have set up the most stupendous reaction experiment of all time; that psychological conclaves would have resembled Democratic conventions as the disciples of Watson and those of Freud resorted to their fists in deciding whether the sage of Vienna or the native son should be proclaimed America's savior; and that the lowliest member of the psychologists' guild would have made at least six suggestions for turning our defeatist mental attitude back once more to rosy optimism.

As a matter of cold fact, however, the psychologists have had less to say about the depression than about almost any social phenomenon of recent times. They had opinions in plenty, and highly vocal, about the younger generation, companionate marriage, and the social life of speak-easies. But about this sorry economic and mental state in which we have recently found ourselves they have been conspicuously silent. By 1930 Watson had ceased making those sweeping pronouncements which so delighted him during the boom years. Freud, reaching his seventy-fifth birthday in 1931, has apparently been content to hear himself eulogized as the greatest thinker of our time without troubling to do

any new thinking about the greatest problem of this time. William McDougall has been almost the only prophet of the psyche who has had the courage to face the depression and call it by its name. But he, characteristically, has interpreted it as a judgment on our mechanistic sins, and therefore sees no promise of its alleviation through the hard-boiled tenets of contemporary psychology.

VIII

If our statesmen thought that by calling our depression psychological they were conferring upon it the most up-to-date of adjectives, they were only proving again their ingrained conservatism. If they had not at the time been so horrified by watching the decline in the value of stocks, they might have noted a less spectacular but equally great deflation in the value of psychology. There was, as a survey of the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* attests, coincident with the falling off in business output a correspondingly rapid slump in the psychological industry. Fewer articles were published upon that subject in 1929 than in any other year since the war, and fewer still in each succeeding year.

A more detailed inspection of the *Readers' Guide* furnishes yet more startling evidence of psychology's recent but sure wane. Take, for instance, the case of intelligence testing, which, as we saw, had reached its zenith in 1922, and had been since then slowly declining in popular interest — slowly, that is, until 1928, when the subject interested only half as many authors as it had six years before. Yet in 1928 there were twice as many articles published about mental tests as in 1929. And the case of the 'subconscious' is even more decisive. In 1925 eleven magazines printed papers upon that

elusive topic; in 1928 eight did so; but by 1930 not one popular periodical contained a single article upon the subject. And behaviorism, whose virtues were extolled by eleven articles during its peak in 1928, had not one defendant or even commentator in 1931.

The steady decline in the interest in psychology is apparent not only from the decreasing number of words being written about it, but from the very spirit of the writing. Adler's is the only one of the great psychological names that has graced the publishers' lists since 1928. The *Gestalt Theorie*, which received its greatest popular attention in that same year, but which was being discussed by the cognoscenti as early as 1924, still stands as the latest of psychological innovations. The books upon the subject which are now being published by the lesser men in the field show very little of that confident and buoyant vitality which characterized them during the boom years. Some are frankly pessimistic about the mental powers of the human race, as such titles as *Sorry, But You're Wrong About It*, *The Jungle of the Mind*, and *A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity* indicate. Others take the form of historical critiques or analytical surveys, or go in for a half-hearted and muddle-headed kind of eclecticism — books which have about them the stultifying air of post-mortem examinations. Even Joseph Jastrow, who during his forty years' work with the ever-changing subject has tempered his enthusiasm with sagacity, has now admitted that 'psychology may not be a science.'

In this admission may be found the explanation not only of psychology's downfall but of its earlier rapid and still more dramatic rise in popular esteem. For ten years ago psychology was accepted for what it was proclaimed to be, a full-fledged modern science — not

a groping, hopeful, semi-philosophical discipline, but an established and competent technology which could analyze and explain man to his vaguest thought or his slightest muscle twitch. This was what the public wanted and what it offered its good dollars for at the book-stores. But eventually it got more than it had paid for — and a good headache into the bargain. As article followed article, and book followed book, and theory superseded theory, the essential nature of man, instead of becoming increasingly clear, seemed more and more obtuse and difficult to understand — until at last it was all but obscured by a mass of conflicting and unintelligible verbiage. The public which had asked for facts realized that it was being stuffed with words.

In another and more important way, too, the psychologists disappointed their hopeful readers. Science, in the modern popular conception, is more than factual; it is our last remaining form of magic. And, because psychologists were accepted as scientists, they were believed to be able to work the same kind of legerdemain upon the human mind that the modern surgeon works upon the human body, or the engineer upon cold, inhuman steel. But

psychology, for all its theories, has performed no miracles. It has renamed our emotions 'complexes' and our habits 'conditioned reflexes,' but it has neither changed our habits nor rid us of our emotions. We are the same blundering folk that we were twelve years ago, and far less sure of ourselves.

What the fate of psychology will be now that it has hit its new low is as difficult to predict as the level to which United Aircraft will some day rise. A merger with sociology or anthropology might be its happiest solution, but it is still too early to find evidence of such a move. Only one fact can be stated with any certainty. That is that there is at present no shadow of a new psychological prosperity peeping around the corner. Mental tests have been given back to the young school children for whom Binet invented them. The other theories are still, like Latin, being taught in the colleges, and just as painstakingly pursued by hopeful candidates for graduate degrees; but that great horde of men and women who not so long ago renounced the religion of their fathers for redemption by Watson or Freud are now finding solace in philosophy, or, according to their temperaments, in communism or astrology.

PIONEERING ON PEACE RIVER

BY HILDA ROSE

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
January 6, 1931

JOE, the boy who came to us on Christmas Day, is still here and seems to want to stay. Karl has never been so happy. He has always wished for a brother, and now at last he has one.

Already the boys are planning a cabin of their own before another winter rolls around. They really need it, for it is crowded in here. Then, too, Daddy cannot stand the noise that boys can and should make when they are happy. In a cabin of their own they could jump and wrestle to their hearts' content, and it would relieve me if they had a place to entertain the trappers who come to see them.

April 15

The boys took their twenty-tvos along with them yesterday morning to shoot ducks on the slough below the barn. The ducks all flew away, so they went to the barn to clean it up and to feed the horses, hanging their guns up high on the nails they use for their lanterns in the winter when it is dark inside. As they were thus busily working, one at each end of the barn, Joe's hayfork struck against a twenty-two and it went off and shot him. The bullet went through the upper arm, making two holes, then entered the forearm and lodged somewhere near the wrist. It was a mushroom bullet, so it is a terrible-looking arm.

The ice on the river was reported to be moving and very rotten, but we had to get him across to the Mission Hospital at once and have the young doctor remove the bullet. Poor Joe was weak from the loss of blood, and the pain was intense. Karl hitched the team to the old buggy and I hastily gathered Joe's clothes together and helped to put a mattress and some blankets in the back of the buggy.

Karl drove, and Daddy went along to take care of Joe — he has seen so many accidents in his life, he nearly always knows what to do. They had gone about six miles when a wheel of the buggy broke all to pieces. It is a very old buggy and the trails in here have been rough on it. We hope every year to be able to buy a new buggy, but it would cost about \$175, so is out of the question.

It was a front wheel that broke, and Daddy told Karl to cut a long, heavy pole and tie it to the front axle, and then let it go under the hind axle to support it while he removed the hind wheel and put it in place of the broken wheel in front. Dragging this long pole, they went on again until they overtook a half-breed coming out of the bush. His home was on the other side of the river and he said he was going to cross before the ice went out. He agreed to take Joe to the hospital, so Joe and the mattress were transferred to his wagon and Daddy and Karl came home.

April 29

Two weeks have passed and we have not heard a word from Joe or the half-breed. We do not know whether they crossed the river safely or went under the ice. We can only hope that all is well and go about our daily work with a prayer on our lips.

The ice is moving, and there is a jam below somewhere, probably against one of the large islands, for the river is coming up fast. It rose seven feet last night in a few hours. We have seen an ice jam raise the water ten feet in six hours, and it has been known to rise as much as fifteen feet. It is a dangerous river when the ice is going out, as the ice is very thick—usually about four feet if the winter has been severe.

We can only wait and hope that the young doctor is successful in finding the bullet. There is no X-ray to help him, so he will have to probe for it in the old-fashioned way.

It is lonely without Joe. Karl is all broken up about it; he was so happy over his chum and partner. Now all the spring work falls on his young shoulders.

He said to-night, 'I will have to dig in so Joe will have something to eat this winter.' He thinks only of his chum. This friendship is a good thing. It develops real happiness in spite of the suffering and trouble which nourish it now.

It will be months before Joe will be able to use his arm. We can only hope he will regain the full use of it. It would be a pity to have it stiff or the cords cut so it would be helpless. We cannot tell how it will come out, so there is no point in worrying over it now. The boy is in good hands at the Mission. The young doctor will do his best, and the Sisters are gentle nurses and are used to these accidents.

May 6

The river cleared yesterday, and to-day a river man came along in a scow that had a small engine to run it. He brought Joe with him to our landing to see if I could scrape up enough money to send him out to a hospital to have the bullet removed. The young doctor could not find it, and all the Sisters could do was to try to keep gangrene out of the wound. Joe has suffered now for three weeks waiting for the river to clear. He looks so thin and white and patient, poor boy. I have n't much money, but gave all I had, and he is gone to the outside. Once more we shall have to wait patiently until he comes back to us again.

May 10

We are now busy putting in the garden and Karl is ploughing the potato land. He has his hands full these days and hardly takes time to eat. He thinks only about Joe and wonders what Joe will say when he comes home and sees all he has done and how much he has planted. 'Joe will like this,' and 'Joe wants me to do this,' he says as he digs away. Does anyone work without an incentive, and is not love the greatest?

May 26

Karl was kicked in the face by a horse this morning. His right cheek was laid open and smashed up. Daddy undertook the job of fixing it himself, as he is experienced in such matters, and I waited on him. It was exactly two hours by the clock before he had it cleaned and shaped back into somewhat the right way to grow into a cheek again. Karl never said a word through it all, but when it was finished I felt so weak I had to go to bed for a little while. We did not have a crooked needle and the straight ones would not

catch the flesh, so Daddy put on strips of adhesive tape to hold it in place. It will make quite a scar, but we are thankful the horse hit no vital spot.

Joe is not back from the hospital outside, so we feel pretty bad about these accidents happening to both the boys this spring. No grain is in yet, though Karl now has the ground ready for it. It will not ripen, but it will make feed for the pigs and horses. We shall have to buy some grain to make into flour. So much bad luck!

May 28

Joe is back. He floated down the river on a raft. He is thin, but it is good to see his freckled face and battered old cap coming down the trail once more. I gave him every cent I had when he went out, and the hospital asked him for it and he let them have it, so he had nothing left to come home on. A man there gave him a handful of spikes and he made his little raft of logs and floated down the three hundred miles on the raging spring flood water of this mighty river. We are thankful he came home alive.

The operation was successful and the bullet is out. He will not be able to use the arm much this summer; one of the cords was cut almost off and he must be careful if he is to regain the full use of the arm. Karl is in much pain from his cheek. It is terribly swollen. He can take nourishment only through a glass tube. But both boys are safe, and that is the main thing.

July 10

One day last winter Karl came in, eyes aglow with the spirit of the North and cheeks frostbitten. Other lads of his age are in school all over the world. 'Karl,' I said, 'you ought to go to school, and when my ship comes in you are going.'

'Mother, I would die in a school-

room. I could never stand the confinement.' He continued: —

'In a schoolroom all day long,
Never, never, never.
Listen to me, mother —
In the spring the ducks would fly,
In the fall the geese go by
When ice runs in the river.'

He often talks in poetry, but does not know it.

'Some day you will wake up and want to go,' I answered. He said nothing, but a far look came into his eyes and he was thinking of his beloved woods and river, of the long trails that lead to where the deer come down to water, of the tangled wilds where the moose yard up for the winter.

It is a shock to me to have him take this attitude toward an education outside, but it is inevitable and brought on by letting him run wild in this open country. Karl thinks children should be free to grow untrammelled by schools and teachers. To a certain extent he is right, but not wholly. At home they can be taught to enjoy books, but in the cities the home is to many only a tent or tepee to take shelter in from the rain and to sleep in.

We have been reading about the state's raising children in nurseries and schools, thus relieving parents entirely of their care and education. It did not meet with the approval of the boys at all. 'I would not want to be raised wholesale,' said Karl. 'Retail for me,' said Joe. It depends on the homes, of course, and also on whether a large increase in population is desired. If I wanted to raise chickens for market I would buy an incubator.

Said Karl to Daddy to-day: 'Daddy, what would you do if you were invited to dinner with the King? There would be so many forks and spoons by your plate you would n't know which one to use for the different courses.'

Daddy laughed. 'Karl, you have

been reading English novels. I would say to the King, confidentially, as I picked up my spoon, "What signifies a spoon or two 'twixt you and me?'"

October 15

I put up a box of lunch for the boys and tucked in a funny paper they had not read yet. I saved it as a surprise for them. All young people love the funny section of the newspapers and a friend sends them to us. Won't the boys enjoy their lunch to-day out there in the woods?

There is a hope in my heart that somewhere there is a school for Karl, and a teacher who will teach him all he wants to know. A school that will not hamper him with entrance examinations he knows nothing about. A teacher who will take him as he is — a soul in need of knowledge to be of service to the world.

He sees the world with a wiser mind than mine and is really more practical in some ways. When trouble comes we talk it over together, and as a rule he decides what to do; later it usually turns out that his way was best. He has learned to live in a world of men. No college for me, only for Boy. Is it defeat to lose the dream? I live in the boy. It is better than wanting things for myself, who will, in a few short years, be resting on the hill.

To go out in the world where people may never understand him will be hard. To be whittled down till he fits into the small hole that he may not be able to evade — not that, not that! Let him do what he wants to do. Surely there is some work that needs to be done where he can still call his soul his own. To be a wage slave is worse than death, whether in office or factory. I have talked to many such people and their lives seem to be dwarfed. What will Karl make of himself? It is too early for him to decide now.

November 2

When I come to an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* that I do not understand I read it aloud to Daddy. He can usually explain it in simple words. If it is too deep for him, I read it to the boys. They listen intently, and if they too fail to grasp the idea, we lay it aside for the boy to take to college with him.

The article Karl likes best is in a very old *Atlantic*. It speaks of 'that restlessness of April days in city offices, that longing for distance and wildness.' The boy repeats over and over the phrase, 'the deadly sense of boredom in the suffocating heart,' and also, 'Socrates, who had no forest, roamed the streets.'

'The steady ache of a settled occupation' pleases him, but best of all to his mind is 'How fast the cities dwindled in population, how the inhabitants spread out, first into breathing room, then into elbow room, and lastly into comfortable spaciousness.' It is plain to see that the *Atlantic Monthly*, on which Karl has been nurtured, is partly to blame for the problem of his education now confronting me. When I say 'school' to him, he quotes the *Atlantic* to me, and I capitulate.

Daddy says this sentence from the same article speaks to him: 'We sent broken men and women into the noble natural sanatorium of the woods, and they came back with the live coal of prophecy on their lips.'

May 18, 1932

A dream is ended — the new neighbors are gone. They did not like the climate here, — too cold in winter, — so they have gone back to their old home in the United States. They had children still to educate, and it was for the best that they should go where the schools are. But their leaving is a shock to me.

September 12

Daddy went for a walk to-day and did not come home for his dinner. Karl took his pony and went to look for him. He found him sitting on a log contentedly waiting for someone to come after him. Karl let him ride the pony and walked home. I was quite worried, but thought an old-timer like Daddy would not go off the trail. He had only walked one mile, but, as the old proverb says, 'The mile is long to him who is tired.'

The hens are shut in their little house. The frozen ground is too cold for their feet now. The pigs are loose to run as long as they wish. They pick up any grain that falls when the boys feed the cows and horses. They love to be free.

The garden is brown and frozen. The gate is open for the sheep, and they are cleaning up the dead flower stalks. Everything has a desolate look with winter here, though as yet there is no snow. The only bird I saw to-day was a black buzzard flying low looking for food.

In the cabin there is warmth. On the window sills are bowls of everlasting or straw flowers, and the curtains are bright and cheerful. Daddy is tired, has not been up this afternoon. The walk was a little too much for him. To-morrow he will feel rested and talk to me over his tray. It is pleasant to converse with him. He has lived a long time in this world and seen many changes.

October 5

Daddy is very ill with the flu, and the crisis will soon be here. His heart is weak and the pulse slow to-night — I can hardly feel it under my finger. The boys are tired from the day's work and asleep in their cabin, and alone I sit through the long night hours. There is nothing to do but wait and hope.

October 7

Daddy is still very ill and lies very quiet. He is about the same as yesterday. Joe sat with him this morning till noon, and I slept on the cot, tired to exhaustion. A dream woke me. I seemed to be walking beside the river in flood time. Suddenly the ground melted under my feet; without warning I sank into the turbulent flood. There was time for only a hurried 'good-bye,' and a picture of Daddy flashed across my mind as I sank forever. Then my hand caught a willow and I opened my eyes. Death had come for me in a dream, and I was not afraid. It proves that my soul is schooled to leave Karl, but not Daddy. The boy is grown; he will not need us.

October 8

The sun is shining through a thick fog. It is a chilly morning and looks as if it might snow before night. The boys are hauling wood and took their lunch with them, so Daddy and I are alone. The crisis came last night, and he is better but very weak. From now on he needs only careful nursing.

We are happy once more. Daddy's birthday has occupied our thoughts lately and we are going to celebrate it 'with a bang,' as the boys say. Not to many does life give the wonder of eighty years. He wants a very large cake, one to last at least a week. That pleases the boys, for they love cake. The twenty-fourth of February is the day, and by that time the hens will be laying, so there will be plenty of eggs for the cake. A large milk pan will be about right to bake it in. It is to have three layers, each one different.

October 16

Life on the frontier is emotional, especially for a mother. One never knows what the day will bring forth. There is the scar on Karl's face, and

the first joint gone on his pointer finger, to remind me that anything may happen to a boy.

Last Sunday the boys were out on their ponies looking for the two-year-old red steer, which had failed to come home. Both the boys have very poor and old saddles. Karl rides on an old English one without horns, and the leather is rotten. A bear scared the pony, which jumped suddenly and threw the boy, dragging him a short distance in the bush until the strap providentially broke and let his foot loose. When he got up, scratched and bruised but not hurt much, Joe caught up with him; and Karl said Joe was as white as a sheet, and I don't wonder. Those boys think a lot of each other, and they had sober faces this morning as they fixed the broken strap. Joe said, 'Next time it won't break, and then something will happen.'

Then they talked cheerfully of how they wished to be buried, all through breakfast. They decided to be wrapped in red wool blankets and to have full-blooded Indians as pallbearers. Karl would be buried on the hill behind the cabin so as to be near his home, but Joe wanted his grave in the tiny cemetery at the Fort because it would be more cheerful. Only cowboy songs and some extra-choice hillbilly songs were to be sung, and the half-breeds were to do the singing, as they have splendid voices.

October 30

It is my birthday to-day. Fifty-two years have passed over my head, but the time seems short. We had a cake with two candles on it, for we celebrated the birthdays of two mothers — Karl's and Joe's. Joe's mother is far away in Manitoba, but it would n't have been fair for Karl to have a mother-birthday and not Joe. The cake was soft, and the candles were

so tall they would not stand up straight but leaned toward each other in a most affectionate way, as if exchanging confidences about their boys. It made the boys laugh, and we had a very jolly time.

December 24

It is Christmas Eve, and very cold. All are asleep; alone I sit beside the stove and write.

The boys brought me a load of spruce boughs to decorate the cabin, and we turned it into a fairy bower with the green branches. It is like living inside a Christmas tree. Three *Atlantic* readers sent Christmas candles in the mail, and when they are lighted here and there in the greenery the effect is wonderful and beautiful.

Christmas — we all love this day of days. For the boys there will be new beaded moccasins and beaded gauntlet mittens made of moose hide with warm knitted wool mittens inside. There are some Christmas gifts that came by air mail, too, under my bed waiting for the stockings that are hanging in a row. Even Daddy hangs up his stocking in the hope that Santa Claus will remember him with warm knitted socks and slippers and a new book or two.

If no candles had come I was going to fill every cup with butter and put butter-bitches¹ all over the cabin. The effect would have been startling anyway.

January 4, 1933

We ate our last rice pudding to-day. It appears to be our favorite dessert and we shall miss it this winter. Daddy is always cheerful. He would be the same if he had only bread and water. 'Eat your rice pudding, boys; when it's gone there'll be no hanker-

¹In the December issue, 'Christmas at the Ranch,' Mrs. Rose described this quaint but satisfactory lighting device. — EDITOR

ing,' said he. That is how we score on the depression.

You must either use your brain or lose it when you live on the frontier. Karl said to me to-day that he often wonders how it would feel to be somebody else. He said: 'I am the centre of the world around me. I stand on this centre and look at the world and wonder about the other centres, for all people are centres.' He is young. Some day, through much reading and contact with these other centres, he will know more about them. It is something that he can see he is not the only centre. I am glad he wants to understand people.

He is not worried about his soul at all. He asked me if I was sure he had one. Was it his brain, he wanted to know. I did not answer him, for I was afraid I might give him a wrong idea.

February 22

So many letters have come that many are yet unanswered, though I am slowly wading through the box of them that accumulated when Daddy was so ill. I have almost given them up, as I have little time now. In a way my diary is the answer to the many questions people ask me. Now I will answer some that have come.

Daddy has proved up on his homestead and has received title to it. There are thirty acres under cultivation. He has been repatriated and is once more a citizen of Canada. We all thought his papers would automatically make me a citizen also, but we have just learned that I must apply myself; so I mailed my application to the Secretary of State very recently.

When Boy found that he automatically became a citizen when Daddy was granted his papers he was pleased. Joe was born in Canada and says proudly, 'I am a Canadian.' When we

sat down to breakfast, Karl said, 'Canadians, all except Mother. She is nothing.' So here I am with my household full of full-fledged Canadians, and I without a country.

We still live in our one-room cabin. Three times I have had the money in my hand to buy lumber for floor and roof for another cabin, and each time some great need has arisen unforeseen and no lumber was bought. I still live in hope that some day I shall have my kitchen. I have planned for it a long time, and would have it now but for the depression.

In regard to the recipes people ask about, I could not sell my diary to be printed without including in it the one on sugar. Hundreds write to me for it, and I tell them to wait for the diary. So:—

Pully off the coat, boys, and roly up the sleeve,
For Jordan am a hard road to trabel, I believe.

That is the way you have to go about it if you want to make sugar from sugar beets.

First, the beets must be trimmed of roots and the tops cut off, including the part of the beet that is green. To keep the top of the beet from turning green it should be hilled up when it is growing.

Then soak in cold water and scrub each beet with a brush if the soil sticks to it. Next slice it thin with a sharp knife, laying the beet on a board or on a table top. For large quantities the farm root cutter, slicer, or pulper may be used.

The slices are then covered with boiling water and placed over a fire or on the stove and allowed to come to a boil. Only aluminum or scoured copper or enamel ware should be used to boil them in. We do not know what the effect would be on the beets if iron were used, but some day we shall try to find out, for we have a large

vat made of planks with a sheet-iron bottom nailed on.

When the beets have come to a boil, they are set aside and kept well covered to steam for about an hour. This is to draw the sugar out of the beets. This juice is then strained through cloth, for there is always some sediment from the beets no matter how carefully they have been scrubbed. We use four thicknesses of heavy flannel, as flannel never becomes clogged as cotton does. We boil down the sweetened water or juice till it is a thick molasses, and then cool it. Then we put it into a wooden candy pail in which we have made small holes for the molasses to drain off.

February 25

I planned it this year so that the sugaring off would come on Daddy's birthday. He was eighty years old yesterday, and last night he had the time of his life sugaring off, for it brought back happy memories of the old home in Quebec and of the sugar bush where he helped his father make maple sugar so many times. Not many octogenarians celebrate their eightieth birthday in this fashion. He stood over the kettles with a big spoon and tasted the boiling syrup, and told me stories as the memories crowded back on him.

The old recipe called for bone charcoal pounded into lumps the size of a pea and sifted to exclude the dust. These were to be put into the boiling syrup to raise scum, which, when skimmed off, would leave the syrup clearer and of a lighter color. Hardwood charcoal can be used, but will not bleach it. As we had so little syrup to experiment with, we did not put in any charcoal, because we wanted to use the scum, which is very sweet, in gingerbread. We are short on sugar this year; even the scum is precious.

'It is wonderful,' says Daddy, 'to have a sugaring off almost on the arctic circle.' I brought in a cake of river ice and he poured a little of the boiling syrup on it, and it resembled taffy when cooled. It should not be boiled into taffy, of course, if sugar is the end in view.

And now that the work is ended, —

Our eighty-year-old Daddy sits in his chair
And sails uncharted seas
With two Bibles on his knees.

'I never liked the word "inherited,"' says he;
'It is linked with death.
"Possess" is the better word —
It means much more to us.'

His voice comes like a benediction
As from the new translation he reads:
'Blessed are the humble-minded,
For they shall possess The Land.'

HIGH WATER AT LONDON

THIS is the wave that rang from shore to shore
With alien battle cries; this is the wave
That stood at Cæsar's prow, that scornful gave
Echo to Norman shout and Danish oar;
This swerving flood in many old nights has drawn
Seaward with such rare freight of dreams and fame,
Valor, and high adventure without a name,
That even to-day its foam runs fire at dawn.

Ay, even to-day its tides go burnished bright
With pomp of kings and beauty of watching queens,
Glint of old armor, arrogant flags unfurled;
And never this hour comes brimming to its height
But, slow and deep, an answering pulse begins
In all the lonely waters of the world.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

LETTERS OF AN UNWISE SON

BY WO HO CHONG

[THESE letters were written to a Chinese laundryman in Brooklyn by his son in China, and were brought to my attention by my father, the late James Vaughan Storey, who was for many years Adviser on Immigration at the port of New York. In one of the cases that came before him, these documents were introduced as evidence to prove that the writer of the letters was the son of their recipient when the former applied for admission to the United States on the plea that his father had become a citizen of this country prior to the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Act. The letters appear just as they were given to me in the original translation, which was made by a Chinese. — VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY]

*The middle part of February
The Third Year of the Republic*

DEAR FATHER: —

Since I have seen you, more than a decade of years has elapsed. I regret that my fate is so wretched, for the distressing star shines on my eyes and its glitter makes me waste the twilight hours of my youth in longing to go to a foreign land. When I think of this American land I cannot sleep, and when I think of being there I have the expectation of a wide land for the future, and my lucklessness turns into luckiness, and so for a few minutes I enjoy in a dream profound happiness and avoid grief. But each time I have wasted the little money that you have

sent me, forgetting that tiny scales put together make the great skin of the dragon, and little pennies make the dollars, and dollars make my trip to you a real adventure. Now, O my father, if I were seen by the Buddha of Clay, its tears would be dropped; or, if I were heard by the Image of Wood, its heart would be moved. We are legitimate father and son, wearers of the same blood. But now the father is in the West and the son is in the East, like in situation to the wild goose that is in the South and the swallow that is in the North. Forgive me, Father — I myself am the wild goose!

Indeed, I do not know when I shall see you, for we are like the mountain and the river that retain their olden shapes and stay apart forever. I am delicately built and I have nothing to do. Yet I must stay here, although I do not know what occupation I shall take up to support the family. Indeed, I can do nothing well but complain to Buddha of my fate.

Sometimes I think I shall go to Shanghai to enlist in the Voluntary Army in order to fulfill my duties to the Republic, for I think I would rather die on a battlefield and make my name widely known than die in a house where no one may know of it except the family, who would have to weep lest the neighbors should notice that they did not weep.

In regard to doing business other than that mentioned before, I cannot

find a capitalist. In regard to doing my duty, I cannot accomplish anything I set out to do, and I have nothing with which to comfort our family. However, I think of this when I wander in the garden, or eat my rice, or talk to the man who makes the jars that will go across the sea to the Land of Money. If his jars can go there, why cannot I? I am a living jar in which is sealed a spirit, and surely my flesh is finer than the unspeaking clay that stains the hands of the potter.

You mentioned Canton to me as a good place to establish a business, but, if you see the newspapers, you must know that there are terrible battles going on there for life and that the population is thick. The earning of a living in Canton is harder now than ever before. As for myself, I do not know what work I shall undertake. It is difficult for me to decide, and decide I must, for one day I shall be cut away from decision.

I hope you will protect your health. Add to it or lessen it according to the time and mix it according to the time. If you will do so, it will lessen my anxiety about you. And soon, I hope, you will return home to give the family happiness.

After all, things have been fixed in this way. The question of our having plenty or having nothing is decided by our fate. Do not worry, but take good care of yourself. This is the advice of your son. Even when we have seen a crow while we have kissed a magpie, we must remain happy.

I will petition you again. Even now the sun sets and the world is beautiful.

Please answer me when you receive this letter. Also, send me a gold watch, as it is very important that I have one.

Your unwise son,
WO HO CHONG

*The middle part of April
The Fourth Year of the Republic*

DEAR FATHER:—

Since I have seen you, more than a decade of years has elapsed. I am sorry that I am unable to present to you my greetings every morning and evening, and that I have failed to perform my duty as a son.

I regret that I was not born in an earlier time. The front of Life's road is now crowded with vehicles. The road of my fate has been turned upside down and I do not know when my hard time will vanish. If only the clouds would disperse and let me see the sky, I should be satisfied that everything is going well, but from skies whence rain has once fallen rain will fall again, and from eyes that have shed tears more tears will come. If, however, my hard time vanishes and my lucky time arrives, how glad I shall be! It would also spread a great banquet of joy for our family.

Everyone in our house, either young or old, is very well. We always try to eat more and put on more clothes. Please do not worry about us.

I have received the one hundred and thirty dollars that you sent on the first of April of the old calendar. The money in exchange on this sum, however, was much less. Whenever you send the money home again, please send it in care of Wong Long Ling Company. Do not send it in care of Mr. Ho Ti. My mother also agrees with me in this matter.

In your letter you inquired how I could spend the five hundred dollars that you sent in April or May of last year. Herewith I submit to you the details. When I received your letters telling me that you were planning to send for me to go to the United States, I immediately went to the city of Sun Chong to purchase several pairs of trousers of reeled pongee and several

coats for working clothes which I intend to wear when I work in the United States. I have heard from others that most of the Chinese there wear silk, especially the white or blue reeled pongee. Therefore I want to do as they do. When I went to Hong Kong, I also bought a suit of Western clothes which cost me over thirty dollars. When I was in Hong Kong I also ate a half portion of deer horn. There were, too, the expenses of my meals and other expenses.

In your letters you speak again and again of my going to the United States. I too often speak of this possibility and dream of it constantly. However, my father, in order that I may do so, I must have money, so do not fail to keep sending me whatever small sums you can spare. These I shall now begin to save, as I did not, unfortunately, in the past. Or I might use some of the money you send to do business at home without drifting into a foreign country and suffering from the wind and snow. If one has a good fate, he can do well either in his own land or in a land of foreigners. Moreover, the Immigration Law in the United States becomes more strict every day. Even the son of the father who is a legitimate citizen of the United States may meet with difficulty on his landing there.

Since the monarchical movement was attempted in China, all the patriots have risen. They started at Yun Man and Kwei Chow in opposition to the Monarchists. All the provinces followed and declared themselves independent. Their influence penetrated everywhere. Together with those opposing the Monarchists were many bandits. They have looted everywhere. They pretended to be Republicans and took up arms. The nation is in a state of disturbance, but fortunately there are police forces in every village. Whenever they see the bandits, they

fight them, so peace is maintained. The city of Kong Moon has been looted and the merchants there were very much frightened. The Republicans there fought great battles with the Monarchists. Streets of houses were set on fire. Merchants took to flight, some of them going to the villages and others to the mountains. My father-in-law, who lives there, managed to keep safe nevertheless. His store has not been burned, but it has been looted.

The situation is acute and I do not know when peace will be restored. Therefore, for the present I have decided not to do business. But if you have decided that I should, notwithstanding the political upheaval, please send the money home and I shall seize the opportunity whenever it comes. If it pleases me at Kong Moon, I shall do business there. I hope you will guide me by writing me often, so that I shall make no mistake.

Now, also, the waterways are hindered and the roads are obstructed. The price of rice is high; it has been over six dollars; and it is not even good rice. We cannot find anyone to lend us money. It is unfortunate for us to have to live in a place at the end of the water.

My little boy, Wing Chow, takes only milk. He does not take the rice soup. He does not take even enough milk, and the milk must be boiled all the time. This may be the reason that he is not growing fast. My sister, Lam Fong, is now at the age of fifteen, and it is time for her to be betrothed. We are now looking for a mate for her. I shall let you know when we find one. My mother sends word that you must send home one of every kind of the fanciest cloths for making the wedding dresses of sister. We have been considering a young man in the Lee family. We do not know whether they will

consent, but we shall ask them very soon.

When any of your friends return to China, please send home in their care some toys for the children and also clothes, small shoes, caps, and stockings.

I have asked you many times to send me a gold watch. Many months have passed since I last asked you to do so; but please don't forget to send me one valued at about thirty or forty dollars.

Your unwise son,

Wo Ho CHONG

*May tenth
The Seventh Year of the Republic*

DEAR FATHER: —

I honorably petition you. Since you departed from home, more than a decade of years has elapsed. I feel sad that I cannot see you and serve you every evening and morning. I feel more troubled, however, that you are laboring hard beyond the sea at your declining age for the sake of money. But rejoice that Buddha heard your prayer while you were still young and permitted you to go to America.

On May eighth, I received your one hundred dollars of Hong Kong currency together with a letter from which I learned that you are well, and the family was glad to know of it. Now I have found that your nature is very liberal and mild, but you have too much hesitation in you to act. I think there are very few persons in the world who can accomplish anything if they have this kind of nature, because their slowness and their desire for speed cannot relieve each other. The reason I say this to you is because you are satisfied with sending me small sums of money when you live surrounded by big sums that would come to you with a little more effort. Please think of this and remember that small sums of money are like the small fish that swim

near the bank of the river; they are all too easily caught.

If you desire to send money to my maternal uncle, do not send it to him directly, but rather indirectly. I say this because my account is different from his. My father, do not think that I am a mercenary person, but for me to disregard money at this time would be as foolish as for the baker to despise flour or the weaver to despise thread or the potter to despise the brown clay. For, even as the bread will come from the flour, the cloth from the thread, and the jar from the clay, so will my hopes become a reality when I hold the required money in my hands.

I have learned from the *Chung Sai Yat Po* [a Chinese newspaper of San Francisco] that a bill has been proposed to mobilize 8,000,000 men in the United States and to draft everyone from thirty to over forty years of age. Please let me know if you will be drafted.

In China there are many troubles at present. We are unable to go anywhere because there are obstacles in all the roads. I presume you have already learned this from the magazines.

Please send more money home in September or October, because by that time rice will be plentiful in the market and the price will be low. A month later than that, not only will the price of rice be higher, but it will be practically unobtainable, just as it was last year. If we do not receive your money until November, we shall have to go to the Sun Chong market to buy several bags of rice to last us until next year, and the worms may have grown in it, which of course cannot be eaten. My mother wants you to attend to this. It is very important. Moreover, we cannot find a place where we can borrow money and our misery would be dreadful. As you are in the Land of Money, you cannot believe that any

misery exists. Who knows that we have pawned all our valuables for only a hundred copper coins, for the slogan now is 'Take it or leave it!'

I am at present working in a merchandise house. The proprietor, Mr. Lo Kin, always lives in the country, where he is whiling away his time on several columns of books and a half jar of wine. He entertains no ideas for fame or for profit. Sometimes he goes to the meetings of other business houses and stays there for three or five or seven days before returning home. Mon Too has attempted to leave the firm because they will not increase his wages, but someone has successfully persuaded him to stay each time. He is very seldom at the store, but is usually out collecting his debts. Our firm has been very greatly hurt because of the poetical minds of those who run it. In business one needs a mind that is as sharp as the edge of the butcher's cleaver. My own mind is gradually being sharpened, my father, and I may soon be able to earn some money that I do not already owe to someone.

I shall petition you again later. Everyone, either young or old, is very well at home, so do not worry about us.

I have asked you many times to send me a gold watch. Why did you not send it? Please also send some ginseng home.

Hoping you are well, I am

Your unwise son,

WO HO CHONG

*The end of May of the old calendar
The Eighth Year of the Republic*

DEAR FATHER:—

I honorably petition you. Since I have seen you, more than a decade of years has elapsed. Whenever I think of this my heart feels pain, for I have not been able to perform my duty as a son even to serve you in a half-morning.

I realize that my guilt is very great, and I regret that I have not lived in another age and that my fate is so wretched that I fail in all my undertakings. I must now tell you that I have resigned my position in the merchandise house, for it gave me no time to meditate upon my misfortune in not being able to go to the Land of Money. My salary was too small, also, to pay for my exertion.

As time goes on, I yearn more and more to be with you, because, if I had my wish fulfilled, I could work well and support you and my mother in your old age. The potter cannot form the jar without the clay; the weaver cannot weave the cloth without the thread; the baker cannot bake the cake without the flour; and so I cannot do my duty without the inspiration of a new land.

I hope you will, at midnight, think this over. Do not expect a single wave of the hand to drive away the whole swarm of flies. When you would accomplish anything, you must be patient and you must stand as upon the top of a mountain that lies between success and defeat. Do not let either one or the other view that is offered therefrom cause you to leap into the deep waters of selfishness. Try to borrow the money and I shall some day pay it back. Please attend also to the necessary papers. You were fortunate to have entered and to have become a citizen of the United States before the Exclusion Law was passed. You must be very proud to be a citizen of a country where all men are free.

Again, you have stayed to do business there for more than a decade of years and your accumulations do not amount to much. Your health is very delicate and your expenses are great. I beg you to consider my coming and to think it over again and again; but do not worry in giving your attention to this

matter. My mother tells me to send you these words: 'What you can do, do by all means; what you cannot do, pray for!'

I am now confined in the country and my heart aches (figuratively) frequently, and I feel very sad and unhappy. In comparing myself with some, I find that I am most unfortunate. In comparing myself with others, I find that they are even more unfortunate. Thus it is decreed by the fates. It seems as if they balanced our fortunes in the delicate scales of an apothecary. To some they deal poison; to others sweet incense of eternal beauty and fragrance.

Now our family has only a ray of hope. If you do not send home your letters and your money regularly, we shall be very anxious about you and we shall cry for food in the bright hours of day and in the stone-faced hours of night. Half the age of your life is passed and your achievement is limited. As for me, I shall say that I am very much disturbed because I am confined in our home and have not the means of making a living. We folks in the family are at present very well, whether we are young or old. Do not worry about us.

Recently I went to Sy Ning City and received there a package of ginseng, a letter, and a gold coin. In your letter you did not mention the gold coin, and I cannot tell for what purpose you sent it, but I have had it made into an ornament for my sister's adornment on the day of her marriage, for, as I forgot to tell you, it is my youngest sister now who has come to the marriageable age and we have chosen for her a member of the Foy family.

I have also received the one hundred and thirty dollars that you sent home in care of Wop Tee. But this I have had to spend for past debts and the establishing of future credit; also for rice and some cloth for my sister's wedding dress.

Please send me as soon as possible the gold watch for which I have honorably petitioned you many times. I cannot write further, as it is getting toward evening. I shall, however, petition you again. I wish that I might be with you and do toward you my duty as a son.

Hoping you are well and that you have a great deal of work every day and often at night, I am

Your unwise son,

WO HO CHONG

LAST OF THE GIANTS

BY ISADORE LUCE SMITH

I

WHITE-HAIRED, thin, and very tall, he stood on the verandah of a high-pillared plaster bungalow. His black alpaca coat was tight across his bony shoulders. Heat hung in a dazzling curtain of light beyond the verandah steps. In the shadow where he stood, it crept across the stone floor and pressed against him, filling in between his fingers like warm water. He was used to it and did not notice it. He was wondering if he had time for a walk before tiffin — if he should take the time.

Behind him the thick walls of the bungalow were cut by arched doorways fitted with folding slatted blinds. The heat flowed through the doors into a large bare hall with a crudely made Georgian staircase, and into a high-ceilinged living room where straw matting covered the floor and a grayish-white ceiling cloth, sagging downward like a full sail toward the middle of the room, trembled with its inner life of tiny lizards. Set about, neatly spaced on the straw matting, were a few pieces of furniture — rattan chairs, a heavily carved black-wood table, a brass tea table, a whatnot.

In the compound before the verandah, smooth-baked earth threw back the glare of the sun. Shadows of enormous trees lay in sharp black circles. A long drive ran through the compound to an entrance gate between

high white walls. The bones of an English park, conceived in a strange land by a lonely English trader, lay bare and dry before the tall old man. But he did not see the trader's efforts consciously. This place was his home. He had been born there, had hunted in the compound as a little boy and learned to speak the native dialects there. He had walked there in the evenings with his bride. He loved the thick walls of the bungalow, gray and peeling for want of a coat of white-wash, the enormous trees, the few small flower beds. To him the place meant a different sort of effort from the trader's — it had been a mission headquarters for over a hundred years.

He sighed and wiped perspiration from the hollows under his eyes before he fitted on a pair of dark spectacles. He turned back into the bungalow to get a pith helmet and a walking stick from the hatstand, and to call to a servant, far away behind more arched doorways, that he was going out. As he went down the verandah steps he answered the salaam of a rachitic gardener in dingy loin cloth and turban, filling a goatskin at a low wellhead. The gardener advanced with his dripping bag to motion toward the vines climbing heavily over the verandah roof, fierce purple of the *Bougainvillæa*, pale pink foam of the *Antigonum*. The tall man echoed the inflections of the gardener's rasping speech, copied his

appreciative gesture, salaamed again, and went on down the drive.

An hour, he thought, should be time enough to think over the news of that morning, half an hour should take him to the cemetery and back. A sudden illusion of being already there took possession of him — the grassy mounds, the big trees, the moss-covered urns, and far away the great dry river bed. In the cemetery he would be able to see with clear vision. He felt momentarily refreshed, as if the river were full and gray and flowing swiftly from heavy rains. The end of the drive at the entrance gates dispelled the illusion. He turned down a white sandy road between hedges of prickly pear.

II

The weekly mail had arrived that morning, a great bundle of letters and papers brought by a half-naked mail runner. As usual, letters on mission business had been the first he opened. His wife, visibly shaking with eagerness, had torn open the ones from their children. She had read the carefully scrawled pages quickly and had left them in a little pile beside him in the big bare room he called his office. Then she had done something unusual. She had gone quietly into the hall, taken her sun helmet and green-lined umbrella, and gone out of the bungalow in the direction of the village. He had noticed this in the midst of his absorption because he knew it was not her morning for visiting the women, or the babies' home, or the school. He had planned to talk over something with her. He had not called her back because he had supposed that someone had been taken ill or was in trouble. Vaguely he had hoped it was not the Rajah's wives, petty women, impervious to religious influence. They were always sending for his wife to lighten

their cramped imprisonment in the tawdry palace, and she was always ready to go to them, pitying them, he thought, excessively.

He passed a hand across his dry forehead. He had lived in India nearly seventy years — all his life except the years he had spent at school and college in the United States. Heat dried the perspiration as soon as it appeared on his lemon-colored skin, except for the bothersome deep hollows under his eyes.

The first of the children's letters he had read was from Henry, who was studying medicine, who had been destined to study medicine since he was a baby, because that section of the country had not then had enough medical care. Henry had been dedicated to fill a great need, and although the mission had built a hospital near by and sent doctors, Henry's place was still there. And now Henry had written that his life was shaping another way — that of course he would come to India as soon as he got his medical degree, because nowhere was there such an opportunity for a young doctor to get experience, but he would not sign up for life. He would come for five years. He knew he was doing the right thing. His letter was full of respect, reverence, enthusiasm — but he wrote that he had made up his mind.

Quickly, with foreboding, Henry's father had picked up the letter from Lucy, the daughter who was to come so soon to take up her mother's work with the women, to go with her father on his journeys into the jungle. He had looked forward to having her with him, teaching the children and accompanying him on a harmonium when he sang hymns with the people congregated to meet him. Now that his wife was too frail for the long days, he had to take an Indian boy with a victrola. But

Lucy wrote to say that she was coming for five years only — that she, too, would not sign up for life. She had applied to the Board for an educational position and would be the assistant head of the girls' school. She hoped they would be proud of her. She was longing to get back to India again — to see the green of the rice fields — to be home. Henry and Lucy had obviously planned to write at the same time, breaking the same news.

Experience . . . rice fields . . . The tall man stopped for a moment to look ahead down the road, blistering white in the sun, hedged by straggling lines of thorny prickly pear. Far ahead was a green hill of foliage topped by a short gray spire. He walked on.

The third letter had seemed a faint, tiny echo of the others, dull warning from a future beyond his control. In a childish round hand it had come from their baby, Mary, now sixteen. He had not seen her for five years — he had not seen any of his children for five years. He found it hard to keep a mental picture of them different from the last time he saw them, when he had taken them away from India to go to school in the United States, as his parents had taken him. Mary had written a cheerful letter full of the painfully obvious subterfuge adolescents practise in letter writing. She was full of joy and excitement — the school was wonderful, the teachers beautiful, her studies absorbing. At the very end came a P.S. carrying the burden of her excitement — she had gone home for the week-end with one of the girls at the school and had been taken to the theatre, to see a musical comedy.

The tall man walked faster. His head ached. He felt that his brain must be boiling under his helmet. The stiff prickly pear seemed to sway and dance like reeds in a breeze. The road

lifted and fell before him. He stopped to steady himself. Perhaps he should have taken the car — then he remembered that he was out for a walk, to think. He could not use mission petrol except on mission business. He straightened his shoulders and strode through the white dust.

Five years — as against a lifetime. Five years, as an interesting experience. No dedication, no sacrifice, no feeling that their lives *belonged* to India and the work there. And little Mary being taken to the theatre, to the theatre in its cheapest aspect, and enjoying it. He thought of his own parents and what they would have done. . . .

III

He saw his father, tall, spare, dignified, with a springing carriage at seventy and piercing blue eyes. His mother, tiny, dry-skinned, and bright-eyed, never flinching, never hesitating between right and wrong in the smallest matters. He had been their only child to grow up. Five others had died as babies. His parents' burden had fallen to him alone — and he had accepted it.

He saw himself as a little boy, going about with his father and mother in the jungle, sleeping in the tent with them, teaching the little native children simple texts and short hymns while his mother played the harmonium that Lucy was to have taken up and his father preached in whatever was the language of the people gathered to listen. He smelled the coconut oil, the jasmine, the hot dust. . . . He saw himself taken to the United States on a sailing ship, because that was still the cheapest way — the long voyage round the Horn, the white-scrubbed decks, the services on board, a flag over a table for the altar. He remembered the storm when the captain had come

to their cabin to ask his father to pray and had found them all on their knees.

He saw his first days at school, taller than the other boys, thinner, yellower, knowing already more of life than they would ever know. They had never had their pet dogs eaten by panthers, seen people dying in agony, commanded and instructed brown men in their own tongue. At first he had been popular, but as soon as they had found out that he was never disobedient, never in any way deceitful, when they saw that he looked on their antics with a teacher's serious and uncompromising eye, they left him alone. And he had been glad to be left alone. His parents had given him an inner spirit impervious to neglect, to temptation, to doubt. He had been forewarned against all sins, forearmed against the world. Smoking, drinking (except for illness), card playing, theatregoing, dancing — he knew them to be wrong and he had no inclination toward them. As he grew older the actions of his contemporaries seemed more and more reprehensible. He prayed for them and tried to talk with them; but his heart was thrown ahead into the time when he should go back to India.

As he had grown older his body had caught up with its tropically overgrown frame and his character had become solidly his own, built upon the foundation his parents had given him. A good scholar, a brilliant one, he had also been good at games — he could still give the young men at the hospital a game of tennis in the evenings. He had a good voice. He had been popular with the young women. There had been so many happy evenings when young people had gone calling in groups and sat on steps to sing, the girls arranging their skirts in crisp masses about their feet. Everyone had been happy then, he thought. Even the

young men had come to respect him and his purpose in life.

One of the faces on the steps came clearly from the background of laughing voices and high-piled hair. The leader of all the girls, the most sought after by all the young men. Her ideals had seemed to coincide exactly with his own. She had listened, with wide admiring eyes, while he talked of India. He had asked her to marry him and she had agreed to wait seven years. He knew that his parents would think he could not begin his work properly if he came back to them with a bride. He remembered her look when she had promised to wait for him.

His seven years had passed like a dream. All he grasped of them now was a sense of complete rightness. He had come home to his work and his people, he was one of a long, strong chain. His parents had been happy and satisfied. He had buried them in the cemetery by the little plaster church where he too would lie with his children — no, not his children. He took his handkerchief to wipe where the bridge of his glasses pressed his nose. Moving his glasses let in the painful glare of the sun. He shut his eyes.

IV

When he had gone back to America on his first furlough he was a man with a world of his own, shaped to his convictions, a world where his word was authority. The girl on the steps had changed very little, — more serious, certainly older, — but he had grown away from her in those years. Bringing her nearer had not been easy. In small matters they still agreed. In more important things there were misunderstandings.

She startled him by her eagerness to be married — she was almost hysterically eager. She had seemed to want to

awaken passion. He was even a little afraid that she saw going to India with him as an adventure, not as the dedication of her life to the country and the work. He had told her of the degradation of the natives among whom they would work, of the groups of girls who came to his tent at night when he was on tour in the jungle, girls led by an older woman who woke him by twitching at his mosquito net. Scented, jingling with ornaments, hiding their faces, a strip of bare skin showing between their short bodices and full skirts, they tittered and giggled, shifting on bare feet while the old woman offered him his choice. He had sprung out of bed, turned them away, poured anger mixed with pity on the hag and her troupe, and returned to his cot to pray for them, that he might show them the way. He had told her of these repeated encounters (for they had thought him only temporarily insane) to show her how much the people needed help, how the girls needed her to save them. She had caught hold of him in what seemed a tempest of rage against someone, had claimed him as hers against the world, had cried. . . . She had not at all understood what he was trying to show.

After they were married she had seemed still not to realize what their life was to be, what life should be. There had been painful scenes. But with Henry's birth she had become a true partner to him. Two more babies had been born and she had seemed willing, even glad, to have their lives planned for them. Only occasionally had she puzzled him — as when she would not talk of being buried in the little cemetery which he could see now across a dry brown field, and when she had suddenly taken the money her father had given her when she was married, which she had never touched, even for the mission, and had gone

home on special leave for one rainy season to see her children. Now he wondered how much her visit had to do with all this. The white road rose again and the prickly pear swayed.

She had come back changed inwardly and outwardly. She wanted to wear an almost sleeveless dress for dinner in the evenings, like Englishwomen who did not know or care what the natives thought. Henry had chosen the dress for her, she said. He had asked her to chaperon his college club dance, had wanted her to look nice. Had Henry danced? All the young people did now, she said. He had not mentioned it again. She had been overexcited, strange, preoccupied. She spoke of mail day as the pivot of the week. She seemed lost to him, to her work. And then she had gradually become her old self, only quieter, more determined.

V

Ahead of him he saw the green hill of trees very near, and the cemetery gate beneath it. A sharp-ribbed native cow was gazing through the gate at the comparative richness of the grass inside. He slapped her rump to make her move over, and a tiny Indian girl gathering cow pats for fuel ran up, salaaming, to drive her away. He shut the gate carefully behind him. Crows rose flapping from the shade and flew off over the river bed. He passed the oldest grave in the cemetery, that of the first English trader, and then the family lot of the trader's successor in the big bungalow, a Captain Macphedris who lay there with his young wife and three small children, all dead in the same week from smallpox. Their gray moss-covered urns were half hidden by the big branches of the peepul trees which stretched over the graves.

He stopped by his great-grand-

parents' graves, where the urns had been copied by Indian hands from the more pretentious ones sent out from England for the English. Then his grandmother and grandfather and their children, so many dead in infancy — the same names over and over again — Lucy, Henry, Mary. He went through the graves to a seat under a big peepul tree behind them. He sat down in the still dusk of the shade. Between the headstones and down the gentle slope past the cemetery wall the dry river seemed flowing in burn-yellow sand.

Every seven years since he had officially joined the mission he had left his world in India to find the world outside increasingly chaotic. After a year of study or teaching in the United States he had returned thankfully and gratefully to India. The world outside seemed to him to be going mad. Where he had used to plead impassionedly to churches full of puffed sleeves and well-brushed Prince Alberts for consideration of the childwives and widows of India, for money to replace lewd and unnamed native customs with Christian ways of living, he stood aghast now before young girls who danced and dressed as provocatively as any Hindu temple girl, in a land where every advertisement, song, and popular novel proclaimed a purpose in life no higher than that showed so persistently in Indian temple carvings. And now that world had taken his children.

VI

He had seen the first inroads of the modern outside world when the young men and women coming to India to give their lives to mission work had begun to shy from the simple word 'missionary' and had prefixed 'medical' or 'educational' to it. It was they who called 'evangelical' him who had

been all things to all men, who had started the schools in which they were teaching, who had dressed wounds and cured ills for all the countryside before the doctors were born.

They had a different attitude from the missionaries of his day. Some of them had had no experience of divine summons to come to the mission field. They were amused by framed texts on guest-room walls, at being asked if they had conviction of sin. They saw no reason in walking down a Brahmin street and being stoned as pariahs were stoned, as Christ was stoned. The young women would have gone to the club in the nearest large town to dance with the British officials if the mission had allowed it. He had even seen two of them smoking, sitting on a Mohammedan tombstone one bright moonlight night. He had started to speak to them, when he had seen that they were also crying. He had gone quietly away then, knowing that sometimes for young people it is hard to adjust one's self quickly to a strange land in which one has not been born.

The spirit of the newcomers was restless, wishing for a change in established habits of thought and living. When, planning for Lucy's arrival, he had told a group of young people that he did not want anyone to speak to her of things outside her work, they had thought him tyrannical. He had been thinking of the tragic case in a family which had done mission work in India for three generations. The daughter, an only child, had come out to the mission, to her parents in their village. After three years of excellent work she had become engaged to marry the British magistrate for that district. Two years of pleading, praying, reasoning, had not changed her, and her resignation had been accepted. She had left her work, married the Englishman, and broken her parents'

hearts. He could not bear to think of Lucy being exposed to ruining her life and work.

He raised his pith helmet for a minute to see if that would make his head stop aching.

Somehow he had thought that being one of a long line devoted to mission work in India would make his children strong enough in their generation to resist the fraying of modern life. He had never doubted that they would come. He had never doubted that they would spend their lives carrying on their family's work. He had thought of their first years as a firing period, to temper them for long and splendid lives. It had seemed to him that after their first few months in the country they would do better if he and his wife were not there for them to lean upon. Gradually he had felt his way toward a plan which had become his greatest desire. He wanted to break new ground before he died. His life now was too comfortable, his work easy. He and his wife should move on.

Down the coast in the jungle on the shore of a big bay was an abandoned house. A Roman Catholic priest had built it and had died there with the whole of his parish from plague. Now a few fishing villages had sprung up again and the jungle had been claimed by a nomad robber caste. It was fertile and waiting ground.

He had not spoken of it to his wife, but he had felt sure that she would welcome the idea of going to new work before they died. He had meant to talk it over and settle upon it with her that morning. And then she had gone off for a walk by herself, almost as if she had had a part in bringing this upon him and could not bear to see the blow fall.

For, now that his children were to come for so short a time, he could not go. He was an old man, and his active life was done.

Suddenly he found that the cemetery offered no refuge. The crows were too loud, the glare too intense, the air too still. He rose to walk home.

A TOURIST IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

THE first thing that strikes the tourist in San Francisco is the hills. All the mountains that skipped like rams in the Bible having decided to settle down by the Golden Gate, the lambs — the little hills — naturally did the same thing, and in due course San Francisco resulted. Old San Francisco, the city before the fire, is said to have been the most foreign, that is to say, the most picturesque city in the United States; most of this picturesque quality has departed, and what was, less than a hundred years ago, merely a collection of huts and tents, known as Yerba Buena (good herb), is now a flourishing and finished city, so far as any American city may be said to be finished. I suppose that if I had to live in a finished city — like Bath, England, for example — I should not like it for long; I know I should not. But San Francisco, it seems to me, has struck the happy medium between quiet dignity and the horrible turmoil of New York.

I found at my hotel letters of greeting, invitations, and cards giving me the privileges of several clubs. My hotel being near the Pacific Union Club, I was glad to avail myself of the courtesies of that magnificent institution. The building is of cut brownstone which came round the Horn years ago to form itself into the palatial residence of a once-famous citizen — Jim Flood, as he was always called.

But there is another club, even more exclusive than the Pacific Union, of which I became an honorary member, the 'Hook and Eye Club.' It is usually called to order at five o'clock in the afternoon, with the following ritual: '*Who can I get to buy me a drink?*' Everyone feels personally addressed and gives the expected answer. Late comers invariably put the same question as they enter, and presently all is as one would have it in this, the best of all possible worlds. There is naturally a long waiting list, and I was told of a sort of Ladies' Auxiliary or Dorcas Society called the 'Hook and Ladder Club' — climbers, hoping to break in; but it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Los Angeles affects to be 'dry.' There is no affectation about San Francisco: it is, frankly, 'wet,' and the liquor is of the best. Prohibition there, as elsewhere, is an empty word; and, between the vintages of France and the excellent wine of the country, prohibition officers have no difficulty in making ends meet and, indeed, lap over. Have we not, now, reason to believe that this tragic and expensive farce will soon be ended?¹

I lift my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh, not my help, but my

¹ These lines were written before the last presidential election; subsequent events have proved Mr. Newton to be a prophet worthy of honor in his own country. — EDITOR

fear. I shall never forget my first ride around San Francisco in a motor car. We climbed a hill as steep as the wall of a room, reached the top, shot down to the bottom and up again, and so on for hours. I sat on the edge of my seat, my heart in my mouth, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces. If I prayed, — and I fear I did, — my prayers were answered, for nothing happened; nothing ever did happen, Mrs. Willie Van Antwerp, who was at the wheel, assured me, but this must have been said to quiet my fears. Accidents must happen; perhaps, like hanging, one gets accustomed to them. Taxi drivers, I feel certain, delight in the anguish of their fares. Noticing a sign which read, THIS HILL IS DANGEROUS WHEN WET, I inquired, 'Do you have many accidents?' 'Oh, yes, frequently,' was his reassuring answer, 'but we don't mind 'em out here.'

Speaking of signs, I saw two amusing ones when I was last in England. One was in a miserable little hamlet in the Norfolk Broads: FOR HOT BATHS APPLY AT THE POST OFFICE. The meaning, it was explained, was that if one wanted a hot bath one went to the post office and there learned the whereabouts of a house which was in a position to offer the desired accommodation. The other was in a cheap restaurant in London. It read: —

IF YOUR WIFE CANT COOK
DONT DIVORCE HER
EAT HERE
AND KEEP HER FOR A PET

II

But to return to San Francisco. Very few American cities have an atmosphere essentially their own, and, for the most part, those which have are not much to be envied. San Francisco has its own atmosphere and is proud of it; perhaps before the fire it had excess

of it. Its position is superb, just within the Golden Gate, a narrow strait only a little over a mile wide giving entrance to a bay of great extent. It is not curious that explorers cruising the Pacific missed the entrance to the bay and that the site of the future city was first discovered from the land side. All that I knew of the city, up to the time of my arrival, I had gathered from reading, many years ago, the sea classic, *Two Years before the Mast*. It is not quite a hundred years ago that Richard Henry Dana, then a student at Harvard, for his health's sake shipped on the brig *Pilgrim* as a common sailor, bound round Cape Horn for California. The book contains some of the earliest and best descriptions of the state that we have, and although Dana's observations were rather upon the southern than upon the central portion, — he seems not to have gone inland at all, — he observes, prophetically, 'If California ever becomes a prosperous country this bay [of what is now San Francisco] will be the centre of its prosperity.'

Gold had not yet been discovered in California when Dana made his voyage, and the chief products of the country were hides and tallow, which were plentiful and cheap, and the fortunes of some of the best people in Boston were made in the trade. His experiences in curing and packing hides and his comments upon the Catholic missions established by the Spaniards, the crimes committed by the Indians, the Mexicans, and, indeed, by all the peoples of the then Wild West, make most interesting reading. Viewing California to-day, it is difficult for one to realize that in less than a century lawlessness has been banished, and magnificent and prosperous cities have risen in what was only a century ago a wilderness.

The word 'California' aroused my curiosity, and, seeking information without conspicuous success in such

books of reference as I have, I finally wrote my friend Robert E. Cowan, of Los Angeles, who is the great authority on the state's history, and was enlightened, as I knew I should be. The origin of the word is obscure, but it is believed that when 'stout Cortez,' as Keats called him in his famous sonnet (he should have said Balboa, for it was Balboa who first saw the Pacific), discovered Lower California in 1535, there was, in all probability, on board his vessel a romance, then of great popularity, but now wholly forgotten, one chapter of which was devoted to a description of a fabulous island called California, an island filled with amazons, griffins, and the like, and of course with a plethora of jewels, gold, and silver. After his long cruise, Cortez, full of the romance of his expedition, is likely to have said, 'This is indeed California.' At all events, such are the facts first presented in an article which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1864 by Edward Everett Hale, which have since that time been generally accepted.

Californians are justly proud of their state, which is the second largest in the Union, and in romantic interest stands first. We took it in whole or in part from the Mexicans, whom we thought either too lazy or too incompetent to administer it. It is not, and never was, as some of our Western states are, merely a geographical expression, kicked into the Union for political reasons, as the King of England sometimes makes peers — for their votes. It came in as an empire and it remains one. Inevitably it was destined to form the greater part of our Western frontier, extending, as it does, along the Pacific for almost a thousand miles. San Francisco looks through the Golden Gate upon the ocean and even more upon its great bay, on the opposite side of which are the cities of Berkeley, Oakland, and

Alameda. On its own side of the bay and connected with it by superb motor roads are a dozen suburban towns down to Burlingame, all these tending to form — I hope I do not offend them — one great city, for it is as certain that San Francisco will ultimately absorb them all into herself as that Los Angeles will become a great seaport or that London has already swallowed up a dozen or more small villages.

A seaport has an advantage which no inland city, however great, can ever overcome. As New York may be said to be an outlying gate to Europe, so San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Seattle may be said to be the frontier of Asia. What may not the future hold in store for these great cities? It was because Mr. Huntington asked himself this question and answered it to his satisfaction that he gave so liberally to Los Angeles. He took stock of its climate, which — if you like it, and it is a form of treason not to — is better than that of San Francisco, with its rain and fog; but these are responsible for the enormous fertility of the vast valleys which extend for hundreds of miles to the south and east of the city and are connected with it by rail, road, and boat, so that San Francisco is indeed the heart of the state, the more so since a range of mountains, the Sierras, forming practically the eastern edge of California throughout its entire length, keep the climate where it belongs. Beyond the mountains is the desert state of Nevada, with its population of about 90,000 chiefly employed in growing cactus and Senators.

But why should I bother myself and the reader with these details? Everyone knows them. But not everyone has motored or traveled by train, as I have, mile after mile through orange groves of California, hundreds of thousands of acres of them interspersed with orchards of peach and plum and apricot

and other fruit-bearing trees, all in such perfect cultivation and order that one — from the East — has almost a longing for that miserable and disgraceful stretch of country which is the hinterland of Hoboken and Jersey City. And these fertile areas can be extended indefinitely: water will do it, and the scientific management of water is not difficult these days.

III

‘By their fruits ye shall know them’ — yea, verily; but what about trees that have no fruit on them? And yet my visit to California was chiefly to see one man, my oldest friend, Willie Van Antwerp, and another, my next oldest, a dignitary of the church (‘believe it or not’), and the great trees, the Sequoias, which are perhaps the oldest living things on this planet. If Van Antwerp had not, by good chance, happened to be hand in glove with A. Stanwood Murphy and Donald MacDonald of the Pacific Lumber Company, I should not have been able to see them so abundantly. As it is, I feel that the great trees are my personal friends — if an atom of my size and age may have for friends giants of the age of five or six thousand years. I have heard it said that individual specimens of the eucalyptus in Australia are taller, and that some of the cypresses of Mexico are older than our own redwoods, but I have seen the redwoods and am content.

We had only been in San Francisco a few days when an invitation arrived from Mr. Murphy, the president of the Pacific Lumber Company, to go with him by train to Scotia, a night’s ride to the north, there to spend a week-end in the Director’s Cottage, where men and motors would be placed at our disposal. How glad we were to accept the invitation I need not say. We were a

party of six, and our hosts were men who had spent their lives with and among the trees. First let me say that there are two — there may be more, but we saw two — famous groups of trees: one then belonging to the Pacific Lumber Company, several hundred miles north of San Francisco, and another about a hundred and fifty miles almost due east of the city, through which one may pass as one enters the Yosemite. The latter contains the largest and oldest trees, but as a whole this national grove is not so impressive, and certainly is not so well kept, as the grove which is, or was when I visited it, the property of the Lumber Company.

As with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, everyone who has seen these great trees has described them, and yet one feels how futile his attempt must be. I have already referred to their great age. When I was a boy I was taught that the world is about fifty-seven hundred years old. If my early training was correct, these trees then may be older than the world, which adds greatly to their interest. They run thirty-odd feet in diameter, a hundred in circumference, and three hundred and fifty feet high, and perhaps two hundred and fifty feet to the first branch. But figures mean nothing, and if my reader hates them as much as I do he will be glad to have done with them. Now let me ask a question. By what known means in mechanics is the sap lifted to the tops of these trees? I put this question to Mr. Murphy, who gave it up and told me he would inquire from one who ought to know. As a result, a gentleman unknown to me developed a number of interesting theories, wrote learnedly to me of ‘transpiration pull and water cohesion,’ and even so far forgot the ignorance of the man to whom he was writing as to describe a process which he

called 'osmosis,' finally confessing that authorities differed — as is the inviolable rule with authorities in every walk of life.

For their immense size the roots of these great trees are small and do not extend many feet into the earth, so that they are easily overturned. The trees are for the most part as straight as an arrow, and their bark is rough, almost ragged. One knows, of course, that they are 'evergreens,' but does everyone know that a bird is never seen or heard in these immense forests, hundreds of square miles in extent? This is due undoubtedly to the highly aromatic nature of the redwood, which birds find unpleasant and which insects equally dislike. As a result, there is an almost unearthly quiet in these noble forests. The trees stand close together, as close as stone columns in a cathedral of endless extent; the branching boughs, far overhead, form a great basilica in which there is absolute silence. It is a place for reverie. 'The groves were God's first temples,' and these trees may be His last, for they are growing still and, seemingly, can withstand anything except fire. Against this they have no protection, and it is sometimes pitiful to see a grand tree or group of trees which has been almost destroyed by that element.

The wood itself of these trees is practically indestructible. This is proved in many ways. For example, a tree for some reason falls to the earth; presently, by some means, a sapling gets astride of it and takes root; finally the sapling becomes a tree, one half of which is on one side of the fallen giant, the other half on the other. Does the fallen tree decay? No fear. After centuries — for the age of a tree can be told to a nicety by its rings (a ring for every year of its life) — the wood of the fallen tree is as sound as ever, and some day, maybe, foresters will come along

and saw away the fallen log on either side of the standing tree. Several such examples or specimens were pointed out to me. Of what good is the lumber? Well, in one town through which we passed we saw a good-sized church built of the timber cut from one tree. Where great strength is not required, the redwood may be used for any purpose for which lumber is suitable; it is especially good for clapboards of houses, for shingles, and for cigar boxes.

I have said that the largest trees, the 'Grisly Giant' and others named after our famous men, are not those of the Bull Creek Flat through which I was conducted under such distinguished patronage, but in another grove southeast of San Francisco. While I was in Scotia, negotiations were just about completed by which a portion of the holdings of the Pacific Lumber Company were being taken over by the Save-the-Redwoods League, to be preserved for the public forever. Toward the fund necessary to obtain a tract of over thirteen thousand acres, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with his usual generosity, contributed two million dollars, and various organizations, including the Garden Clubs of America, gave or pledged substantial sums, and finally the great object was achieved. My friends of the Pacific Lumber Company were in a difficult position; they had, as officers of a corporation, a duty toward their stockholders, and they had also a duty toward the public, who insisted that no more trees be cut. The Save-the-Redwoods League was much helped by public declarations of men in every walk of life. It is always easy to get a man to declare that another man should surrender his property for the public good. Sam Blythe said this and Professor Campbell said that, Dr. Crawford this and Joe Hergesheimer that, until finally the effort was successful and the redwoods were saved. Joe, who is a

neighbor of mine, slings a very flowery pen, and upon occasion can let himself go very effectively. He said: —

Standing in this grove of redwoods, I thought of the bitter and vain resentment that the future — when it had learned that commerce was not enough to keep the heart alive — would hold against the past, our present. The grace of the towering trees masked their gigantic span; the ground, in perpetual shadow, held only flowering oxalis and emerald ferns. It was raining very softly. The fallen trunks of an utter remoteness, too great to see over, were green with moss. The whisper of the wind was barely audible, far off, reflective; the gloom in the trees was clear, wet, yet mild. It was the past. And this was the redwoods' secret, their special magic, that they absorbed, blotted out, the fever of time, the wasted years, the sickness of mind, in which men spend the loneliness of their lives.

It was a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, but the thing after ten years was done. The redwoods were saved and the world is the richer therefor. Nothing on this continent is so well worth a visit. I shall never forget the great trees of California.

IV

The Yosemite is roughly one hundred and fifty miles east of San Francisco. One uses the phrase, '*seeing* the Grand Canyon,' but one refers to '*going into* the Yosemite.' Both phrases are properly descriptive. There are indeed two Yosemites — the *park*, which contains about eleven hundred square miles, and the *valley*, which may contain ten. It is the valley which people usually refer to as the park. Through this valley flows a turbulent stream, but this stream, drawing hundreds of little rivulets into itself, finally becomes the Merced River, and is responsible for the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. Look at it to-day and one

would not suppose that it was once capable, with the assistance of a glacial disturbance, of cutting its way to the depth of thousands of feet through hundreds of miles of the toughest granite. The valley which it has scooped out and the meadow which it has formed are now level and park-like. Its broad and well-kept lawns are interrupted by drives and walks bordered with flowers. There are several excellent hotels, hundreds of cottages, and several well-patronized camps which, under government restrictions, may be enjoyed by the public.

The lovely and beautiful oasis, this modern temple, was discovered as recently as 1851, when a small military force in pursuit of some marauding Indians was unexpectedly led into it. Its great magnificence, however, is the granite walls which enclose the valley on all sides except where the river has its outlet, by the side of which a road has been made. One *enters* the Yosemite after a long day's motoring; a turn or two in the road, and through a great portal of towering rock one comes upon a scene of unexampled peace and beauty. The craggy rocks which encircle the valley are of such stupendous size as to form individual mountains of granite, sometimes worn smooth by the action of the elements, elsewhere forming lodgment for great trees which are so far above the spectator that they appear to be mere shrubs. Who that has seen the great sheer silvery mass, El Capitan, over three thousand feet in height, or the Three Brothers, or Sentinel Rock, or the Bridal Veil Fall, nine hundred feet high, will ever forget its beauty?

I visited the Yosemite in the spring when the vegetation was rich and luxuriant; I should like to visit it in the winter; I should like to see the immense dark fir trees when covered with snow. Our national parks are a magnificent

inheritance. They are each year enjoyed by thousands and they will be enjoyed by increasing thousands as the years roll on. California — the whole nation — is singularly blessed in having such noble recreation grounds.

V

Upon our return to San Francisco a life of dissipation was inevitable. The hospitality of 'the Coast' is famous; one has perhaps some claim upon one's friends, but I was constantly meeting a stranger whom I left a friend. The names of Albert Bender, the distinguished, kindly, and generous art patron, and Alfred Sutro, a busy lawyer who 'knocked off' an entire day to drive me down to his home in the country, instantly come to mind. Van Antwerp devoted to us an entire week; his kindness can only be acknowledged, it can never be repaid. But why mention individuals when so many were ready and seemingly anxious to show their hospitality and good will? I can quite understand the courtesy of the Pacific Coast overwhelming the visitor from a foreign land. At first not knowing how to account for it, he finally comes to accept it as his due, whereas it is merely the spontaneous expression of kindness which he probably does not deserve.

Everyone knows, I take it, of the Bohemian Club; its 'high jinks' are famous the world over. In the summer these take place in a grove of immense trees some distance from the city; at other seasons the clubhouse is the scene of its hospitalities. It honored me with a dinner at which over three hundred men were present, Edward F. O'Day, Sire of the Club, in the chair. The Bohemians are presumed to be interested in literature, art, music, and the drama, and men possessing among them all the talents brought them forth

for my amusement and edification — but modesty forbids that I should enlarge upon the gayety of the evening other than to say that, had not Father Time screwed my head on pretty tight, it would have been turned. The menu was a work of art and humor, supplied by Jimmy Hatlo, whose comic sketches burlesquing the titles of several of my books I shall never look upon without a smile. Toward midnight an old friend of 'the Lambs,' in New York, whom I had not seen in years, came up and, grasping my hand, said, 'Well, Newton, it was a rotten, highbrow evening and I hope it will be a long time before we have another. The next time, you come in the summer and we'll do something to entertain you.'

The Book Club of California, of which Alfred Sutro is president, cut out a small job for me which I hope I did creditably. My Eastern complacency was sadly disturbed by the range and intensity of the interest shown in everything that concerns itself with literature and with books. This goes far to explain why it is that printing is an art that flourishes in California as it hardly does elsewhere in our country.

And this leads me to speak of the Grabhorn Brothers, printers of books which are works of art. I had known of their work, of course, but the men themselves I had not met until I reached San Francisco. And I was especially pleased to renew my acquaintance with John Henry Nash, whom I had entertained at Oak Knoll. Nash is an Old World craftsman whom chance has let fall into the City of the Golden Gate, and the text 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own city' does not apply to him — he is honored of all men.

Some years ago, the Book Club of California asked me if it might not print for its members some essay of mine not before printed, and I, con-

scious of the honor done me, replied that if and when I had anything I thought suitable I would let the Club have it, provided John Henry Nash would print it. And so it happened that when I had to read a paper at Lichfield, England, upon the occasion of my election as president of the Johnson Society, it at once occurred to me that my address might be suitable for publication by the Club. So, immediately after reading the paper in the Guildhall at Lichfield, I sent it to Flodden Heron, a fine Scotsman who first approached me in the matter, and in due course a large, handsomely printed volume of not too many pages appeared, *Mr. Strahan's Dinner Party*, with a much too flattering introduction by Edward F. O'Day.

I was, of course, greatly pleased to be printed by such a man as Nash, and the correspondence about the book led to our better acquaintance. It is characteristic of Nash's thoughtfulness and generosity that he had two copies of the book sent to a famous binder in Germany and there bound in royal white vellum, in such a manner that the binding will never warp, as vellum bindings usually do. One copy he presented to me, the other, also signed by him, he gave to the library in the Johnson Birthplace in Lichfield.

I must not say that Nash's sole interest in life is printing, for he has a beautiful wife and a home in Berkeley than which nothing could be lovelier. It sits on the brow of a high hill; from the front porch one overlooks the wide bay with San Francisco in the distance, while from the back terrace one looks down into a valley with a range of mountains beyond. It can hardly be that because all my life I have longed for a view, and have been obliged to content myself with looking upon a bank on the top of which runs the Pennsylvania Railroad, I think Nash's

site so superb. He had, however, two ideas in mind when he selected the spot and erected his house: one was to make it a home for the time being; ultimately it was to become a small and intimate museum to house his collection of printed books, of which any man might be proud. These books are now in an exhibition room adjacent to his printing house, and it was in this room and the room adjoining that he gave us a reception to which many of the important people in the city were invited — and came, not so much to honor us as to show their good will to John, who is more of an institution than an individual.

Nash as a printer is known far and wide. Several years ago, when in London, I went with a friend to see the King's Library at Windsor, and one of the first things which the librarian showed me was a copy of what Nash considers his masterpiece, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, which the King had recently purchased. I may say here that the Holy Father at Rome, who is a book lover and was once a librarian, acknowledged over his own autograph a copy which Nash presented to the Vatican Library, bound — as all books which enter it must be — in white vellum. I have been the fortunate recipient of many of those slender volumes and leaflets 'done by John Henry Nash with his own hands,' for he sets type himself and not merely oversees its setting.

John never does anything by halves; what he cannot do superlatively well he does not do at all. He is now engaged upon a printing venture which will tax all his resources, financial and other: it is no less than a magnificent edition of the Vulgate — the Latin text, which will be carefully read under the direction of the Roman Catholic Bishop of California, for John, though not himself a Catholic, stands high in the

favor of the Catholic Church. This great Bible, in Latin, has not found a proper printer in a century. It will be a magnificent publication in several volumes, superbly bound: the price is one thousand dollars a set. When I heard of the launching of this noble enterprise I sent in my subscription by telegraph; not because I feared I should get left, but because such a venture should be encouraged — especially in times like these. It would not be fair not to mention the fact that Nash owes much to the scholarship of Eddie O'Day and to the high artistic ability of William Wilke, who designs his exquisite borders, his illuminated letters, and occasionally etches a portrait.

VI

Dr. Johnson once spoke highly of a man because he never passed a church without raising his hat. I am moved by no such impulse, but I never, if I can help it, pass a library without having a look, and the library of the University of California pleased me greatly. I have no knowledge how the library itself compares with that of Stanford University, — I was told that the standard of scholarship at Berkeley is not as high as it is at Palo Alto, — but the atmosphere at Berkeley is delightful, and I was glad to meet once more my old friend Richard T. Holbrook, whom I used to know so well when he was professor of Romance languages at Bryn Mawr.

By chance, Holbrook was dining with us on that fateful Sunday in August 1914 when news came that the German armies had entered Belgium and that Liège was being bombarded. At some later date he gave me a translation of a pronouncement of Gaston Paris, a famous French savant, on science, which occurred in his lecture on *La Chanson de Roland* delivered in Paris

on the eighth of December, 1870. The city was at the time being shelled by the Germans, and patriotism had once again fallen into one of its frequent conflicts with truth. The passage below is Holbrook's creed and should be that of every scholar: —

In general, I do not believe that patriotism has any cause for a conflict with science. University chairs are not rostrums; it is turning them away from their real destination to make them serve for the defense or the attack of anything outside of their intellectual aim. I profess absolutely and without reservation this doctrine: that science has no other object than the truth, and the truth for its own sake, without any care as to the consequences, good or bad, regrettable or fortunate, which that truth may have in practice. He who through a patriotic motive, religious, and even moral, allows himself, in the facts that he is studying, in the conclusions that he draws, the least concealment, the slightest alteration, is not worthy of holding his place in the great laboratory where probity is a claim for admission more indispensable than skill. Thus understood, the studies that we share, carried on with the same spirit in all civilized countries, form, above nationalities which are restricted, diverse, and too often hostile, a great fatherland which no war soils, which no conqueror threatens, and in which men's souls find the refuge and the unity that the City of God has given them in other times.

I was interested to see this passage in its original French, illuminated and framed, still hanging over my old friend's desk at Berkeley. The attitude of the two score or more German college professors was very different. This group of donkeys at the crack of the Emperor's whip set down their names to a silly document to the effect that Germany did not begin the war, that the Fatherland was invaded and they were only fighting in self-defense. They had comfortably forgotten the often-repeated doctrine to which they

had once subscribed, — the doctrine of Bernhardt and of Treitschke, — that 'war is the supreme expression of the energy of the state, and that states owe it to themselves to create enemies whom they must fight in order to perfect and develop their own characters.'

The University at Berkeley is fortunate in its situation. From its wooded hills it overlooks the fine Bay of San Francisco, and the architecture of its buildings suggests considered growth rather than sudden creation. At Leland Stanford, I found the yellow stone walls and the red-tiled roofs of its buildings under a glaring sun monotonous and fatiguing. Stone walls do not a prison make — nor universities; and in my judgment all our universities are too large by half. We used to believe that education was the solution of all our difficulties; now we know it too frequently augments them. When one looks at our newspapers one feels it is a pity so many boys and girls have been taught to read.

VII

San Francisco has suffered or enjoyed one bonanza after another, very different in kind, but all money-producing. It is the centre of an empire of its own. A century ago it was hides and tallow. Wild or half-broken horses were practically valueless; one caught or borrowed one, rode it till it dropped, and then got another for a dollar. Later they were practically exterminated to make way for cattle. Then came the gold rush with its evils and romances. This was followed by an era of cattle raising on such a scale as only we in America (and perhaps Australia) know anything of. In 1876, California had over seven million sheep alone. Then came wheat and barley, and now FRUIT, including grapes and nuts.

'God smiles on California.' It is her boast that she can supply the entire

world with fruit, and as one rolls for hundreds of miles over matchless roads through orchards devoted to growing, under seemingly ideal conditions, every fruit one can put a name to and many that one (this one) cannot, this boast would seem to be well founded. The climate of California, which enables one to grow practically anything, makes the people, women as well as men, an out-of-door, pleasure-loving folk. Men go fishing and hunting to an extent unknown to us of the East. Life seems more generous, less complicated than with us. Golf clubs desired to extend their hospitality, and I was obliged to confess that I loathed the game. As I look back upon an afternoon at the Cypress Point Club at Pebble Beach, I begin to feel that in my busy life I have neglected two important things — golf and cards. 'To play cards is to speak an international language,' says my friend Ellis Ballard — and, by the by, he speaks it very fluently. I have no smattering of it and am now too old to learn. . . .

I had promised Ross Patterson, a physician to whom I owe my life, that when we reached New Orleans I would go to 'Antoine's' (a restaurant famous for almost a century), order a good dinner, and think of him. I went and thought. The restaurant was almost deserted. A sleepy darky took my order, which was a long time coming. The food was poor, the prices excessive. Its glory, of which there were evidences, had departed. It was as dull and uninteresting as a restaurant in Philadelphia.

We are passing through a curious phase of puritanism. One thinks of the time when all the theatres in London were closed — and it was followed by such excesses as disgraced the reign of Charles II. Coming events cast their shadows before them. Has not the shadow fallen upon us already?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE REFUGE OF THE IMPERSONAL

I do not know whether the vogue of self-expression in the arts has come to an end, but certainly it is high time that the obsequies of that degenerate era should be celebrated. The number of people, even taking all history into account, with selves deserving of deliberate expression is infinitesimal. And even those who would have been most justified in devoting a lifetime to self-expression have more often devoted themselves to self-renunciation, intoxicated by some cause in comparison to which they felt their private consciousness to be of small concern in the face of the universe.

The world has agreed to look on great poets as interesting men. But the greatest poets have far transcended themselves in their works, or we should respect their memories a good deal less. It is at least a question whether Shakespeare the man was as perfect and sublime a work as *King Lear*, and I should guess that the 'Ode to a Nightingale' is a more flawless creation than its creator. One of the great services of the arts is to offer men a means of transcending themselves by studious application to forms and modes of expression perfected through the ages, which have acquired a certain impersonality and warrant of excellence by their long tradition of noble use and ambitious exercise.

Self-expression is a therapeutic measure applicable to men and women who have to be confined periodically in a sanatorium to prevent the continued practice of their follies from arriving at its natural conclusion. And even in a sanatorium, although I speak with deference as one totally uninstructed in medical matters, I wonder whether it would not be a better prescription for the patients not to express themselves, but something quite other than themselves, something intrinsically good or useful?

To make a chair or table out of new, clean wood, for example, is an admirable therapeutic measure for anyone, with or without seriously disordered nerves, no matter how crude may be the result. But I should not care to employ a carpenter who thought of tables as a means of self-expression, and I think I should hesitate to trust in use a table I had made myself under such a conviction. The use of the table, in another sense, its virtue whether regarded medically or merely as a normal and pleasant exercise of creative energy, lies precisely in the fact that it is something quite opposite to myself, or any other self, something quite impersonal and material. It is crude matter, raw stuff, which may be cut and fastened according to well-defined and non-personal principles of carpentry into a practical, possibly an admirable, object. It is good in itself if it is good at all, and not because of any connection with me.

There is a world of difference between saying, 'I have expressed myself,' and 'I have made a *good* table.' True, the wood has passed through my hands. I have observed the grain, and turned it to best account. I have countersunk the screws, handled the saw, planed the edges. These operations have given me particular and probably vain satisfaction, and through them I have exerted my energy and intelligence for the profound and gratifying purpose of creation. But the man who dubs the result an example of self-expression will be somewhat less than flattering either to me or to my table, and he will have deeply and irritatingly missed the point. It was not myself that I was making, but something fine and admirable, in the shaping of which my often contemptible self seemed to appropriate some of the qualities of the object it wrought. Substitute 'poem' for 'table,' and, with a few alterations in the metaphors, the application of this to the arts will be strict and true.

Granted that the desire to write a poem, or to fashion a strain of music into a symphony, is in part a desire to express one's self — that is, to put outside one's self a something that first was within, and to give it an external embodiment, a permanent and tangible existence in the world. At least equally important is the motive of expressing, or fashioning, a something felt to be intrinsically excellent, a something which, even in that germinal period when it lay within the mind and was felt in the most private and personal recesses of consciousness, possessed an aspect of the awesome, and seemed to come as a divine stranger. This is the profound motive of art, and its point of radical divorce from any kind of therapeutics or of self-expression popularly conceived. Imagine, if you can, Beethoven plunged in the fathomless concentration which biographers report of him when he was writing his great Mass; then imagine what was the precise and exquisite point of his joy in that sublime exertion. Was it the thought that he was expressing himself? If you can believe that, you have no dimension in your mind congruous with Beethoven's even for the most infinitesimal distance; and you have never heard what Beethoven heard, through deafness and all demands of self — his Mass!

I have sometimes thought that the greatest poets, in those moments when they write their best, most nearly approach each other and are least distinguishable. What they then write, speaking in terms of our own tongue, is not the 'style' of this man or that, but *English*.

I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapour of this sin-worn mould.

These lines might have been Shakespeare's, but were Milton's.

A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty poets . . .

The grandeur and the loftiness of the poetical movement are Milton's, but the lines are Wordsworth's. Poets intent on self-expression would have taken more pains, I think, to distinguish themselves from each other.

It is curious that so much theological blood has been spilt in maintaining that God is a person. Do the makers of creeds

realize what they espouse in this assertion? To be personal is to be moody, irregular, impulsive, finite; confiding one instant, offended and vindictive the next; all affection one day, all jealousy and suspicion on the morrow. It is to exhibit every fault that touches home to our fallible human frame. But the everlasting is without variableness or shadow of turning. And it is this we see when we lift up our eyes to the hills.

Can any human eye regard mountains without being moved? Alas, yes. Did not Doctor Johnson define a mountain as a 'considerable protuberance'? But when I see a rugged line of hills trace itself, blue and serene, upon the distance, I feel that I begin to draw solace and tranquillity from afar. And a part of my veneration for mountains arises from the blessed impersonality of them — the calm, the self-possession, that our frail humanity so frequently lacks. Looking upon a mountain, I feel my uncertain self absorbed and sustained in a transcendent reality, a sure and immense control, as in a great work of art by a master who gave expression not merely to what was within his own mind individually, but to broad tracts of life and knowledge of which he had made himself the rightful lord by dedicated labor and self-denying thought. I doubt if Deity, as creator of all things, gave much heed to self-expression. The infinite mind was infinite because it could interest itself in the conception of myriad entities foreign to its own essence. It was the idea of a mountain that must have led the Lord to create mountains; the idea of himself would not have sufficed. When we consider animate creation, the case is even more glaring. The intelligence that could, in a fit of self-expression, ordain apes and alligators is not one that theologians would take much comfort in contemplating.

But we had best not scrutinize too closely the motives for creations of that sort — or of men and women either.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW

THERE are three hundred thousand, or perhaps three million, statues or other simulacra in Asia all wearing the same

placid and peculiar smile, which is interpreted to mean that a continuum of happiness is perfectly, though not as a rule easily, attainable. 'We know the fact that we have the thing.' There are three hundred thousand, or perhaps three million, faces in America whose eager or intent expression may be interpreted to assert that 'Happiness is something to do next. Everything not a thrill is a bore. Yesterday is nothing, and to-day is nothing but the beginning of to-morrow.' I do not know, nor does anyone know, that the ambitious American is less happy, or more happy, than the contemplative Asiatic, who may have only a steadier continuum of the opiate sort of happiness of not being very much alive. There is evidently a persistent idea there, but it may be a human reality to negligibly few. I do not know whether Mr. Hoover with his works and worries behind him, or Mr. Roosevelt with his works and worries before him, is the happier, and neither of the two gentlemen knows, either. Happiness is qualitative as well as quantitative, and cannot be weighed or measured.

Henry Adams thought people were less heterogeneous and more sure of themselves when Chartres Cathedral was built than when he himself was trying to find out what he and the universe were for; but he did not know that they were any happier. I do not know, nor does anyone know, whether there was more or less happiness about in 1880 to 1890 than in 1920 to 1930. The only era one sensitively knows is the era one was young in. It flows into us, soaks into us, and we know it because we share its feelings. As we grow older we grow a shell. Our assent to the new ideas is perfunctory. We admit them, but they do not shape us. We are already shaped. Of an era that we have never lived in at all our ignorance is immeasurably greater than of the era in which we live crustaceously, in a shell. What we see of a dead generation is the empty shell that its 'dim dreaming life' was wont to inhabit and has left behind it on the sand.

When one of the younger generation to-day thinks of the later nineteenth century, he thinks of its books, its houses and their furnishings, its clothes and social customs

or taboos, and observes that they differ considerably from his own. He sees 'strange creatures with drooping moustaches and trailing skirts.' When an old man to-day thinks of his youth, he does not see clothes, architecture, taboos — not very much; nor very much the books that were written then. He sees people whom he loved or disliked, and himself containing those sensations. The shell of one generation may differ considerably from the shell of another, but the 'dim dreaming life' within is much the same.

In a vague way it may seem probable that the Athenian citizen had a good average of happiness. A subject population can make it very pleasant for highly intelligent subjectors, and more than half the population of Athens were slaves. That is better evidence than the statues of athletes and robust Olympians contrasted with those of wasted saints and wan Madonnas. The average happiness of the early Christians, in the comfort of their 'Good News,' may have been higher yet. Gibbon thought the second century the happiest of eras, but he was not thinking of the 'Good News.' There were more peace and security then than the world was accustomed to. But the meditations of Aurelius were not cheerful. His kind of consolation was less effective than Saint Paul's. The era seems to have needed the more drastic medicine.

One may suspect that there is more personal unhappiness in Russia now than in most countries, but there is no way of proving it. Wherever there is enthusiasm, there is also happiness, but the whole elder generation of the bourgeoisie must be fading away in gloom. I do not know, nor does anyone know, whether people would be more, or less, happy under communism than under feudalism or democracy, and we never shall know. One may suspect that any made-to-order society is uncomfortable to begin with, and, if rigid, will become intolerable, but there is nothing oracular in a suspicion. No society ever is 'made to order.' A society is not like a house. It is like a tree. You cannot construct a tree. You can plant, fertilize, and spray, but something that is not you makes it live. ('God giveth the increase.') No social ultimate is ever as 'planned.' Amer-

ica was not made to a plan by the makers of the Constitution, who, in fact, did not make the latter. It would not have lived if they had. They took it. It lived because it was vital with customary habits of thinking.

Happiness is mainly a matter of disposition and adjustment. If a hobo is happier than a banker, it is probably less because his problems are simpler than because of the disposition that made him a hobo. One may surmise that the women who chatter and sing as they wash clothes in the Guadalquivir are happier than those who work silently in a laundry on Second Avenue, but it does not follow that American laundresses would be any happier if they were set to washing clothes in a river. Probably there is as much happiness on one economic level as another, but there is no way of testing and measuring it. Comparisons always overlook the hidden compensations and adjustments. Mr. Bernard Shaw seems to think that a good income is needed for virtue as well as for happiness, and Francis of Assisi was of the opposite opinion, that to be good and happy one ought to be poor. Ben Franklin thought that both lay in the Golden Mean.

Sundials used to have two favorite mottoes: *Horas non numero nisi serenas*, and *Pereunt et imputantur*; of which the first is a bit fatuous and the second contradictory. Hours that are imputed have not perished, nor have the dark ones been the less counted because the index, at the time, made no shadowy comment upon them. In the long run it has been only the ashen hours of the Man of Uz which have counted. His feastings are dark, but his sorrows shine. At the time it seems important to be happy, but afterward it not infrequently seems more important that one was not. There seems to be no way of balancing these values. But there is this mystical conclusion: that while it is only in to-day that one is alive, and to-morrow seems to be the purpose and direction of to-day, it is by virtue of yesterday that both of them have any substance. Without it, the one is only a flash and the other a vacuum.

We are such stuff as the ages have made us, rather than such stuff as dreams are made on.

I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.

I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down.

I tell you there is nothing else in the world,

Only an ocean of to-morrows,

A sky of to-morrows. — CARL SANDBURG

Why not, in similar Sinaitic tones borrowed from antiquity: —

I tell you the future is a bucket of smoke.

I tell you to-morrow is a wind that is not.

I tell you there is nothing else in the world,

Only the froth of to-day

On the front of a massive and enormous past.

It sounds as well, and it makes more sense.

For convenience we speak of eras as such-and-such a century or decade, although the flow of time and history knows nothing of those fictitious confines. But now and then real barriers happen to coincide more or less with the fictitious. Roughly speaking, in America, the nineteenth century lay between the substantial establishment of the Republic and the end of the frontier or free lands. The Third Decade of the twentieth century was roughly bounded by the War and the Depression. However the future analyst may describe its personality, somewhat feverish and disheveled, he will at least have something with which to begin and end it. His Fourth Decade will probably be a soberer person with less glitter in its eye and more meditation in its temper.

There are those who on the whole will be better pleased with the aspect of life in that kind of decade. There are others who think of happiness as a return to pre-depression conditions, which a post-depression decade is not likely to supply. The chances of happiness are better for those who look for it where it usually lies, in disposition and adjustment. All around us are people who have already found it, who will admit to tactful inquiry that their income but not their happiness has been diminished. While Conferences and Presidents pursue their well-intentioned and possibly beneficent ways, time glides by and the slow adjustments of myriad lives go on. These are doing, or will do, the main work of recovery — or rather of discovery, of discovery that depression does not depress them and that the new grass is as green as the old.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A WORD ON TEMPERANCE

Many people who regard the *Atlantic* as an American institution have written to inquire into our policy regarding the advertisement of liquor.

Our friends have a right to know where we stand.

In its policy toward liquor, the *Atlantic's* single goal is temperance. It is our informed belief that beers and wines are not only an aid, but an essential aid, to the temperate life of the nation. We have, therefore, opened our advertising pages to beer and wine.

In regard to liquor, we believe that so long as it is demanded by a large public it cannot be suppressed, but that every artificial stimulation of this trade is clearly against public interest. The *Atlantic* has therefore refused, and will continue to refuse, all advertising of whiskey, gin, and brandy.

~ ~ ~

A journalist since the turn of the century, **Frank H. Simonds** ('Consequences') has risen from the reportorial ranks to the top of his profession. For years the study of military tactics had been an absorbing hobby with him, and when the World War broke out he found himself in the enviable position of being almost the only newspaper man in New York who could make the strategy of the opposing armies intelligible to the layman. During the war period he served as associate editor of the *Tribune*, and after the Armistice his interests naturally led him into the broader field of international relations. Δ While he was a student at Yale, **William Harlan Hale** ('The Men and the Moment') founded that sauciest-sounding of undergraduate publications, *The Harkness Hool*. After graduating, he served his journalistic apprenticeship on the staff of *Vanity Fair*; later he went into newspaper work and, until recently, conducted a semi-political column in the *Washington Post*. He is the author of *Challenge to Defeat*, published in

1932. Δ In March 1933, the cables from the Orient hummed with the sensational news that ruthless Manchukuo bandits had captured and were holding for ransom four officers of the British coastwise freighter *Nanchang*. Shortly afterward one of the captives was released to carry back a message containing the bandits' demands. From then on, reports were meagre. The remaining three officers were supposed to be still alive, and negotiations were under way to effect their release, but nothing could be learned definitely of their whereabouts. Weeks passed, and then months. Not until early September, 163 days after their capture, was their freedom won. Exhausted by hunger and ill usage, they returned to civilization, bringing with them a unique record of hardship, endurance, and resourcefulness. On cigarette packets and such odd scraps of paper as they could procure, Chief Officer **Clifford Johnson** and his two companions had kept a diary of their adventures from day to anxious day — and this is it ('Captives on a Junk'). **Sir Arthur Salter** ('Toward a Planned Economy') is regarded by competent authorities as probably the greatest economist of our times. Though many economic reputations have shrunk spectacularly under the strain and stress of recent events, Sir Arthur's star shines brighter now than ever. His career has been notable. He was Secretary of the British Department of the Supreme Economic Council in 1919. For a decade he was Director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations. He is now a member of the Economic Advisory Council in Great Britain and Gladstone Professor of Political Theory at Oxford. Among his books, the one which seems to be best known in America is his last, *Recovery: The Second Effort*.

In 'Change Comes to the East Side,' **Lillian D. Wald** compresses forty years of active experience in social-welfare work at the Henry Street Settlement. Δ In preparation for his career as a psychologist, **B. F. Skinner** ('Has Gertrude Stein a Secret?') was educated at Hamilton College and at Harvard. He is

now a member of that group of hand-picked young scholars whom Harvard has brought together as the nucleus for her newest educational experiment — the Society of Fellows. Elsewhere in these pages we quote several excerpts from *Tender Buttons*, which served as the starting point of Mr. Skinner's concern with Gertrude Stein as a psychological problem. Δ Visitors to the nation's capital will remember the weather stains on the Washington Monument which mark the point where the original work on the structure was halted and not resumed until twenty-two years later. Literary collaborations are apt to reveal their joints with equal clearness, but this story by **Dorothy and Cenethe Thomas** ('The Girl from Follow') is a notable exception to the rule. If the reader wants to test his perspicacity, let him read the story carefully, taking note of those passages which seem to him to show evidence of having been done by different hands; then turn to the last page of the Contributors' Column, where the riddle is answered. Δ A graduate of New York University, **Edwin Morgan** ('At the Shore') has had verse published in many periodicals and several anthologies. Δ Though under thirty, **Alan Devoe** calls himself a 'retired bookseller.' At one time he worked in New York as a dealer in autograph manuscripts and rare books, but he is now a free-lance writer. His experiment in outdoor shopkeeping ('Books by the Roadside') took place at the tip of Cape Cod, in Provincetown. Δ This second chapter in the autobiography of an ex-feminist ('A Feminist Marries') explains why **Worth Tuttle** has come to think of herself merely as 'a suburban matron.'

Grace Adams ('The Rise and Fall of Psychology') has a doctor's degree in psychology from Cornell, and for several years was engaged in psychological work with problem children in New York. She is the author of *Psychology: Science or Superstition?* Δ In 'Pioneering on Peace River,' **Hilda Rose** brings down to date the chronicle of a twentieth-century frontierswoman which began with 'The Stump Farm' in the *Atlantic* for February 1927. **Nancy Byrd Turner** ('High Water at London') is a well-known poet whose most recent volume is *Maggie Lane*. Δ Of **Wo Ho Chong** ('Letters of an Unwise Son') there is little to record beyond what he himself makes manifest. That he did eventually come to America we know, for it was his arrival and

examination by the immigration authorities that brought his letters to light. Whether he was admitted, or whether his fond wish to own a gold watch was gratified, we cannot say. **Isadore Luce Smith** ('Last of the Giants') is the wife of another *Atlantic* contributor, A. W. Smith. She is well acquainted with the Far East, having formerly lived there when her husband was manager of a large lumber organization in Rangoon. Δ For all his seventy years, **A. Edward Newton** remains as spry in body as in mind, and his continual gaddings about the globe make him a difficult fellow to keep up with. Not long ago he made his first trip to the Pacific Coast and discovered so many things west of Philadelphia that he had to write four papers to cover them. But before the last one could be published — presto! he turned up in Vienna, then in Budapest, and finally in England, where he went in a whirlwind to attend the Grand National, and from each stopping place he dispatched us a new article. Breathless, we had to cut corners to keep in step with him, and thus it happens that the concluding chapter of his Western odyssey ('A Tourist in San Francisco') is only now finding its way into print.

/ / /

A last word from Peace River.

September 2, 1933

Dear Atlantic, —

Your good letter came at the busiest season of the whole year — haying time. We now have some new neighbors, and they have been helping our boys put up hay in return for similar help on their place. I have had my hands full cooking for a hungry crew, and could not write sooner.

The new neighbors are two boys about the same ages as Joe and Karl, and their grandmother came with them to keep house. It will certainly be a treat to me to have a good old lady to visit with during the coming winter.

There was great excitement in the barnyard one day when they were stacking hay there. A large buffalo wandered in, and then, seeing where he was, tried to get out. The fence is made of close-set poles, and though the buffalo lowered his head and looked everywhere for an opening, he could not find one. But he was a good old buffalo and did not attempt to break through. Daddy told Karl to jump on his pony and drive him out, which he did, slowly heading him round the pippen and through the lane to the range.

These large animals are increasing, and when the snow is deep they eat the farmers' haystacks on isolated sloughs across the river. Herds of

THE NON-FATTENING DIET

THE CAUSES OF OVERWEIGHT

OVERWEIGHT and UNDERWEIGHT
How to Treat Them

HOW MUCH SHOULD YOU WEIGH?

A FEW FOOD FACTS

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet called "Overweight and Underweight" which tells you what to do to overcome either condition. It shows a chart of average weights, according to age and height, and tells you how to reduce sanely and safely. It contains food tables, menus and exercises to be used in reducing. You will find this booklet a valuable help. It will be mailed without cost at your request.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
One Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Dept. 1347 F.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet, "Overweight and Underweight."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Overweight is Dangerous

It is sometimes extremely difficult to persuade a jolly person who weighs many pounds too much—and who honestly says "I never felt better in my life"—that excess pounds are as dangerous as some of the diseases to which he would give immediate attention, if afflicted.

Consider these figures, especially if you are more than 35: People past 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death-rate greater by one half than the average for their age. If they have a persistent 40% overweight, the rate is almost double that of the average.

As a simple cold may lead to pneumonia or to serious bronchial trouble, so excess weight may be a forerunner of high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble, hardening of the arteries, or apoplexy. It makes recovery from surgical operations and acute diseases more difficult.

In rare instances, overweight is caused by disease of the glands of internal secretion,

but in nearly every case it is brought on by eating too much food and exercising too little.

You will not be uncomfortably hungry if you gradually change to foods which are bulkier and less fattening than the foods which have brought the dangerous extra pounds. With a corrected diet and proper exercise, it is usually possible to reduce excess weight, comfortably, about a pound a week, until a reasonable reduction has been attained.

Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

If you weigh too much you should treat your overweight as you would a menacing disease. Give it immediate attention. Fill out and mail above coupon.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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them are often to be seen on the range. This one was so large that Daddy thought he must be a cross between a woods buffalo and those the government sent in from the plains.

Our new neighbors will have to have more dogs or the bears will get them. One bear tore a hole through their screen door and tried to break into the cabin; then he went to the spring and carried off a pail of cream that had been set there for the next day's churning. Later Grandma found the pail, jammed out of shape, and with a large hole in it where the bear's teeth had bit through. She won't stay alone in the cabin any more. 'Be a sport,' the boys tell her. 'There's a limit to sportsmanship,' answers Grandma.

That's about all the news now. One thing is certain — we never lack for adventure.

HILDA ROSE
Fort Vermillion, Alberta

From another Chicago teacher.

Dear Atlantic, —

May I express my appreciation of the 'Diary of a Chicago School-Teacher'? To you — conservative as your policy has always been — for publishing it; to her — conservative as she undoubtedly has been — for writing it. It is at once a succinct and moving account of a situation almost incredible.

We of Chicago know its reality, and some of us realize its importance. This article will undoubtedly do much toward awakening and possibly arousing public opinion elsewhere.

Here we seem to be facing disillusion and defeat. There are well-founded rumors that a further crippling of the school system, including new salary cuts, is set for January, and the last payment of teachers' salaries was for the first two weeks of last February.

Thank you again for an article the clarity and forthrightness of which are equaled only by its excellence of style.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER
Chicago, Illinois

A judge considers school-teachers.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just read the 'Diary of a Chicago School-Teacher' in your November number, and cannot forbear to send you a line of appreciation for the great public service you have done in publishing it, giving it a place of prominence and vouching for its accuracy. Other communities — Minneapolis, for example — have their school and tax problems. How far they parallel Chicago's I do not pretend to say, not knowing; but I *do* know that this clear and authentic exposure of the Chicago situation is likely to have a good effect everywhere.

EDWARD F. WAITE
*Judge, District Court
Minneapolis, Minnesota*

The ambidexterity of cats.

Dear Atlantic, —

In my last letter I suggested that the best way to solve the problem of the right- or left-handedness of animals would be to watch the cat, an animal that surpasses others in its powers of manipulation. I now have some data on the subject in a letter just received from Mr. F. W. Nordhoff, of Auburn, California. He writes: —

'Last August I witnessed a fight between my old cat and an eighteen-inch rattlesnake. The cat was in a sitting position. The snake was striking just as rapidly as he could. The cat, in a most *blasé* way, would box the striking head, with first one front paw and then the other, one box per strike — just enough to deflect the head and cause a most humiliating miss. The cat was incomparably quicker than the snake.

'In Mexico we knew a peon whose cat would bring live rattlers home to kill at night, by his bed. To prevent premature gray hairs he killed the cat.'

All this is quite according to cat nature. I think it will be found that cats and other quadrupeds are ambidextrous; in fact, I have determined by recent observation that a cat washes her face sometimes with one paw and then with the other.

CHARLES D. STEWART
Hartford, Wisconsin

Bishop Brent on missions.

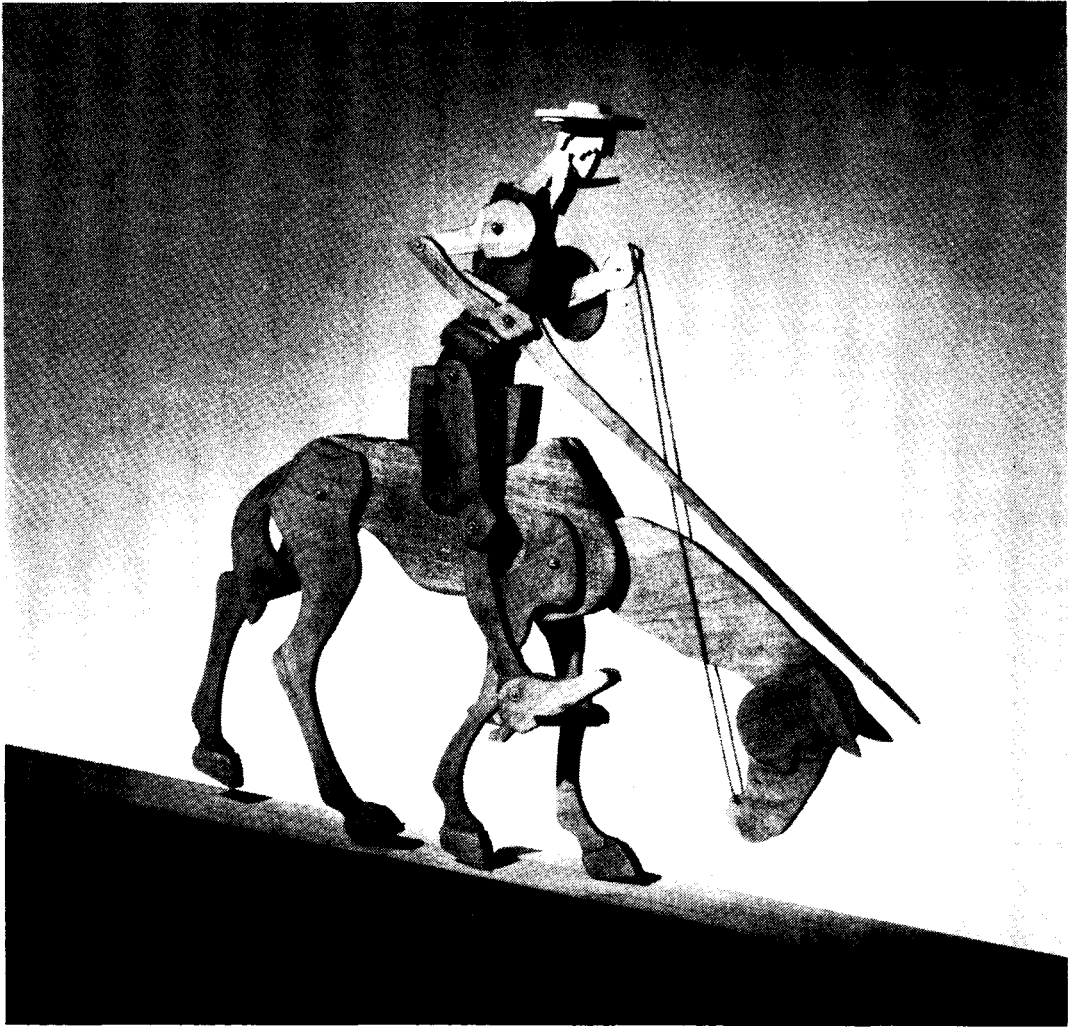
Apropos of the *Atlantic's* recent articles about the missionary problem, a reader sends us the following pertinent quotation from the late Bishop Brent: —

'The old idea of missionary work has passed away, and passed away forever. No longer does the missionary go out with iconoclastic hammer to beat down every religion he meets in order to substitute Christianity. He goes, rather, to turn men's attention to the beauty of native religions in order that he may lift into the fulfilling religion of Christianity all that is good and all that is holy in Oriental cults.'

A lawyer's conscience.

Dear Atlantic, —

In your September issue Professor John Barker Waite undertook to point out what he regarded as serious flaws in the ethical standards of successful criminal lawyers, and applauded the conduct of a young lawyer who knowingly refused to take advantage of a technical failure in the presentation of the state's case against his client which would have assured him of a new trial in the event of an adverse jury verdict. Professor Waite seems to have overlooked the fact that, whatever the lawyer's obligation to his community may be as an individual, once he is



“Todo saldrá en las colada”

You probably remember the incident in *Don Quixote*—where Sancho Panza philosophically answered his master’s abuse with “All will come out in the washing.”

We agree with Sancho, but believe he should have added—“if you use the right kind of soap.”

For the amount of dirt that comes out in the washing depends largely on the quality of your soap. Naturally, we suggest Fels-Naptha as one soap that will get *all* the dirt out.

For Fels-Naptha is more than “just soap.” It is unusually good golden soap combined with

plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha. Two brisk helpers working together to wash your clothes thoroughly, beautifully clean, in less time, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes and gentle to hands. Like faithful Sancho, it is a conscientious servant under all conditions. It works well in water of any temperature; in tub or machine.

Today, add a carton of Fels-Naptha to your grocery order—try it. When you see your clothes, white and sweet from their Fels-Naptha bath, we believe you’ll agree that “All the dirt *did* come out in the washing.”

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engaged to try a lawsuit he is bound to function in his client's interest if he is to be regarded as the client's advocate.

Let us suppose that Professor Waite, while driving his automobile, should become engrossed in his own thoughts about the ethical standards of the legal profession to the point where he runs down and kills a pedestrian in a legally culpable manner. Let us assume further that he is arrested and charged with manslaughter, but that on mature reflection he concludes, with considerable logical and ethical justification, that he will be of far more value to society by continuing to teach law at the University of Michigan instead of wasting his efforts on a rock pile. So he pleads 'Not guilty.'

In pursuance of a natural wish to retain a certain freedom of movement which life in a penitentiary would not permit, he retains a reputable and expensive lawyer to defend him. He then goes to trial, and the state makes the same technical error that Professor Waite's ideal lawyer failed to take advantage of. The Professor's lawyer, suddenly overcome by a similar desire to spare the state the cost of a second trial, does likewise — with the result that his client is promptly convicted. Would Professor Waite feel that he had been swindled out of the retainer fee paid for his defense, or would he be a willing victim of his lawyer's socialized conscience?

ROBERT LLEWELLYN WRIGHT
Chicago, Illinois

Correction.

Dear Atlantic, —

An error in my article, 'The Counter Attack,' which appeared in the November issue, has been called to my attention. On page 535 the statement was made that 'during the entire course of the veteran lobby's dictatorship the pensions accorded to widows of World War fighters killed in action had never been raised one cent.' This is inaccurate: a five-dollar raise in such pensions was provided for in the World War Veterans Act of 1924. This is the only increase that has been made in pensions to the widows of men actually killed in combat.

ROGER BURLINGAME
New York City

The Gertrude Stein of Tender Buttons.

First published in 1914, and reprinted in *transition* for September 1928, *Tender Buttons* is now a work as difficult to obtain as to read. Concerning it Miss Stein said five years ago: 'It was my first conscious struggle with the problem of correlating sight, sound and sense, and eliminating rhythm; some of the solutions in it seem to me still alright, now I am trying

grammar and eliminating sight and sound.' As a commentary upon B. F. Skinner's article in this issue — 'Has Gertrude Stein a Secret?' — and to assist the reader in forming his own conclusions, we quote the following typical excerpts: —

'A not torn rose-wood color. If it is not dangerous then a pleasure and more than any other if it is cheap is not cheaper. The amusing side is that the sooner there are no fewer the more certain is the necessity dwindled. . . .

'To choose it is ended, it is actual and more than that it has it certainly has the same treat, and a seat all that is practiced and more easily much more easily ordinarily. . . .

'Lovely snipe and tender turn, excellent vapor and slender butter, all the splinter and the trunk, all the poisonous darkening drunk, all the joy in weak success, all the joyful tenderness, all the section and the tea, all the stouter symmetry. . . .

'Seat a knife near a cage and very near a decision and more nearly a timely working cat and scissors.' Do this temporarily and make no more mistake in standing. Spread it all and arrange the white place, does this show in the house, does it not show in the green that is not necessary for that color, does it not even show in the explanation and singularly not at all stationary. . . .

'A real cold hen is nervous is nervous with a towel with a spool with real beads. It is mostly an extra sole nearly all that shaved, shaved with an old mountain, more than that bees more than that dinner and a bunch of likes that is to say the hearts of onions aim less. . . .

'It happened in a way that the time was perfect and there was a growth of a whole dividing time so that where formerly there was no mistake there was no mistake now. For instance before when there was a separation there was waiting, now when there is separation there is the division between intending and departing. This made no more mixture than there would be if there had been no change.'

The riddle of 'The Girl from Follow.'

Dear Atlantic, —

The idea for the story and its first writing were mine. The second writing was Cenethe's, and the third mine. Cenethe lengthened the story from ten to sixteen typewritten pages, and my final revision brought it to eighteen.

Cenethe contributed the descriptions of the two men on skis, the fording of the stream, the gathering storm, and the coming of the sun after the storm. She also added phrases and sentences here and there throughout. In the final writing I altered little of her work and considerable of my own.

DOROTHY THOMAS
Lincoln, Nebraska